THE TRUE WEST

Frontier Times

January, 1971

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MORE PAGES!

CANYON DIABLO TRAIN ROBBERY

"Afoot and Cornered" (SEE PAGE 8)

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Frontier Times
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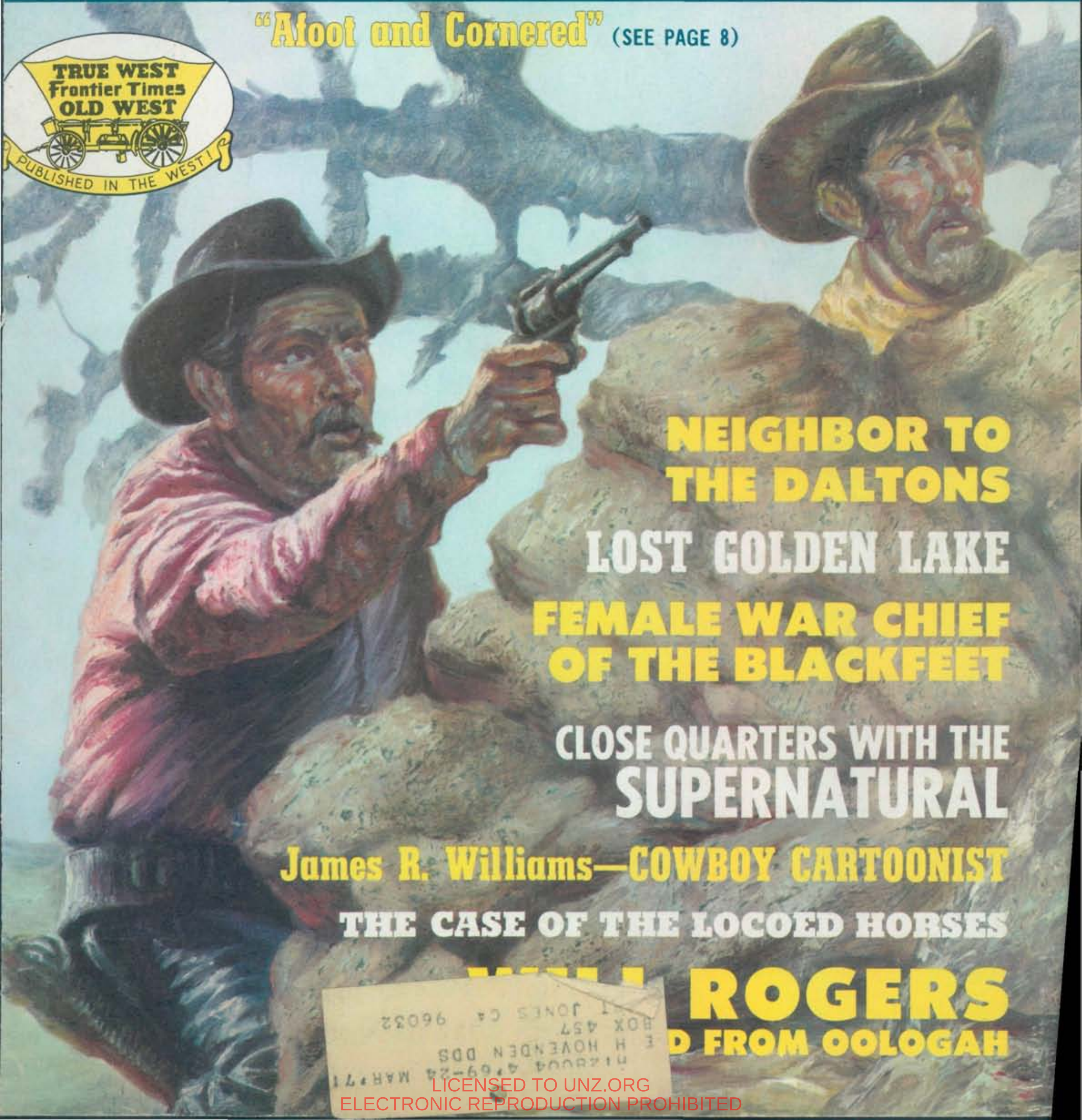

NEIGHBOR TO THE DALTONS

LOST GOLDEN LAKE

FEMALE WAR CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE SUPERNATURAL

James R. Williams—COWBOY CARTOONIST

THE CASE OF THE LOCOED HORSES

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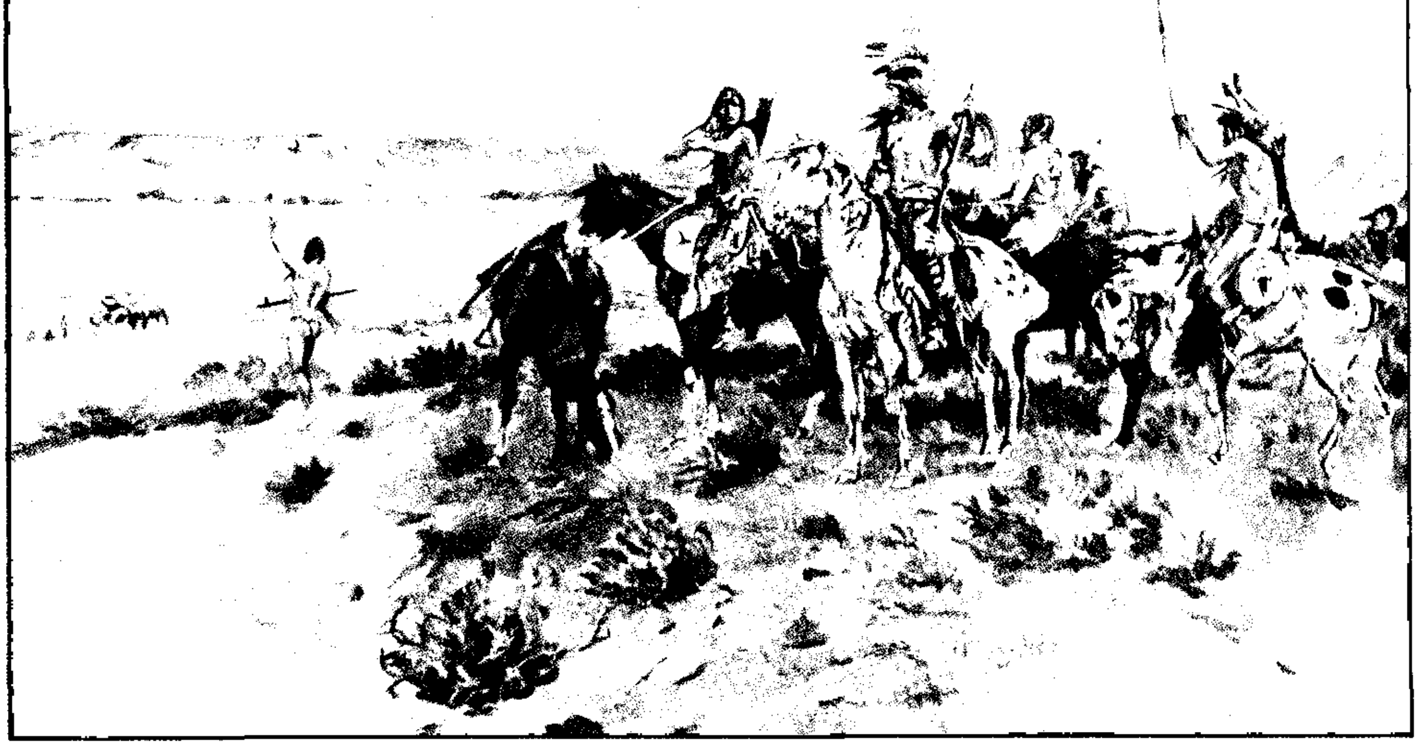

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
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56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
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69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
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88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
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105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
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108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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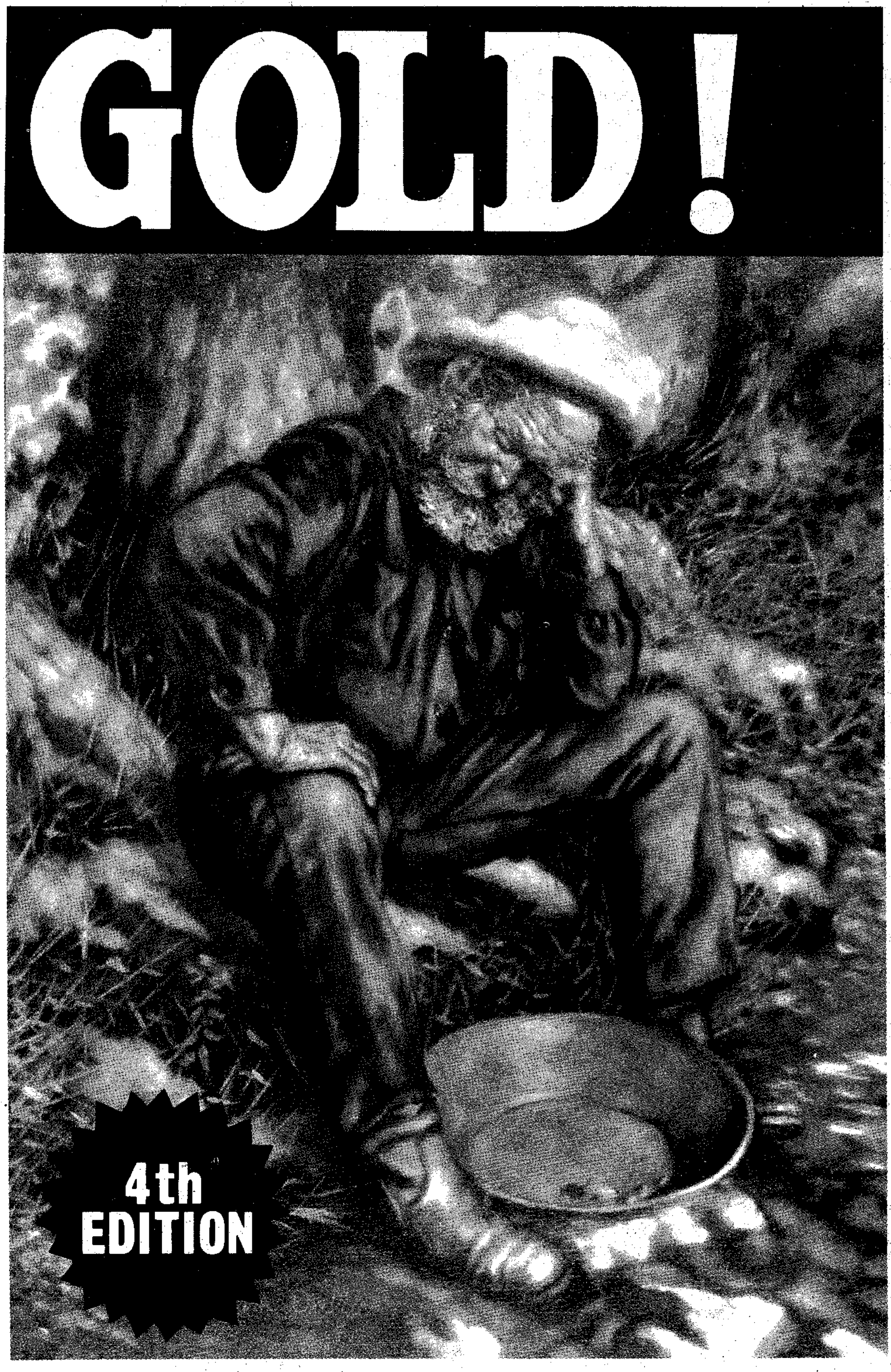

In This Issue

- PIECES OF EIGHT
- THE MEZCLA MAN
- ROUGH, WILD AND WICKED!
- SILVER MOUNTAIN
- THE LOST BADGER MINE
- SUNKEN SILVER STAMPEDE!
- THE TOWN THAT COPPER KILLED
- THE LOST CRAZY WOMAN MINE
- THE FORGOTTEN MEN
- PUZZLE ON THE PINE
- THE DAY I DIED
- DEATH VALLEY SILVER
- THREE ROCKS, TWO GRAVES AND A FORTUNE IN GOLD!
- OREGON'S LOST BLUE BUCKET MINE
- OLD HEN MOSS AND FATE'S CROOKED SMILE
- THE LEGEND OF FRACTION JACK
- THE SUGAR SILVER CAVE
- A DEVIL OF A LOOKING MINER
- TREASURE BOOK ROUNDUP
- TREASURE FEVER
- CORONADO'S LOST CHILDREN
- IS THE TREASURE REALLY THERE?

Don't Miss This Issue!

SOUNDS LIKE an advertisement in another magazine or newspaper, doesn't it? I guess it is an advertisement, at that, and probably sounds kind of funny since you undoubtedly have this issue in your hands if you are reading this undying message!

But the fact is, that many people *do* miss an issue even though they read parts of it. WE HAVE TRIED TO MAKE THIS ISSUE OF FRONTIER TIMES THE BEST ONE WE HAVE EVER PUBLISHED! Now I am fully aware of the fact that this will nettle the challenge juice in a couple hundred thousand people but I hope that many won't write in!

Sincerely, this is one that I wish you would read from kivver to kivver. Look at the contents on this page and it ought to be enough to sell you on doing just that—and if you do agree it is the best or even one of the best, just hold my hand and let me lead you to page 41 where there is an announcement that we are holding open old subscription rates so that you can save $5.00 on a two-year subscription. The old rate on a two-year subscription is $7.00. If you buy FRONTIER TIMES on the newsstands it would cost you $12.00 for the same number of copies!

There are many reasons why we did this but we have explained all of this before. Just in case you didn't see it, the making of plates, our sending out notices, clerical time and a bunch of other things will allow us to come out about as good on this deal as if we had to do all of the above mentioned things and receive more money for the same number of magazines. If this doesn't make sense, it's still true. I don't know why I am trying to make it so plain because if you had seen a saddle marked $200.00 and you knew this was the price for that particular saddle for many, many years—and then you would see it marked down to $150.00—well, it wouldn't take any undue reasoning to figure that you were saving some money on the deal!

Don't miss our first (and maybe last!) issue of BADMAN on the stands in December and also the fourth issue of GOLD! We worked so hard on them that if they aren't first-class in every respect I'll eat dead worms in a polecat hole!

See you later.—Hosstail

FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

December-January, 1971
Vol. 45, No. 1
New Series No. 69

True Stories of the West!

PAT WAGNER
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JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

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Editorial Asst.

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Advertising Mgr.

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Gregory Perillo

Afoot and Cornered!

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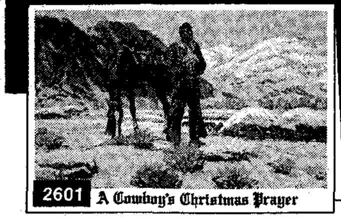
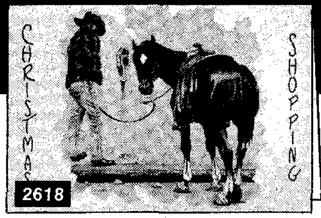


2601

A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by **Paul Salisbury** – May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



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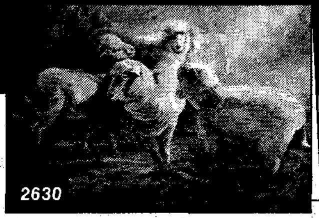
Christmas Shopping by **Robert R. Lorenz** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year.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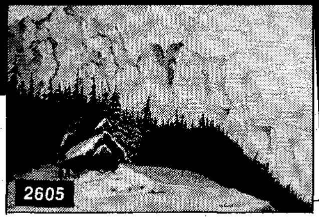
The Lord is my Shepherd by **Quita Pownall** – Wishing You all the Joys and Blessings of Christmas. The 23rd Psalm Quoted.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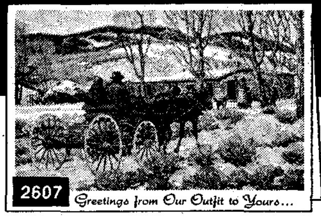
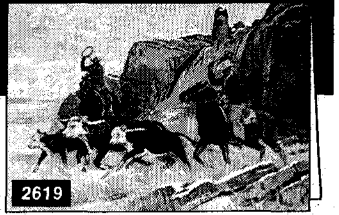
Mountain Chimes by **Dan Garrett** – May the Blessings and Peace of Christmas be Yours and Happiness fill each Day of the New Year. Quote from Luke 2:14.


Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours...
2607

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Paul Salisbury** – With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through All the Coming Year.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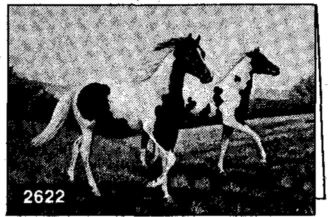
Ridin' Herd by **Robert Lougheed** – May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide with You through all the Coming Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**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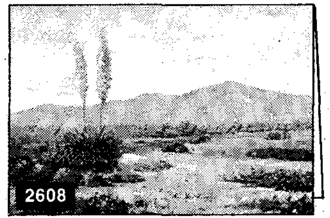
Holiday Spirit by **Betty Marble** – With very Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season and the New Year.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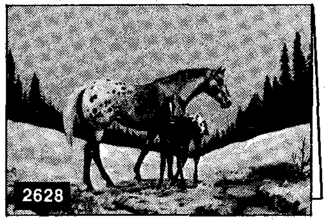
Candles of the Lord by **Harry Zutto** – May the Blessings of Christmas be with You Today and always. Legend of the Yucca Blossom inside.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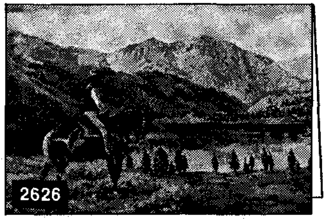
Blessed Christmas by **Betty Marble** – May the Joy and Peace of Christmas always be with You.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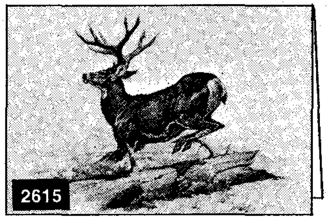
Reflections by **Harry Zutto** – May the Blessings of Christmas Abide with You throughout the New Year.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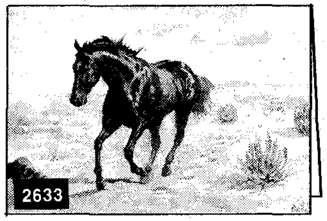
Star of the Forest by **Clark Bronson** – Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for All the Year.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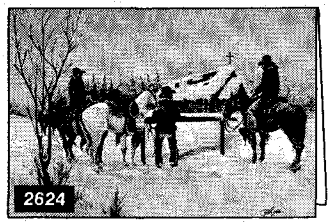
Born Free by **Gregory Perillo** – Coming your Way to wish You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!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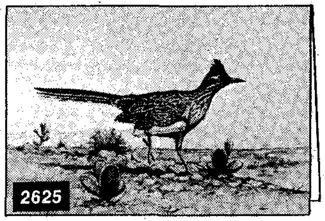
Christmas Bells by **Ted Long** – May the Spirit of Peace and Good Will be Yours during the Holiday Season and throughout the Coming Year. Quote from Psalm 118:24 "This is the Day the Lord hath made . . ."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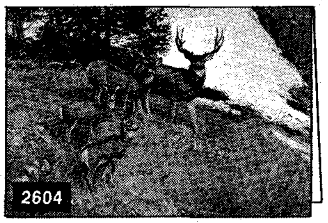
Road Runner Holiday by **Clark Bronson** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for a new Year full of Happiness.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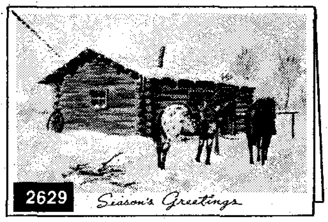
Feeding the Slopes by **Robert Lougheed** – Bringing You every Good Wish for Happiness this Christmas and in the Coming Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



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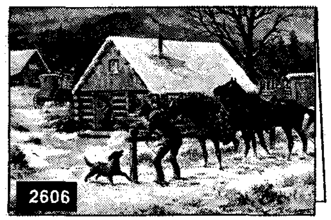
Season's Greetings by **Dave Paulley** – With a Warm and Friendly Wish for a New Year full of Happiness.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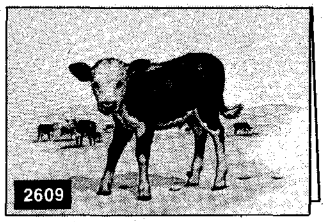
Neighbors Welcome by **Fred Harman** – With All Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.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First Christmas by **Clark Bronson** – Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.

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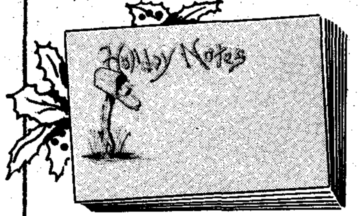

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FRONTIER POST

Family's Picture Published

Your March 1970 FRONTIER TIMES has a picture at the bottom of page 39 of my grandfather's homestead sodhouse and his family: John Nide, Fannie, Addie, George W. Clark and wife Julia, Jessie, and, on the ground, Fred and Harry.

Fannie Clark was my mother. My grandfather traded in the Indian Territory before it was opened for homesteading. He founded the little town of Otego south of Stillwater. To the right and out front was another building. It housed the grocery and drygoods and post office. A shed on the north of this building was a blacksmith shop. I have the original picture and also one of the other buildings. —Clara A. Bryan, Route 1, Box 50, Dolores, Colorado 81323

Roadrunner Antics

I read your article about the roadrunner in the March '69 FRONTIER TIMES and wanted to let you know I've run into these birds in Mexico, clear across the United States and in Canada. The northern birds are smaller but look the same with similar coloring and funny feet and crazy ideas.

In the early twenties I was breaking twenty horses for a fellow in northeastern Wyoming. After I had them broke, he sold them to a man in Canada and I delivered them.

I turned the horses loose, drove them ahead, and after a short time they were easy to handle. I had nothing to do but watch the surrounding country and didn't miss much. I saw something fluttering just ahead of the lead horse and realized it was a bird. There was always one just out of reach of that lead horse's feet, and they were different birds. I suppose that when I passed a nest, one of them would rush out and try to scare us away, and one bird would replace another.

Coming back, I had only my saddle horse and pack horse following behind, so a bird was always in front of my saddle horse and I got a pretty close look at its performance. The birds must have changed places in front of my horse, but I never saw them change, and for all I knew there was only the one bird.

I hadn't seen or thought of roadrunners for years until I read that story. I was talking to a neighbor about it. He grew up where the land was too rough for farming. He told me there are quite a lot of them over in what is called the state pasture. On top of that, a pair of them had built a nest in the middle of his beet field. He said he saw the nest and farmed around it. But every time he got near that nest with his tractor, one of them was fluttering against the front wheel. The nest was within 200 yards of my shop, so they must get around.—Merrit Hull, Crane, Montana 59217

Mike Nugent and John Jenkins

I sure enjoy reading FRONTIER TIMES. In the September 1968 issue, there was a story called "No Headlight in Sight" which mentioned Sheriff Mike Nugent. In August 1887 he helped search for those S. P. train robbers. Can anyone tell me if he was born in Arizona, or any other information about him? I believe he was a relative.

My father, John A. Jenkins, was one of the last of the old-time cowboys. He ran away from home and rode for John A. Hoskins about 1887 and on through the late 1800s. He was called Kid and Skinny. I'd enjoy hearing from anyone who knew or worked with him.—M. J. Andrews, Star Route 1, Box 156B, Woodville, Texas 75979

Ballarat—A Favorite Ghost Town

I enjoyed the article, "Death Valley's Fast Fading Ghost Towns" (FRONTIER TIMES, May 1970) and I am well acquainted with the Death Valley area and with Panamint Valley to the west. Ballarat has been one of my favorite ghost towns for many years and I have visited there often and seen the town gradually melting away — buildings were mainly of adobe—over a long period. I would like to state definitely that the name of the man given as Chris Weights was actually Chris Wicht, a prominent citizen of Ballarat. Incidentally, he drank himself to death, it is recorded, but not before he reached the age of eighty.

I visited with Seldom Seen Slim on a number of occasions. I would carry a generous-size lunch when I made a trip to Ballarat and invite Slim to share it with me, so we would sit in front of his place and feed our faces and talk. He was born in Illinois and landed in Ballarat about 1915. By 1917, the town was declining badly and in that year the post office was discontinued. Slim passed on about a year and a half ago and is buried in the cemetery at Ballarat. I visited his grave and at that time picked up two colorful rocks which had been in Slim's collection. A couple resides in Ballarat who are overseers of the townsite. When I was last there no one lived in the town other than these two who occupy a substantial building erected not many years ago and operate a little store carrying a few groceries and soft drinks.

I would like to mention that on a trip up Wildrose Canyon to Mahogany Flats you can expect to see some wild burros as they are plentiful in the area. The ruins of an old smelter may be seen at Panamint City. To reach this ghost town, drive up Surprise Canyon as far as the road permits and then hike the rest of the way. Take your lunch.—Clayton Kanagy, 2930 Colorado Avenue, B-3, Santa Monica, California 90404

She'd Heard "Pay-Off" Before!

We enjoy reading FRONTIER TIMES very much. In your May 1970 issue, the story, "A Pay-Off by Friends" was of special interest to me. I have heard my late grandmother, Jennie Berens, tell it quite a few times. She was an early pioneer of Boyd County, Nebraska and lived at Spencer, Nebraska, some miles north of the Niobrara River.—Mrs. Edgar Bailey, Route 2, Bonesteel, South Dakota 57317

News of Art Acord

I just read the article "Motion Pictures Vignettes" by Robert S. Birchard in the July 1970 FRONTIER TIMES and the mystery surrounding the western actor, Art Acord. Perhaps I can throw a small sidelight on Acord's early boyhood and one-time home.

Although I never knew Acord, I was associated for a number of years with a man who did—and very well. Spencer S. Allred, now deceased about sixteen years, grew up with Art Acord in Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah and as boys they chummed around together frequently. I remember Spence and I often discussed old western film cowboys and Acord was his favorite subject and actor, since they were well known to each other.

I can't be positively sure, but it seems I recall Allred claiming a kinship to Acord as cousin or other and that Art was born in Spring City; or if not, at least in another Sanpete County town.

Spence said Acord was a bit wild and unpredictable, adventurous, liking cattle and "cowboying." He recalled that many times while driving cattle together, Acord would let out a whoop and dive from his saddle onto the back of a steer for a wild ride or a bulldogging.

Allred, a bronc buster and rodeo performer himself at one time, said after Acord left Spring City for the entertainment world, they lost contact with each other. Art eventually committed suicide in Mexico—booze and women apparently being his undoing. It seemed to be just another tragic casualty of a big city and success which Acord couldn't handle.

I might mention that Spencer S. Allred as a young man liked cattle, but periodically herded sheep in eastern Utah, the Black Rock Desert in western Utah, and around Soda Springs, Idaho.

He shared many a meal of sourdough biscuits, mutton and coffee with the famed outlaw, Butch Cassidy (George Leroy Parker) and said Cassidy was a

(Continued on page 51)

TRASH AND TREASURE

ALL ARE DETECTED WITH D-TEX DETECTORS
QUITE OFTEN YESTERDAY'S TRASH IS TODAY'S TREASURE

BILL MAHAN JR., FACTORY MANAGER FOR D-TEX, with Buttons, Bullets, Gun Parts, Epaulates and other Military Decorations and Hardware found with the New Model D-Tex "KOIN KING" at old Ft. McKavitt—some of yesterdays' trash that is truly a treasure for today's collectors.

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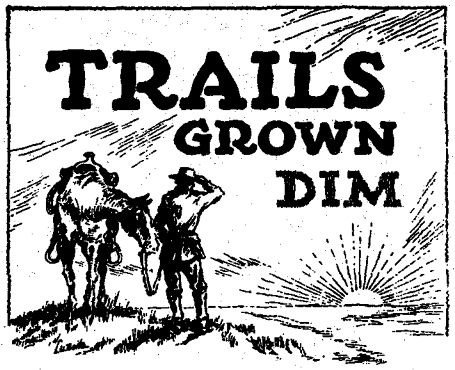

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Floyd

I am searching for Robert Floyd whose last known address (1927) was Brownwood, Texas. He was working in the oil fields. He was American vice-consul in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil about 1922; sailed on *U. S. S. George Pierce* for South America in August of 1923. Any information will be appreciated.—G. B. Hubbard, R. R. 1, Box 111, Kingsland, Texas 78639

Cummins

James Cummins was born in south Georgia near the towns of Milan and Rhine in what was at that time, Wilson County. He left that part of the country shortly after the Civil War and went to Oklahoma or the Indian Territory. He returned, some say, with the James gang to Georgia for a short stay and then back to Oklahoma Territory never to be heard from again by the family, until 1966. I was told that he was still alive and that he appeared on some quiz program but the program was interrupted by a news flash.

I would like to know where this man is living now, or if he has died recently and when and where he was a member of the Jesse James gang. He was reported to have been running a country store in the Oklahoma hill country.—Narris Marehant, 8001 Fulton, Apt. 47, Houston, Texas 77022.

Earl Marcus Colman

I would like information on the whereabouts of Earl Marcus Colman, born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, January 23, 1923. His mother (maiden name Opel Montoya) died a short time after he was born and his father then took him to his grandmother. Earl was about three years old when his father left Albuquerque and went to Pampa, Texas where the boy lived with his grandmother until she died. He was about thirteen years old. He went to live with his father and stepmother at 307 South Cuyler Street in Pampa about 1936. He is my nephew—his mother was my sister's daughter. I would like very much to hear anything about this person or any of the Colman family.—Gladys Evensen, 8214 Borson Street, Downey, California 90242

Eagan

I am searching for my brother, Charlie Eagan. We were born in Corsicana, Texas but we lived most of our lives in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Charlie would be sixty-nine years old. I haven't heard from him since World War I. Our father was John Eagan; mother, JoAnna (Post) Eagan. My sister was Lilliam Stonebreaker who, when last heard from thirty-seven years ago, was moving to Wyoming. Her husband's name was Ray. She had a son, Westly, and a daughter.—Mrs. Beatrice Nolen, Route 1, Box 90-B, Wetmore, Texas 78163

Ross

Would like to locate Thomas Merchant Ross of Quinlan, Texas, age about sixty, last heard from in northern California in 1927. Brother of Alice, Joe Ruyle and Jeffrey Ross. My parents, Thomas Walton Ross and Leona Peacock Ross are both deceased and our family has exhausted every recourse in attempts to locate our older brother. All but this brother were raised in Buckner Orphans Home in Dallas, Texas.—Jeffrey Ross, 153 North Hayes, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Thomas Jefferson Yount

Thomas Jefferson Yount, Deputy U. S. Marshal out of Fort Smith, Arkansas and other areas, was born about 1836 in Jellico, Tennessee and died in 1913 in Madill, Oklahoma. He served in the Union Army with the Tennessee Volunteers during the Civil War. Joined U. S. Marshal forces after the war to help eradicate bushwhackers who had killed his father. At one time he led a posse across the Rio Grande in hot pursuit of horse thieves where they were ambushed and had to shoot their way out. He was a buffalo hunter at times; raised horses at other times.

He is known to have roamed through Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, parts of New Mexico, Colorado, Missouri, as well as much of Tennessee. One hell of a story remains to be written if I can gather a few more facts and bits of information. Anyone knowing of any data or source, please get in touch with me.—Robert K. Yount, 743 S. Berendo St., Apt. 105, Los Angeles, California 90005

Elbridge Gerry

We are trying to trace the background of Elbridge Gerry, trader, trapper and army scout in Dakota Territory, Nebraska Territory and Colorado, 1840 to 1864. He supposedly was born in Boston, Massachusetts July 18, 1818 but no record is obtainable from there. According to his journal and account books dated from 1853-1861, preserved by the Colorado Historical Society and other known information, Gerry was employed by Sublette and Bent (American Fur Co.) in 1840. The journal of Osborne Russell mentions Gerry in March, 1839 as being bred a sailor and having a ship tattooed on his arm. In 1860 he lived at Miravalle City, Colorado and in 1863 was employed by Governor Evans of Colorado as bodyguard and to meet with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in that area. He married Indian twins from Laramie River, Nebraska Territory, believed belonging to the tribe of Sitting Bull.

Gerry is buried at Crow Creek, Weld County, Colorado where he died in 1875. Elbridge Gerry was my husband's great-grandfather and he is hoping to find someone who can help us trace his background or help verify the information we have.—Mrs. Joseph Elbridge G. Kempton, 911 Rangeview Street, Spring Valley, California 92077

John Anderson Nichols

John Anderson Nichols married Sarah Elizabeth Nichols. (Her maiden name was also Nichols.) I think his parents lived around Rosebud, Texas. His brother, Tal Nichols, moved to or near Carter, Oklahoma in the early 1900s. His sister Viola (Vi) married a Todd. I think his sister Mattie married a Sykes. John A. and family lived near Grove, Texas. He was 1/16 Comanche Indian. He rode the cattle drive from Texas to Abilene, Kansas, I would like to know more about him.—Mrs. J. D. Shumake, 1615 So. 25th St., Waco, Texas 76706

Henry Rice

I am trying to find information about my great-great-grandfather and grandmother, Henry Rice, (born around 1850) and his wife, Mildred (maiden name Murphey). They lived in Saline County, around Harrisburg, Illinois. They were married in 1872 (one of them, which one I do not know, was full-blooded Indian). They had three daughters, Etta, Louise and Mary. I would appreciate tremendously any information that can be supplied—Rick Jones, 414 N.W. 71st Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64118

Oscar Ford

I would like to hear from anyone who may have information on a man named Oscar Ford, about twenty or maybe a little older, who was shot and killed somewhere in northeast Texas or western Oklahoma, maybe near Keys, Oklahoma. It would have been between 1918 and 1920. This man probably was very short and of reddish complexion. He had a diagonal scar on his upper lip. Am very interested in hearing from anyone who may either have known or was related to this man.—Mrs. Doyle Miller, 807 Fairmont, Amarillo, Texas 79106

Russell

I am trying to find Faye Russell, daughter of Charles Robert Russell and Mary Etta Logan. She was raised near Burns, Colorado, and last seen at Denver in the fall of 1941. She may have been a beauty operator there. Her last letter to her sister, Mildred, was mailed in December 1941, postmarked Penn Station, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It stated she had married on December 18 of that year and was going to New York. There was no signature nor re-

(Continued on page 66)

Was the old saying true—that Sunday would never cross the Mississippi?

Well, not exactly, but for a long time the whine of a bullet sounded a lot more often than a church bell. By popular request we have selected the out-of-print stories which deal only with hard men in a hard country. These are old TRUE WEST action stories under one cover.

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Badman
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OLD WEST
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FIRST EDITION!
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THE WORKS!

Available at your newsstand December 1st, give or take a few days. You never could pin a Badman down as to exactly when he'd show up!

The sentence—25 years in Yuma. But this meant death because no man could last that long in the old territorial prison

Canyon Diablo

By DAN HARVICK
as told to
WILLIAM SPARKS

PREFACE

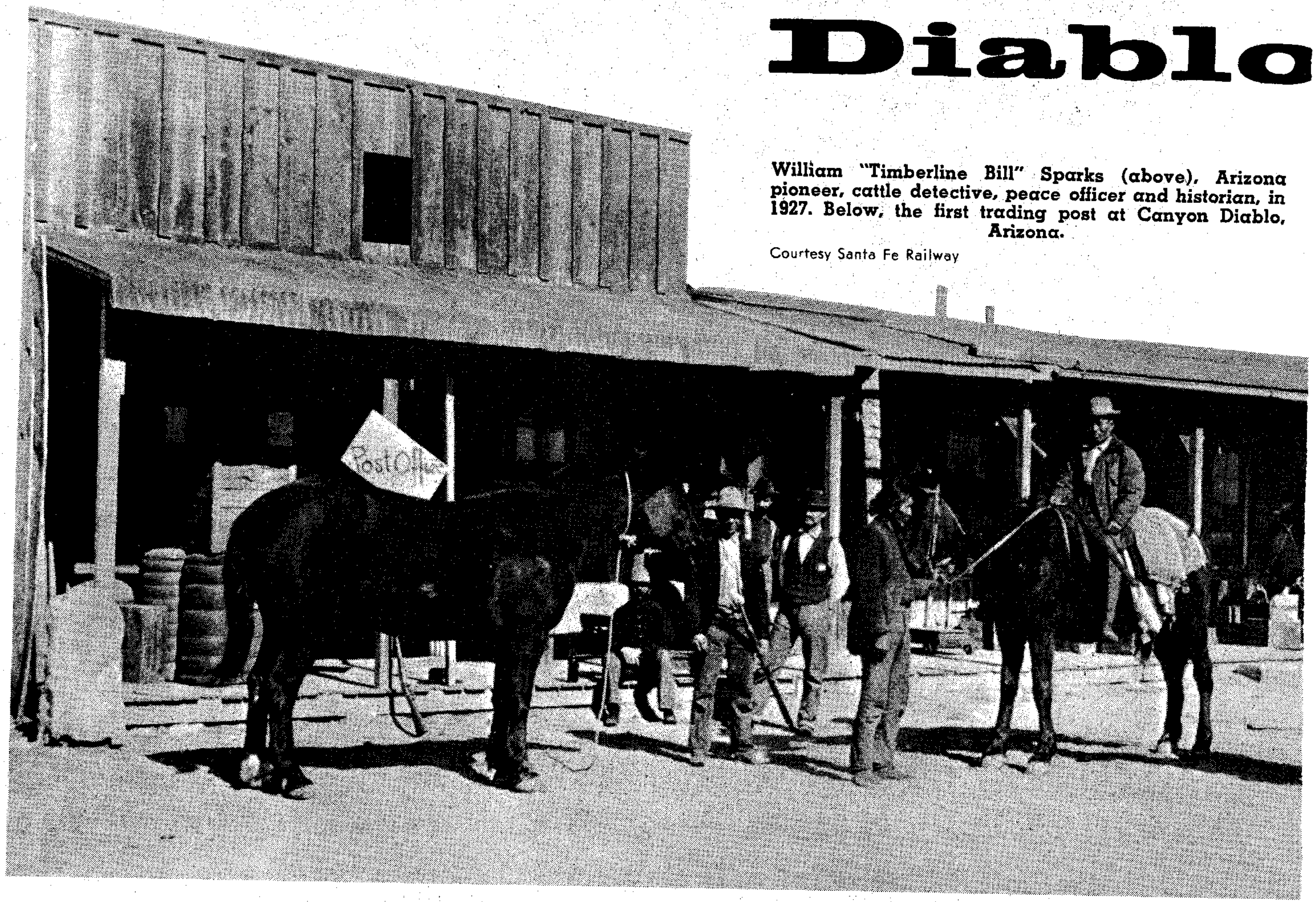
TO THOSE WHO LOVE the old Southwest and are students of its history, . . . historical tales by William Sparks (Timberline) will be of exceptional interest, reflecting as they do an accurate picture of those stirring pioneer days when Civilization was struggling with Marauding Apaches, and White and Mexican outlaws.

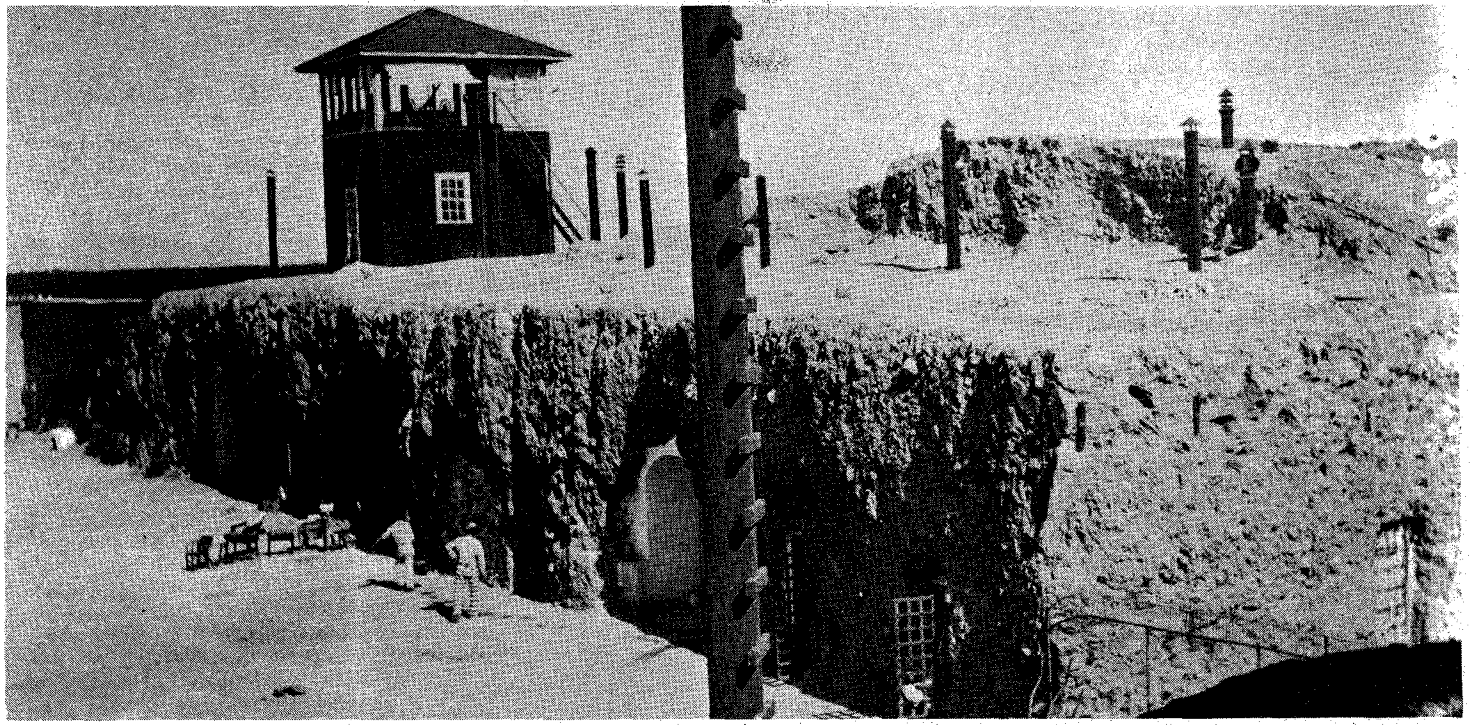
When the undersigned first came to Arizona as a member of the Regular U. S. Cavalry, during

(Continued on page 10)

William "Timberline Bill" Sparks (above), Arizona pioneer, cattle detective, peace officer and historian, in 1927. Below, the first trading post at Canyon Diablo, Arizona.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway



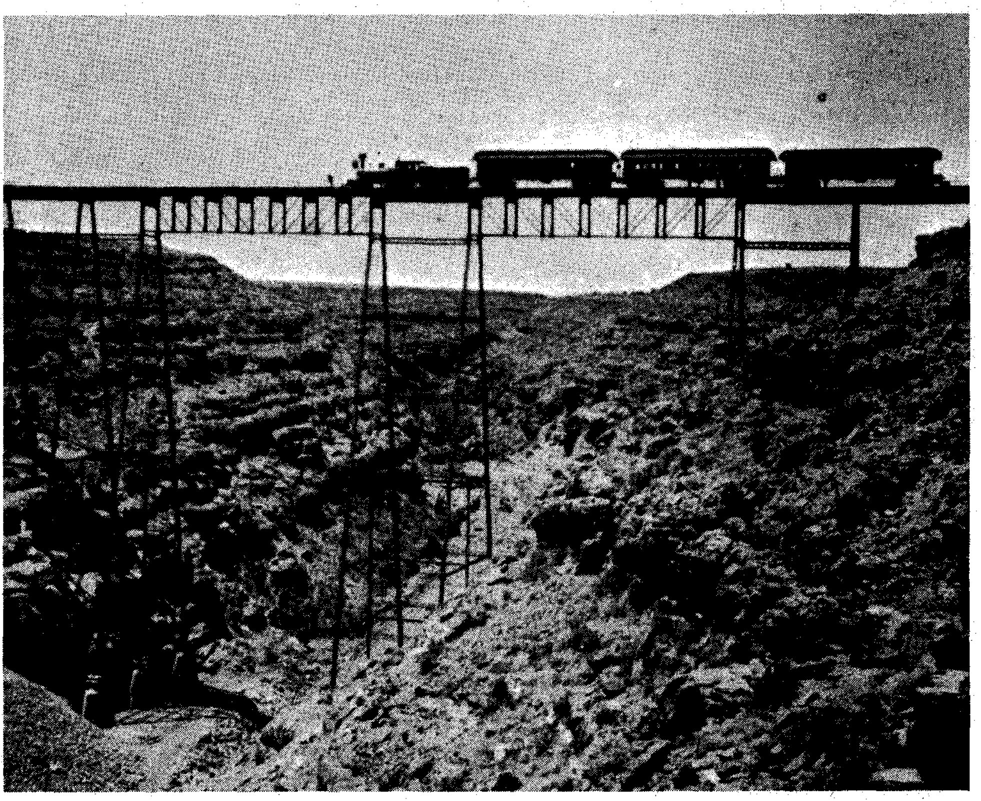


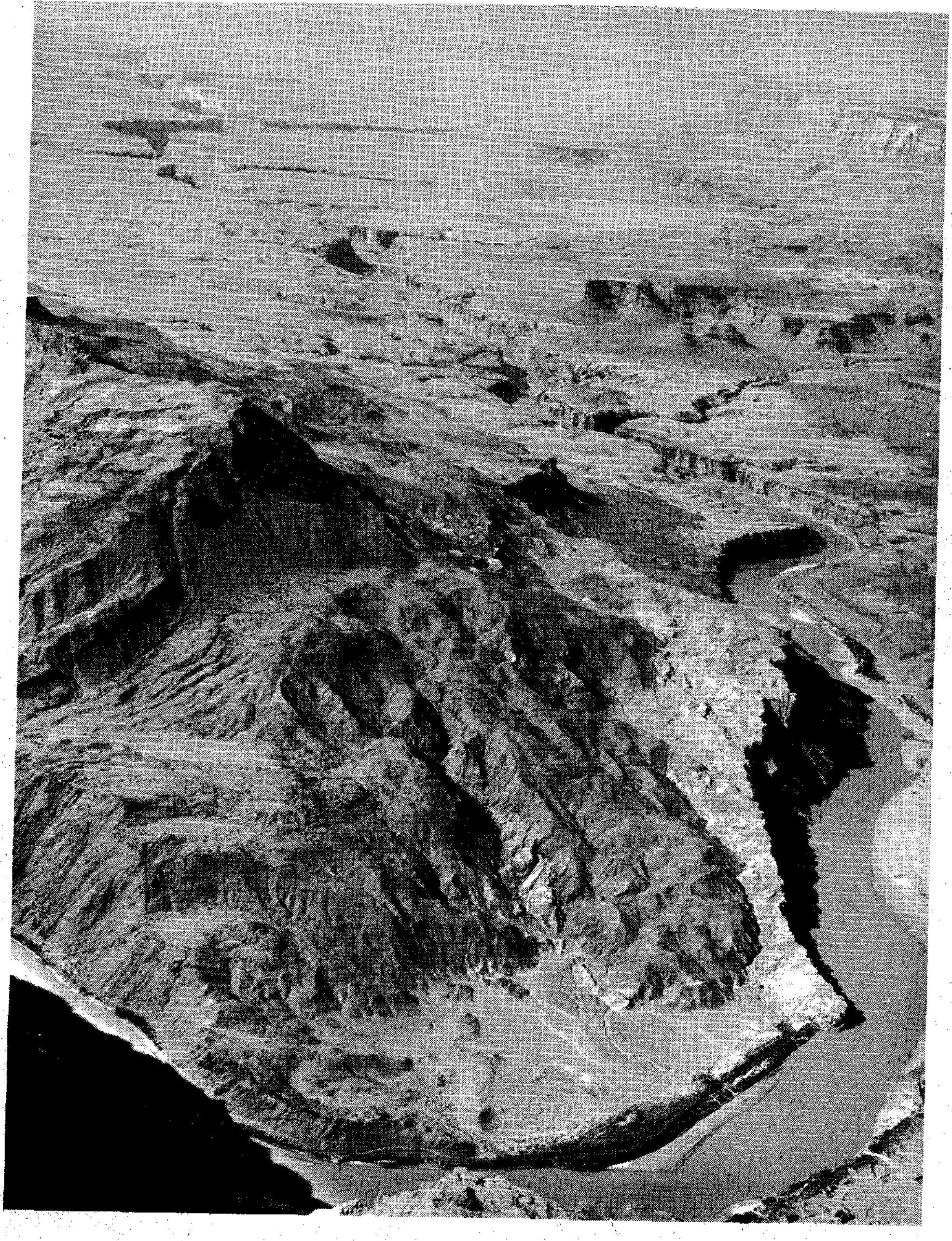
William Sparks and Yuma Photos Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

TRAIN ROBBERY

Atlantic and Pacific train crosses Canyon Diablo near the Arizona station where the outlaws struck. Above is Yuma Penitentiary, showing cells cut out of a solid granite hill.

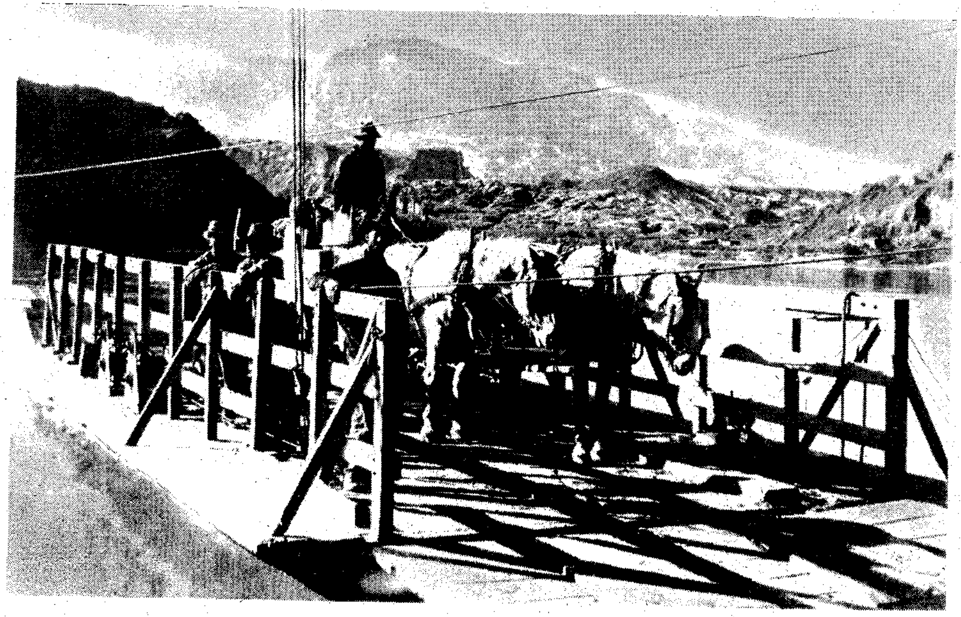
Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe





Below is the boat at Lee Ferry in north-central Arizona which Harvick and Starin used to cross the Colorado River, enabling them to flee into Utah. In the photo above, Lee Ferry is in the extreme lower right-hand corner. Through the rugged country stretching far toward the horizon, the outlaws tried to escape.

Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives



the Indian Wars—later in Cuba during the Spanish American War as an officer in the First U. S. Cavalry (Roosevelt's Rough Riders), and during the early years of the present century when I was commanding the Arizona Rangers—I came into close and intimate association with the author, William Sparks, better known throughout the Southwest as "Timberline Bill." A word as to his adventures, career and character may not be amiss in order that the reader, by knowing something of the man himself, may be able to judge as to the truth and accuracy of the pictures he draws.

Pioneer, prospector, miner, professional hunter, cow puncher, Government packer in Arizona, and Cuba, and peace officer extraordinary, he has run the entire gamut of hardships and adventure incident to those thrilling days, and has rendered gallant and useful service to his state and country.

A man of exceptional courage, rectitude and proven worth, it was my good fortune to secure his services as 1st Sergeant of the Arizona Rangers, and he served as such during the time I was Captain commanding that organization, 1901-1907.

Previously he had been a line rider on the White Mountain Indian Reservation, where he came into close contact and acquaintance with the Chiricahua Apaches, including the notorious "Apache Kid." In the early days he was a professional hunter, supplying the market in the new mining camps with venison. . . .

He went to Cuba as a packer with the Carter P. Johnson Expedition which took arms and ammunition to the Cuban Insurgents, and not only "carried a message to Garcia," but guns and cartridges as well. Later he went to the Philippines.

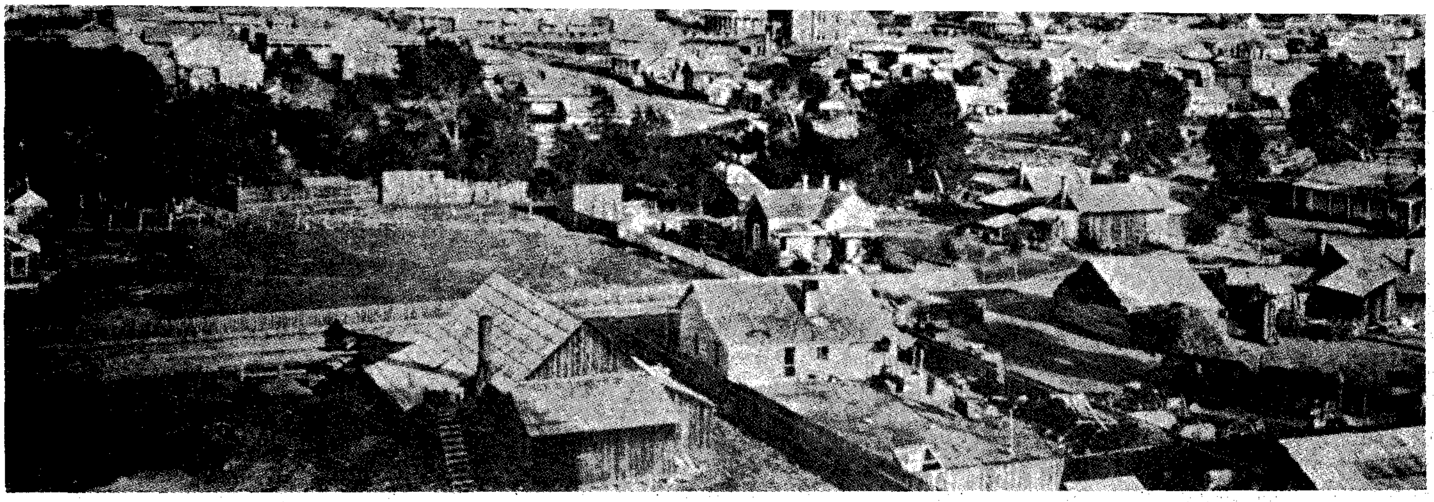
From his arrival on the Blue River in Arizona in the early winter of 1878-1879, and up until the past decade, he has had a full and creditable part in the stirring activities of Tombstone, Clifton and Globe; as well as the mining camps, the cattle ranges, and the mountains and deserts of Arizona.

It is refreshing to read a series of historical stories by one who knows his subject so intimately, and who describes it so accurately, and I heartily commend them to the public.

Thos. H. Rynning.
San Diego, Calif., Feb. 3, 1926.

IT WAS IN 1888 and we were at the Hashknife Ranch—Smith, Starin, Halford, and I—waiting for the spring roundup to begin. But it was slow waiting. The days seemed interminable. And although at night we played poker and danced to the strong arm strains of Jack Diamond's screeching fiddle, neither poker nor dance had zest and tang that goes with the real thing. For we were broke.

The winner at poker won only a pile of unredeemable beans; and the dance was a stag dance; for the only woman on the ranch was the cook, the wife of an employee, who seldom cared to sashay around the smoke-dimmed room among the rough-speaking, and rougher-looking cowpunchers whose memories of Dodge



Prescott, Arizona as seen from Academy Hill about 1880. Here the bandits were jailed, tried, convicted, and sentenced to Yuma Territorial Prison.

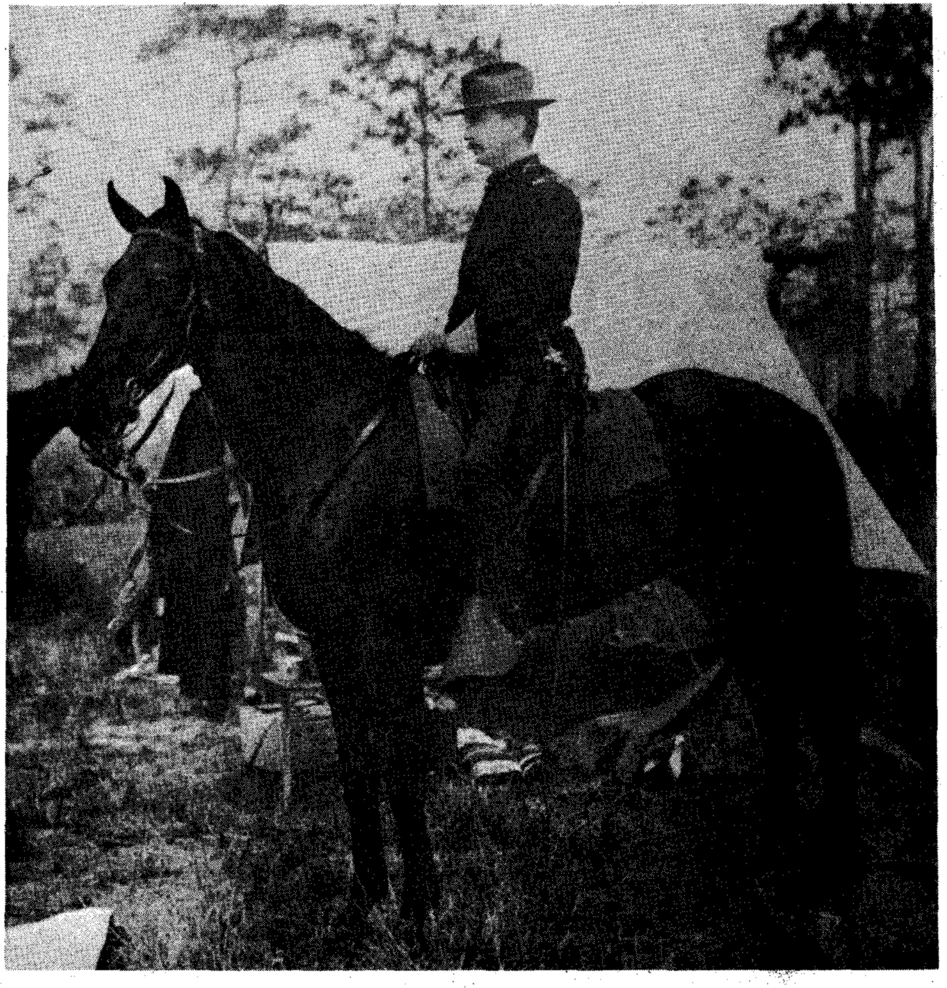
City, Abilene, Tombstone, and Clifton's "hurdy gurdy Halls" and their painted partners in the dances of other days made all efforts at imitation seem tame and insipid.

One evening, as Smith and I stood before the door of the ranch house watching the sun go down behind Sunset Pass, it seemed to me like it was going down forever. It disappeared in a flame of gold that soon changed to purple, and then to dull, leaden gray, between the great red peaks that framing the last rays of the setting sun gave to the Pass its name.

I was tired of inaction. The sombre picture I had just beheld seemed to take possession of my consciousness in some unexplainable way, and I felt a great desire to go away somewhere, to do something, anything, to end the gray monotony of existence.

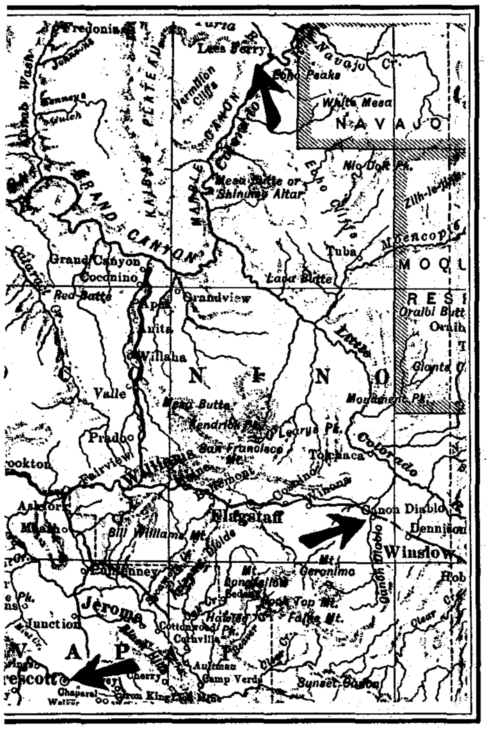
Train robbing in those days was a popular pastime, and the successful followers of that profession were held in high esteem in ranch house and village

(Continued on page 40)



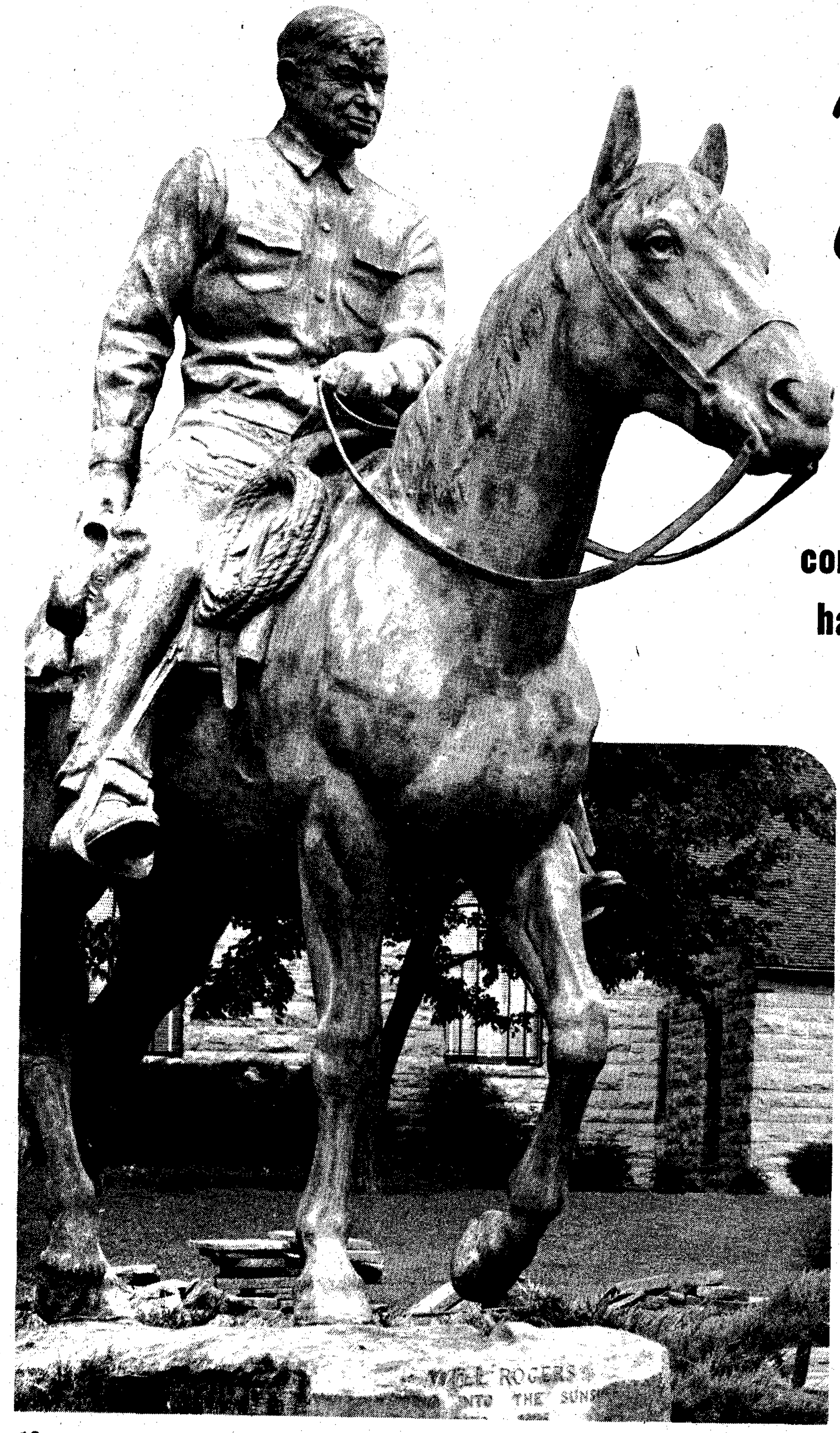
Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives

William Owen (Bucky) O'Neill as a member of the Rough Riders in 1898. Ten years earlier, as sheriff of Yavapai County, Arizona, Bucky O'Neill had led the posse that tracked down the outlaws. In the map below, arrows indicate Lee Ferry, Canyon Diablo station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and Prescott.


Fredonia
Lees Ferry
Navajo
Echo Peaks
White Mesa
NAVAJO
Vermillion Cliffs
Grand Canyon
Coconino
Red Butte
Grandview
Tuba
Moencopi
MOQUI
Oraibi
Lava Butte
Williams
Flagstaff
Canon Diablo
Winslow
Jerome
Prescott
Chaparral
Walker
Sunset Butte
Camp Verde
Cottonwood
Ash Fork
Valle
Mt. Geronimo

CHEROKEE from Oologah

Will Rogers could mix candor with kindness and make it come out funny—and no one has ever quite replaced him in the heart of America


WILL ROGERS
INTO THE SUN

KID

By G. L. SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

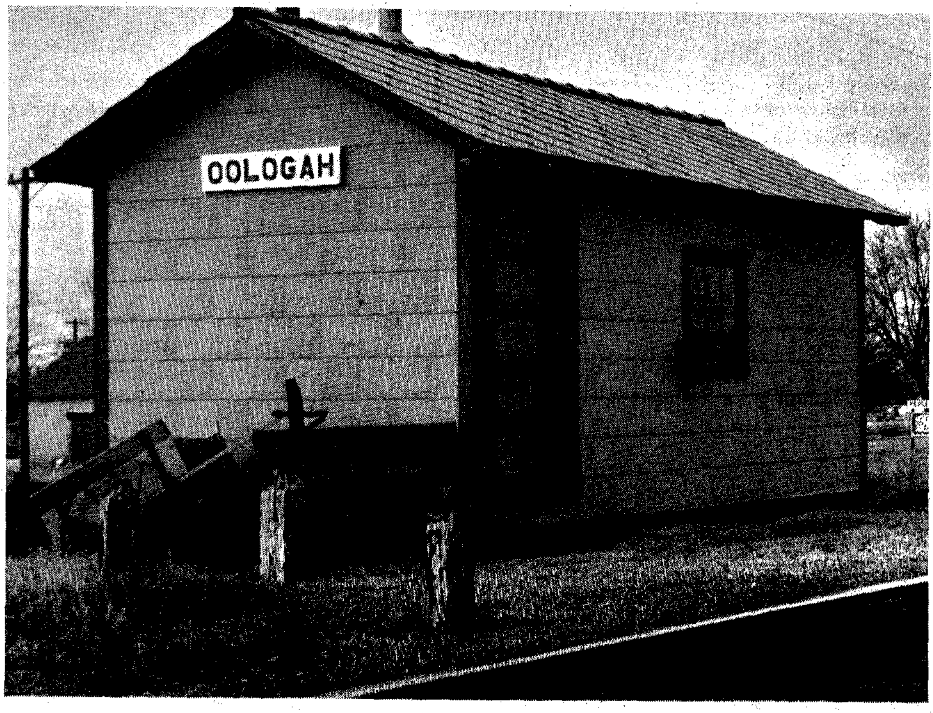
THE AUDIENCE in the little western Oklahoma theater was packed with critics. They could not care less who the young cowboy was as he twirled a rope beyond the dim yellow footlights. The name of Will Rogers was familiar to them but not important. It was the Saturday afternoon matinee during the late summer. The place was hot. At the head of the aisle was a table with a stock of fans for those who wanted them. The town undertaker donated the big palm-leaf variety and the ice cream parlor put out the little cardboard ones. There were no grown people at the show and the kids preferred to sweat. Most of them had ridden their horses through the blistering heat from nearby ranches.

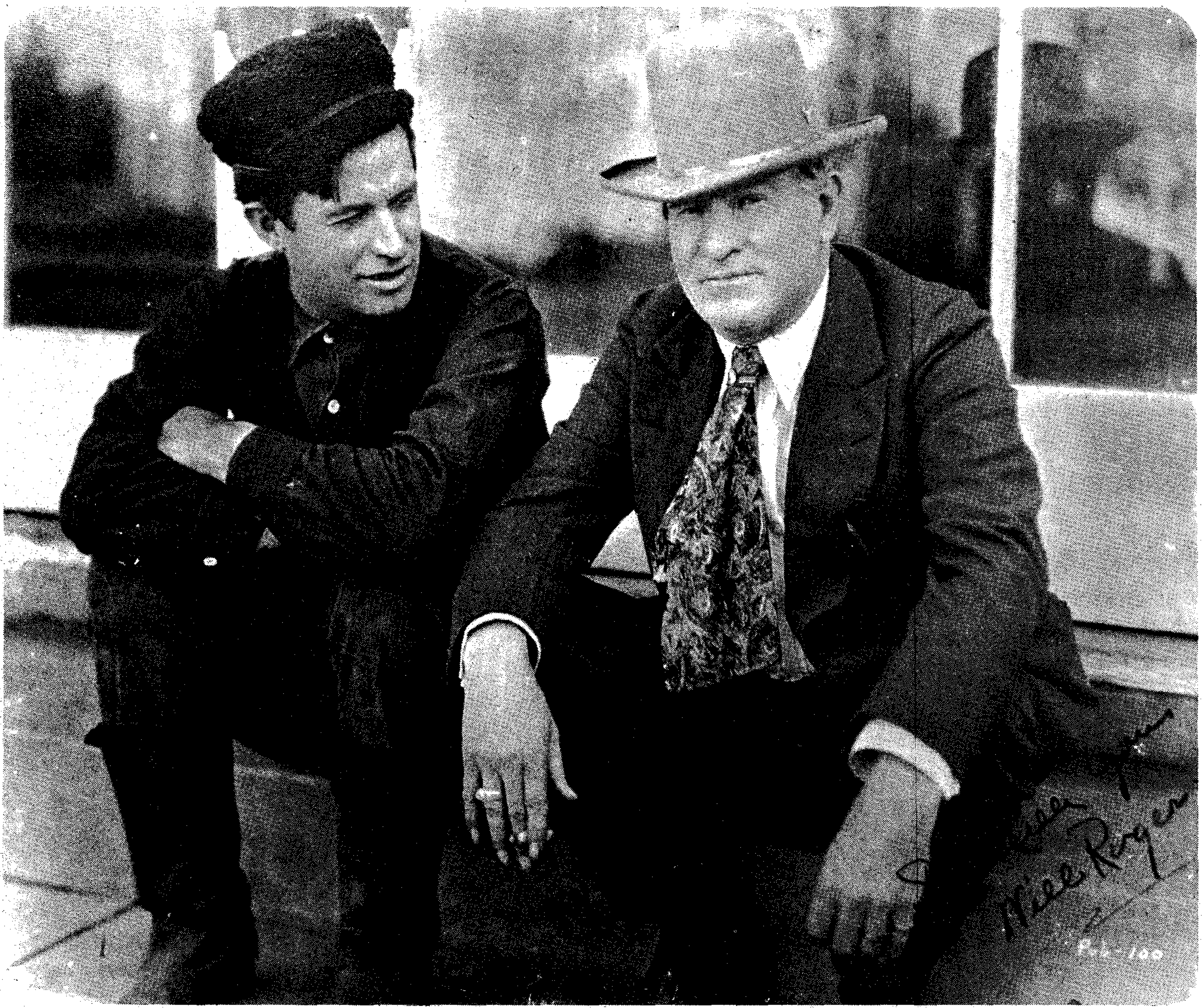
The boys were slightly bored as they watched the actor spin a loop one way and then another, finally encircling his

Photo Above Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Statue of Will Rogers and his horse, Soapsuds, is at the Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore, Oklahoma. Below, Will (left) and a friend ham for the camera while attending Kemper Military Academy. The small railroad depot in Oologah was one of Will's favorite hang-outs.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society





Will Rogers and Charlie Russell

body, dropping the rope low enough to do a few steps of the hat dance. Each told his companion that he could do better than that, or, "You ought to see Otie Scroggins. He can keep the rope goin' and take his coat off and lay down an' roll it up fer a piller an' git up an' never stop the rope while he puts it back on again."

"That's nothin'. I can put a glass of water on my forehead and keep the rope goin' and lay down an git up again without spillin' a drop."

The cowboy on the stage heard their uncomplimentary remarks and went on with his act with a twinkle in his eyes. He teased them along by deliberately making mistakes, then selecting ropes from the coils at the side of the stage and doing tricks which left them silent and goggle-eyed.

A horse came trotting on the stage. He was a good actor, too, and knew his ropes. Once in a while he would back his ears, kick up his heels and take to the backdrops. Will Rogers would quickly rope his tail and pretend to pull him back, while the audience pounded the wooden floor with their heels, applauded, and whistled for more.

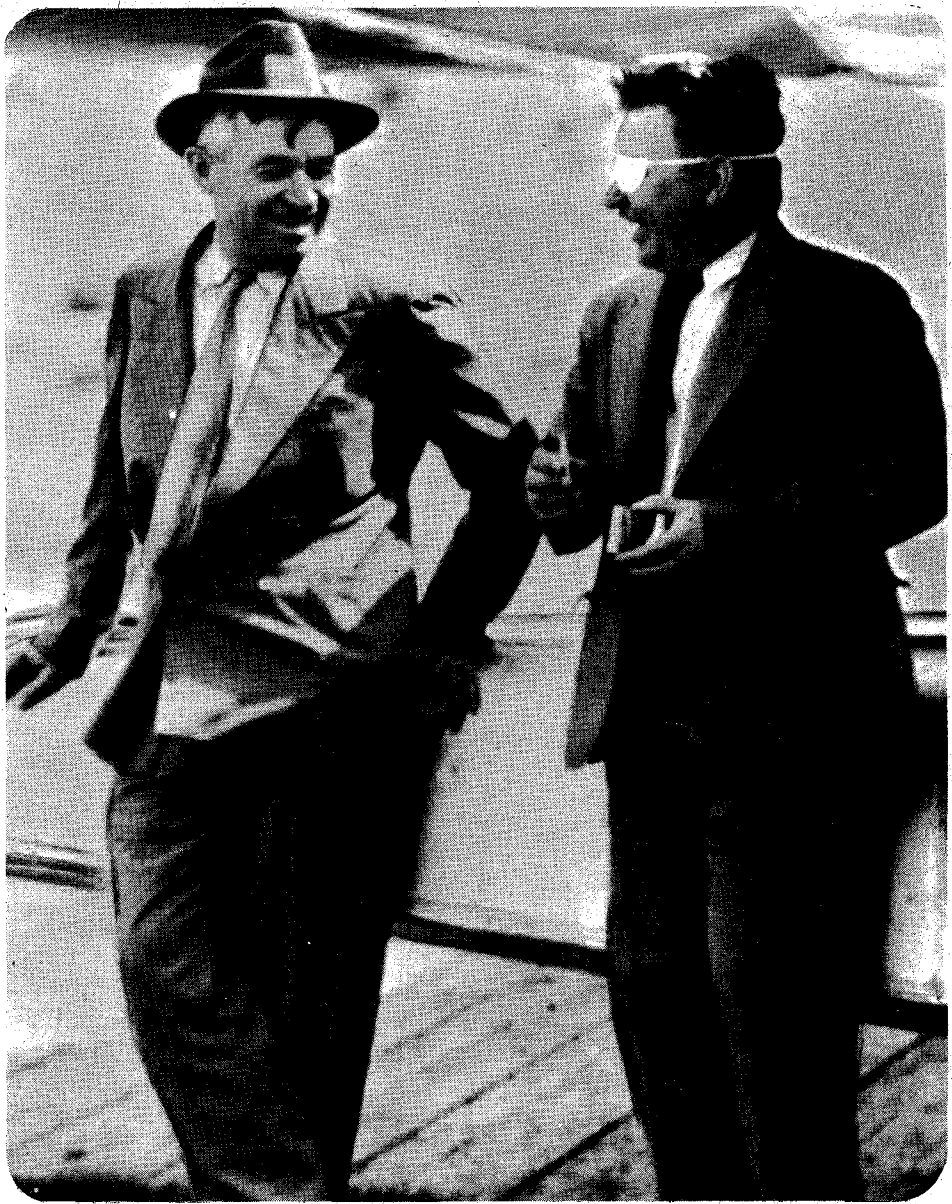
The stage was not big enough to put on a very good act but the man behind the footlights was accustomed to making the best of what he had. He was a Westerner, born on a ranch in the Indian Territory in 1879 near a little town named Oologah, hardly more than a whistle stop. He had just enough Cherokee blood in him to demand a sense of freedom in his life. He also had enough Scotch-Irish blood from pioneer parents to be familiar with the rules of behavior set down for the youngsters of that era. Conscience, duty and charity were words in common use, and any little boy who did not pay attention to them hid out in the corncrib or hayloft until he thought it safe to go back in the house.

WILL'S father gave him a bunch of calves for a grubstake to see him through college or to start a ranch of his own by the time he was grown. And while the boy was away at military school or working to help out some neighbor, the herd he owned kept growing and becoming more valuable.

Will did not like school. The confinement and strict regulations were like a fence to a boy accustomed to the wide prairie with freedom to ride where and when he chose. He quit school and returned to the ranch, but not to stay. Will sold the cattle and started for South America where he expected to start a ranch of great magnitude. A friend of his about the same age went along. They made a detour and took in the British Isles on the way down, and had a wonderful time as long as the money lasted. It did not last long.

His friend became homesick and returned to the States, but Will took a job on a cattle ranch until he had enough money to get away. He then shipped out on a boat for Africa and helped care for a load of mules to pay his way. He broke in horses there, and when a wandering Wild West show came through he joined

Young Will Rogers



Photos Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Will Rogers and Wiley Post

it as a trick rider and roper. Will then became known as the "Cherokee Kid," a name which stayed with him during his travels with various Wild West shows.

He had his own act, but could substitute in any place he was needed to keep the show going and please the crowd. He would ride with the cowboys while they pretended to shoot it out with the Indians —or with a feathered headdress flying out behind he could just as easily whoop it up with the redskins.

Will admired and appreciated beautiful leather work, and during his wanderings began collecting fine saddles and bridles. Some were given to him by friends, but in later life, after he became famous as an actor, saddles were sent to him from all parts of the world. They were not only gifts to him and a gesture of friendship between countries, but to show what fine work their people could do and to keep the saddles preserved and on display. They are in a collection now at the Will Rogers Memorial at Claremore, Oklahoma. Many are in glass cases. Some of the leather work looks like embroidery, depicting tiny flowers which look real enough to pick. Other saddles are embellished with designs worked out with gold thread or silver inlay.

Will's fame grew quietly. His friendly personality and witty remarks drew the affection of his audiences as he progressed from the Wild West shows to vaudeville, and from there to New York theatres and on to fame in Hollywood.

Will returned to Oklahoma whenever he had the opportunity, and on his first trip back after seeing most of the world, he fell in love with a pretty girl from Arkansas. She had come to visit her brother who ran the depot at Oologah. Shy young cowpokes who had never been farther from home than the state fair, suddenly had a desire to ride the train to far-away places and had to make several trips up and down Main Street to the depot and back to find out how much the ticket would cost.

Will had an advantage over the others because he had a sister who was about the same age as the visitor and who helped him entertain her. For once the Cherokee Kid had little to say; his glib tongue was tied in a knot; he was roped and thrown.

WILL went back to work and the girl returned to Arkansas. The Indian Territory became part of Oklahoma to make one state. Roads were graded and travel became easier. When Claremore began drawing the shopping crowd of ranchers from Oologah, it also began claiming Will Rogers as its own. He returned whenever he could.

Where there were horses to ride, Will rode them. He was an excellent rider and the best horses in any town were offered to him for his use. He liked to play polo and was a frequent visitor at Fort Sill where the young officers had a strong team. They played in competition against teams from neighboring towns. The men were pretty well matched. The army had well-trained polo ponies but the others

(Continued on page 62)

THE CASE OF THE LOCOED HORSES

By WALT COBURN

ONE summer two bands of sheep were trailed from Saco, Montana, on the main line of the Great Northern Railroad, due south to Sun Prairie and then west to a sheep ranch located southeast of the Little Rockies.

The sheep had been shipped from Idaho in stock cars, unloaded at the Saco stockyards and driven by two Swedish sheepherders, each of whom had two sheep dogs and spoke very little English.

Accompanying each band was a canvas-topped wagon hooked to a team of horses and fitted with a bunk, small sheet-iron camp stove and a grub supply. A camptender would haul one wagon a few miles to the next sheep campground, unhook the team, mount his saddle horse tied to the back of the wagon, and lead the harnessed team back to the second wagon and haul it to the campground of the second sheep band, and keep repeating this process as the sheep moved to new grazing.

The camptender was a big husky man named Frank Harmon who packed a saddle gun and six-shooter. He was foreman for the Hansen brothers, owners of the large sheep outfit. Harmon knew that part of the Montana cow country like a book. He had built up a rep as a hard man to whip in any ruckus, and he was fully aware of the fact that he was crossing the two bands of sheep over

HORSE HERD
WALKER
CHEYENNE

When the cow ponies turned into dope addicts they had to be unloaded fast. It was soon decided that unwary homesteaders would make the likeliest suckers!

the free range claimed by the Circle Diamond, the Mill Iron, the Long X and the Circle C outfits. Harmon had a nickel-plated deputy sheriff's star-shaped badge pinned to his vest to give legal authority to his invasion of the free range cow country. He also had a paper signed by the justice of the peace at Saco, granting the Hansen brothers a legal permit for the two bands of sheep to cross the free range claimed by the aforementioned cow outfits.

That legal paper and the tin star came in handy when Harmon's sheep invasion was challenged by any of the cowpunchers working for the big cow outfits. "You cowhands," he'd say with a grin, "have any bellyache comin', you take it up with the Hansen brothers. I'm just a hired hand a-workin' for the sheep outfit." He'd shine his badge with the heel of his hand and produce the legal document and say, "Them big cow outfits don't own this free range and there's no law to prevent these sheep crossing to the Hansen brothers' sheep ranch in the Little Rockies." And there was really nothing the cow outfits could do legally to prevent the sheep crossing.

Each sheep band numbered about 2,000 head of woollies and, unlike cattle or a herd of horses grazing along their way in the tall bunch and buffalo grass cropping only the tops, the sheep consumed all the grass down to the roots, as devastating as a huge swarm of locusts.

In their leisurely passing the sheep had made a two-mile-wide stretch of almost barren land, leaving only scattered sheep droppings behind.

As the shoots of the new green grass, moistened by the spring rains, carpeted the rolling prairie land with one vast green blanket as far as the naked eye could reach in all directions, scattered patches of the bright purple blooms of poisonous loco weed appeared, mostly along the two-mile-wide patch the grazing sheep had made the previous summer.

During the first few weeks of spring the scatterment of purple blooms went unnoticed, hidden by the rapid growth of the tall grass. Being the first greenery to show in early spring, grazing animals, sheep, cattle and horses, craved that first greenery after months of eating the parched dry grass that held little nourishment, and so they became subject to loco disease, a chronic nervous affliction characterized by a slow, unmeasured gait, high step, glassy eyes with defective vision, delirium and gradual emaciation.

Courtesy Ken Freestone

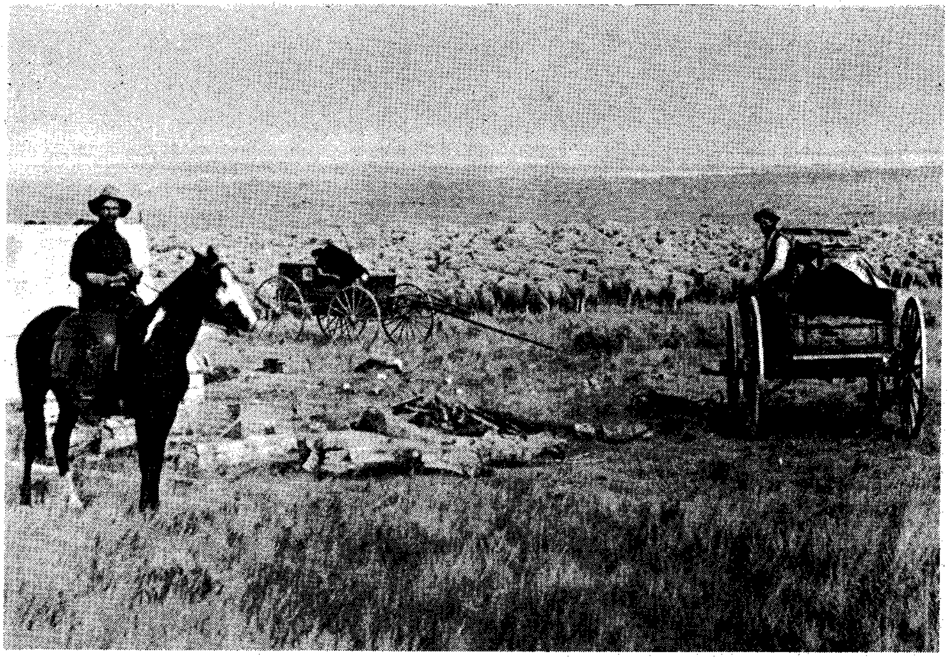
A Montana cowboy

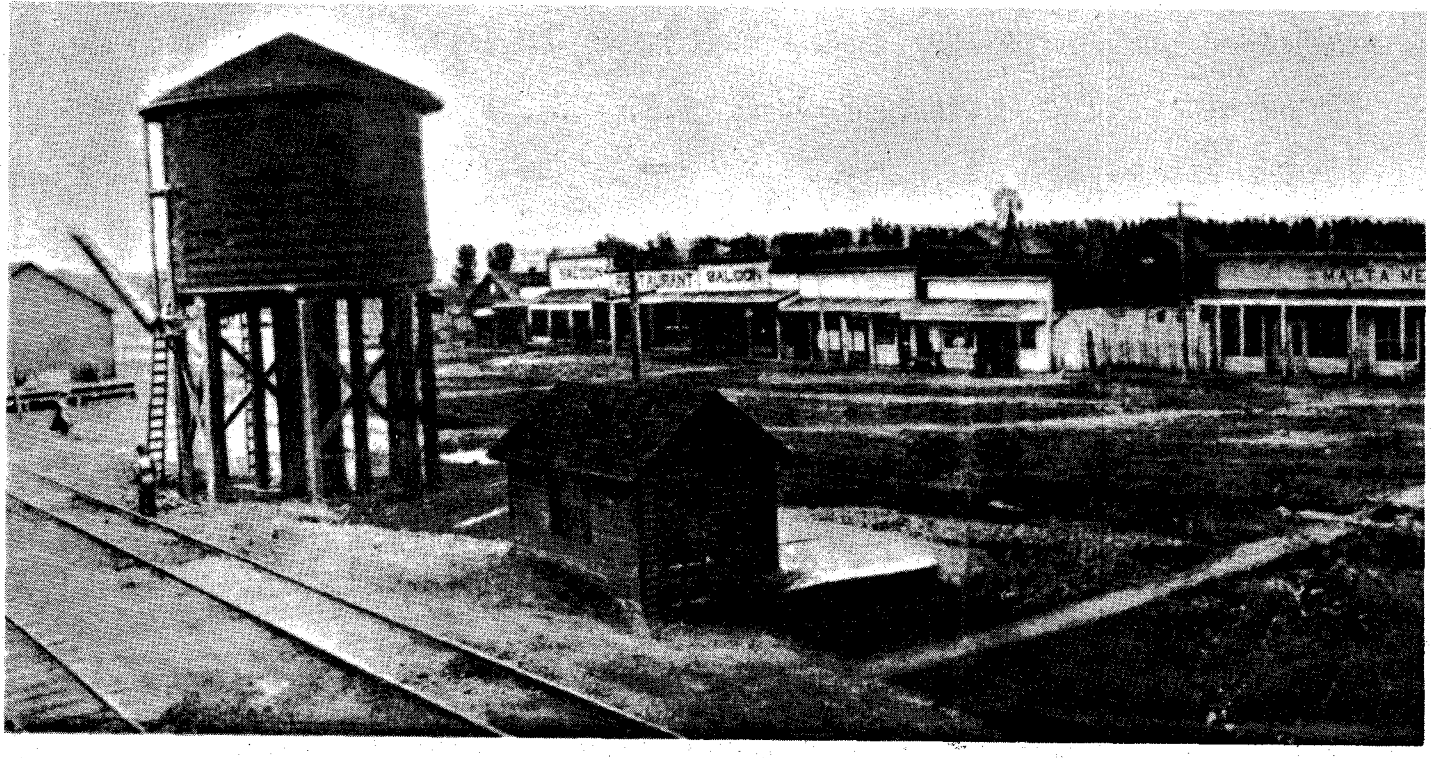
The leaves of the weed spread out close to the ground in a fern-like formation from the main stem and when the short-lived blooms died, a fat green seed pod replaced them. When these pods dropped to the ground the many seeds inside the dry broken pod were broadcast by the wind to reseed the deadly loco weed. Another method of spreading the poisonous weed was by the droppings of sheep, cattle and horses which had consumed the green seed pods. Only wild animals—antelope, deer, and other grass-eating animals—instinctively avoided the loco weed.

Every spring the cow outfits turned loose their large remudas of saddle horses to fatten on the new grass, with a horse wrangler riding loose herd on the grazing animals. The Long X mare bunch, with the remuda stud in charge of his harem of brood mares, was turned loose. "Dolly" Pearson who owned the Malta Livery & Feed Barn had about a hundred head of brood mares and a registered Morgan stud at Gus Tank's ranch on Sun Prairie at the edge of the Larb Hills, and Gus was keeping an eye on them. The Circle C mare bunch of about eighty head of brood mares with the big iron-gray Percheron stallion, Traveler, grazed south of the big pasture and the

Sheep herds cut a two-mile-wide swath across Circle C land and left in their wake a blanket of poisonous loco weeds.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society





Courtesy Montana Historical Society

Malta, Montana, where Sam Deniff dealt cards and backed a locoed-horse-selling venture.

scrub-timbered Coburn Buttes, and the full-blood young Assiniboine, Roy Long Knife, the Circle C horse wrangler, grazed his remuda of approximately three hundred head of saddle horses between the Coburn Buttes south to the Beauchamp Creek at the edge of the badlands.

Roy Long Knife, in his late teens, was a good horse wrangler and bronc rider, but was wholly ignorant of what loco weed looked like or that it was poisonous. To him it was just another weed plant like wild onions and careless weed, tumbleweed or Russian thistle, that grew among the bunch and buffalo grass and the tall clumps of sagebrush and greasewood.

Even Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman and wagon boss, who had been born and raised in Oklahoma, failed to recognize the potential danger of loco weed and paid it no attention. It was Frank Howe, the big, good-natured straw boss, who one evening, after having ridden through the Circle C mare bunch, told Jake, "There's two-three of them young mares actin' a little weedy."

"What the hell you drivin' at—actin' weedy?" Jake asked.

"Crazy like they've been grazin' on loco weed," Howe explained. He dug down in the deep side pocket of his black angora chaps and came up with a handfull of wilted green fern leaves and a dozen fat green-purplish pods. Holding them out for Jake to examine he said he had dug up the roots and all with his jackknife and that this was genuine loco weed that drove cattle, sheep and horses insane.

"I've heard tell of loco weed," Jake said, "but this is the first time I've ever seen it first hand, and so far as I can recollect I've never yet seen a locoed horse." Jake gave the big straw boss a hard, suspicious look.

"If this is one of your put-up jobs, Howe," Jake told him, "I'll have the bookkeeper made out your time and send you down the road talkin' to yourself."

"Hell's bells, Jake," Howe spoke indignantly, "this is on the level. I wouldn't lie about a serious thing like this. Tomorrow mornin' I'll take you over to that mare bunch and let you get your first look at a locoed horse."

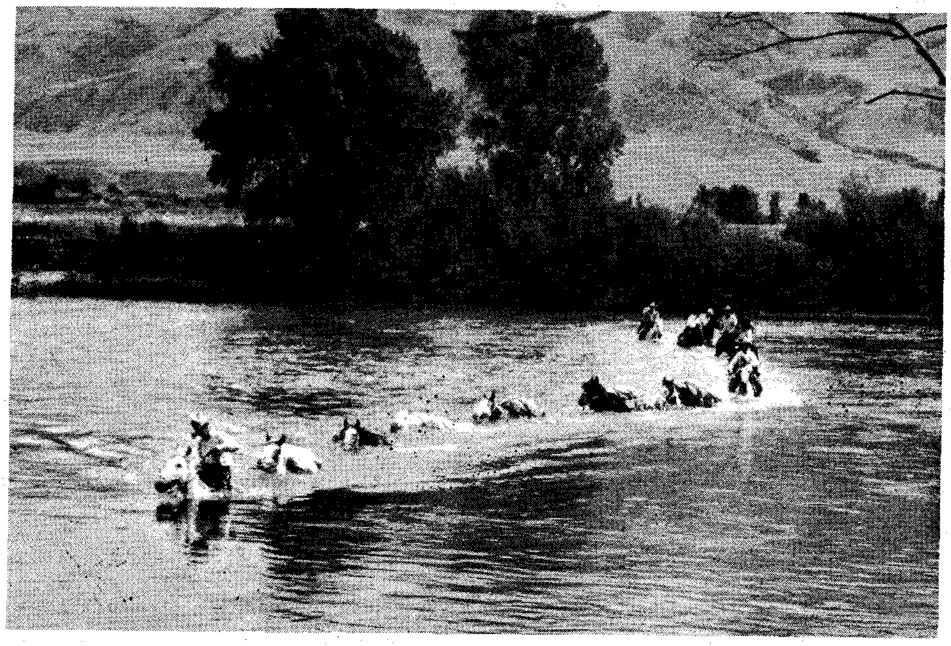
Jake scowled down at the handful of roots and purple pods, trying to recall what he had heard about cattle and horses afflicted with loco disease.

"I ain't aimin' to butt in on your job, Jake," Howe said, "but if I were in your boots I'd fetch in that mare bunch and the Percheron stud, and I'd send word to Roy Long Knife to fetch in the remuda so we can examine every horse for loco symptoms."

There was some rivalry between the ranch foreman and the straw boss and Jake was a little reluctant to accept Frank Howe's word for anything under the sun, but he said he'd think it over.

Swimming the Yellowstone River in Montana.

Photo by Lee Orr



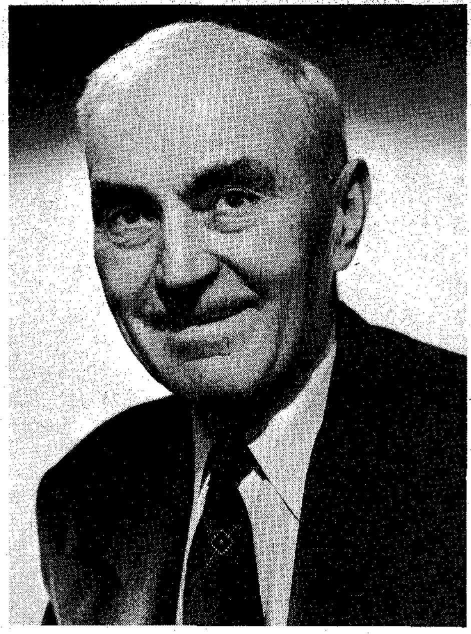
THAT NIGHT at supper Frank Howe laid his samples of the loco weed on the table, and made the announcement that he had found it along last year's trail where the sheep had crossed the free range.

"I spent the best part of the day," Howe explained, "prowlin' over that two-mile-wide strip where the woollies passed over, and I examined the places where they had bedded down for the night, and never before have I ever laid eyes on such a slew of loco.

"Jake won't take my word for it, so I'd like to have the opinion of all you old Circle C cowhands." Joe Contway, Wash Lampkin, Scott Miller, Fred and Lou Roberts, Charlie Summers, Pete Davenport, Everett Thompson, Rawhide Dan —Howe named them one by one. "You all know what loco weed looks like and what it does to a horse. Mostly it's the young two-three-year-olds that crave the green pods and purple blooms. Mostly the old cow horses won't touch the loco weed, but once a young horse gets a taste of it he craves it from then on, like a dope fiend. Horses get gaunt and crazy in the head, and wander off half blind, huntin' more weed. Then they lay down and die. I bet a brand new Stetson hat there ain't a cowhand here at this table that ain't seen a locoed horse."

Every cowpuncher at the table was in agreement with Howe, and there was a general discussion concerning the effect of loco weed on horseflesh. Joe Contway, a top cowhand who had handled green broncos since he could remember and had seen his share of locoed horses, claimed that if the horse was in the first stages of weed poisoning he could recover if he was fed a gallon-can of oats three times a day, plus fresh cut alfalfa while the bloom was still on, until he got the scours. Then he'd be cured of eating loco weed.

Wash Lampkin was of the opinion that a good dose of worm medicine would do the trick if given in the first stages of the disease. And all agreed that if a young horse in the first stages of loco was fed plenty of oats and left to graze where the timothy and blue-joint grass was hock deep and free of the purple weed, there was a fifty-fifty chance the horse would be cured for all time.


Courtesy E. E. MacGilvra

Jake Myers, Circle C foreman.

And it was decided that the sooner the remuda and mare bunch were fetched in from the range, the better. So Jake Myers somewhat reluctantly agreed to have the horses brought into the home ranch and put in separate pastures. Jake put Joe Contway in charge of the six or eight weedy horses they found in the first stages of the disease.

MEANWHILE, about a week before the calf roundup started, Wild Pete Walters, one of the top bronc riders in that part of the cow country, showed up. He had Lorn Talbert, another bronc rider, with him and a stranger called Monte Ward. Ward was a professional rodeo cowboy who traveled the circuit from Calgary, Canada, to Cheyenne, Wyoming and Pendleton, Oregon. He had traveled with the Buffalo Bill Show and Zack Miller's 101 Wild West Show.

Pete Walters announced that the three of them were starting to gather a bunch of locoed horses that were in the first stages of loco disease. As soon as they gathered around a hundred head they were taking them to Dakota to peddle them to the homesteaders.

"Us fellers will take any weedy horses off your hands, Jake," Pete told the ranch foreman. "We'll pay you ten dollars a head, cash on the barrelhead."

"You got yourself a deal, Pete," Jake promptly replied, glad to get rid of the problem.

Walters said that they had picked up forty-odd head of weedy horses from the Long X and Dolly Pearson's mare bunch, and about fifteen head of Circle Diamond two-three-year-old broncs, and about ten-twelve head of Mill Iron horses in the first stages of loco disease. They had the horses on good pasture at Sam Deniff's ranch on Milk River near Malta. Sam had hired a man to pour the oats to them. Pete said that Sam Deniff was backing the deal, putting up a share of the money.

Sam Deniff and his brother Luke were professional high-stake gamblers, willing to take a chance on almost any deal where they could pick up a profit.

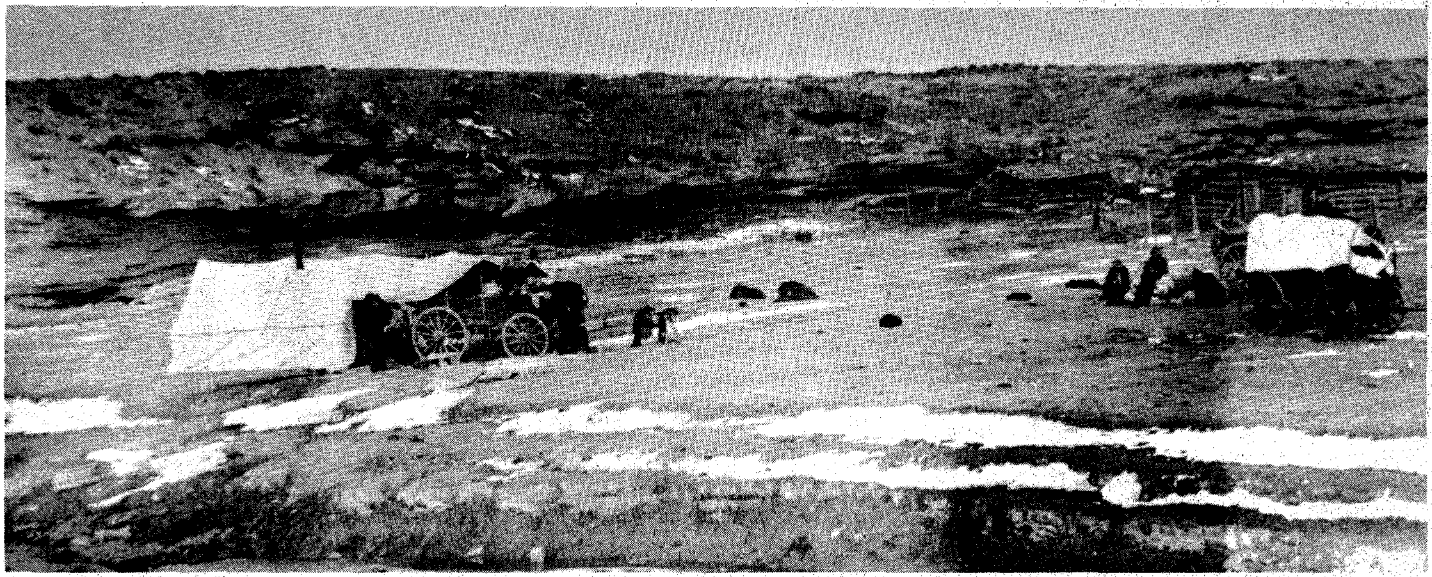
"We'll pick up the weedy horses at ten dollars a head," Pete had explained to Sam Deniff. "Sell them for twenty-five to fifty dollars a head to the Dakota hayseed homesteaders, pay back the money we borrowed from you, two dollars for every one, and we'll split the proceeds three ways. It beats workin' for forty a month wages all to hell."

Wild Pete was a large, rawboned six-footer, with sandy hair and a ruddy face. A man who told big windies and laughed at his own jokes, a braying laugh that was contagious in bunkhouses, roundup camps, or in the saloons. Whereas the average bronc handler was soft-spoken,

(Continued on page 51)

N-Bar Ranch mess wagon and bed wagon during spring roundup in Montana about 1898.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society



CLOSE QUARTERS

with the SUPERNATURAL

Besides eight children and a wife, John Sems had a ghost living in the house!

By VERNE SEMS

Photos Courtesy Author

NO ONE in the world will believe this story unless it is someone who has had a similar experience, but it is as true as the sunrise in the morning. Although there persists an almost universal superstitious fear of these so-far unexplained manifestations, or a complete refusal to believe in them, we had a ghost in our house.

My parents moved from Oklahoma, then Indian Territory, to Callahan County, Texas at the turn of the century. I was only a small child but some of the details are still quite vivid in my mind.

I have never been able to understand what prompted my dad to buy the small ranch that we were to call home for the next thirty years because from a practical viewpoint it had no potentialities. It was possible that both he and Mother simply were tired of traveling—we made this long trip in covered wagons in November, and to a weary couple with eight small children, almost any place would look good if they could stop and rest.

The house was little more than a three-room shack and to crowd ten people into three rooms was almost impossible. Besides, one room had to be used as a kitchen and dining area. Dad got busy and added more, but the architectural graft was not artistic and did not lend any beauty to the appearance of the house which continued to have the atmosphere of a distant past combined with an eerie haunted look.

My father had no outside income, so we had to live off the land and I still marvel at how my parents managed. We were never hungry. Dad and Mother were constantly clearing land, planting, improving; we all worked hard. This ranch was on the fringe of the great western plains country; vegetation consisted of scrub oak and mesquite. To add to a bad situation there was no water on the place. We had to haul drinking water in large barrels, by horses and wagon, from a well two miles away. A small pond supplied drinking water for stock but was infested with water moccasins. If no rain fell this pond went dry and we would have to drive our cattle and horses two miles, every day, to the well to give them drink. All water was hand drawn in buckets.

Snakes were everywhere, a dozen different species, including the large diamondback rattlers. There were hordes of tarantulas that came out of their earthen holes at dusk to crawl over the ground in search of food. There were scorpions, centipedes, vinegaroons, an occasional Gila Monster. Almost any reptile, rodent, or insect—name it; we had it.

AND we had a ghost. We were a normal, healthy family not given to imagining things and whatever made these noises in our house, we have not the glimmer of an explanatory suggestion to make.

We had to live in camp at first, until the Williams family who were occupying the house could find another place to live. Due to the inclement weather Mother and my youngest sister were permitted to sleep in the house on a pallet and share the one bedroom with the Williamses.

The very first night, Mother was awakened by footsteps which went through the room near her bed but did not return. She thought this was strange but did not mention it the next morning. The second night she heard footsteps again; they stopped at the rocking chair and the chair began to rock. It did not occur to her that this could be anything supernatural; in fact, she decided that one of the children was ill and one of the parents was rocking him back to sleep. Mother lay there listening but heard no voices, did not see anyone, and finally after a long period of time the chair stopped rocking. But there were no footsteps returning to bed.

The next morning Mother mentioned this to Mr. and Mrs. Williams who merely shrugged and remarked that they heard noises all the time. They had never investigated, had never seen anything, but had accepted the fact that a ghost was sharing their home.

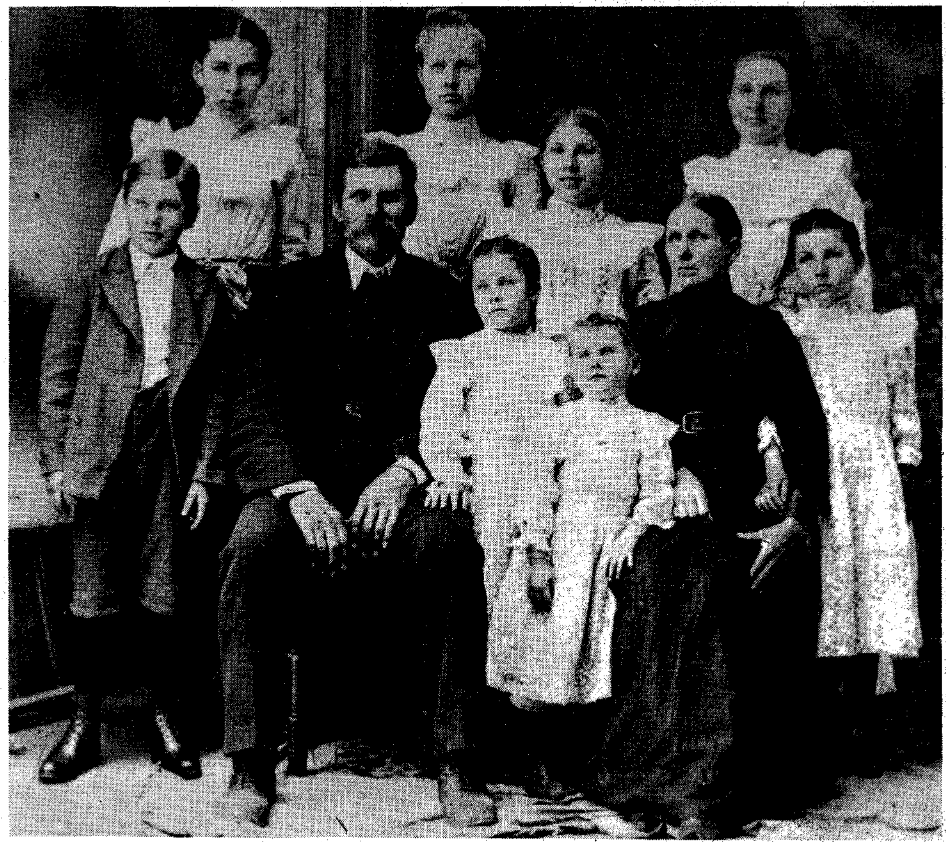
After the Williams family moved and the new addition to our house was completed, we moved in. Mother, no doubt, told Dad and my older sisters of the walking ghost but I don't remember. When I gradually became aware of the problem through their conversations, my childish idea of a ghost—the spirit of a dead person in the house walking—frightened me.

Hans Holzer who has done extensive research on poltergeist, haunted houses, and other psychic phenomena, and who has written several books covering these subjects, states that ghosts are people,

(Continued on page 73)

At left is the John Sems home which the family reportedly shared with a ghost for thirty long years.

John Sems, his wife, their eight children—and perhaps the ghost! The author is on her father's left.



FEMALE WAR CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET

At home Pitamakan dressed as other women, but on raids she dressed as a warrior, thought as a warrior and excelled her braves in battle

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Trick Falls Photo Courtesy Author

NEAR Two Medicine Lake in Glacier National Park, Montana, lovely Trick Falls tumble down over a limestone cliff. The name must have seemed fitting to the white man who chose it, but for many years the falls had another and much more euphonious name given them by the Blackfeet Indians whose lodges stood on the shores of Two Medicine Lake and whose children played in the pool at the foot of the falls when the water was low and warm.

Sometime in the long ago, cracks developed in the limestone cliff over which the little river flows to form the falls; water seeping into the fissures dissolved some of the limestone and eventually created a second channel below the course of the main stream. The water flowing through this underground channel gushes out in a second fall below the upper one.

In the season when the snows melt in the high mountains, the little river fills its banks and runs wide and deep over the upper fall so that the lower is not easily observed. Later, during the period of low water, the greatly reduced upper fall ripples thin and narrow and the lower is much more noticeable. This is supposed to be the "trick" in Trick Falls.

James Willard Schultz, who lived among the Blackfeet for a long time and wrote with knowledge and understanding about them, said that his friend, Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, spoke for his people who deeply resented the changing of the name. To them "trick" suggested something cheap and shallow. Their own name for the falls was significant, meaningful. The old chiefs used to tell its story in the lodges and around campfires and the children listened; but the old chiefs are gone. Gone too are the story tellers, and many of today's young Blackfeet do not know that Trick Falls once had another name.

DURING the days of the Hudson's Bay Company's profitable trade with the western Indians, the parents in a Blackfoot family died, leaving five children. The eldest was Weasel Woman, a girl

Trick Falls in Glacier National Park, Montana once bore the Blackfeet Indian name of "Pitamakan," bestowed by the tribe for its only female war chief.

of fifteen. She had two brothers and two little sisters. It was customary among the Blackfeet to parcel out orphans among relatives or members of the tribe, but young Weasel Woman would have none of that. She would take care of the children, keep the family together. Her brothers, she said, were old enough to hunt and provide meat and skins. She and her sisters would prepare food, tan skins and keep the lodge.

Encouraged and inspired by their older sister, the young boys soon became hunters. At first they trapped squirrels and shot pheasants with their bows and arrows. Later they brought in beaver, bear and deer. The girls cooked some of the meat, dried the rest. In summer they picked and dried the plentiful and delicious huckleberries, and made pemmican which kept indefinitely and sustained life when no other food was available. The girls tanned the skins, sewed garments and made moccasins for themselves and their brothers. No lodge was better kept.

So well did Weasel Woman look after the needs of her family that she won the admiration and respect of every member of her tribe. Not only was she clever and industrious, but according to the standards of her people, she was beautiful in face and form. More than one young man, and some not so young, looked upon her with favor and desired her for their own. But unlike other girls of her age, Weasel Woman did not wish to marry. When the warriors would return from a battle or raid, she helped the women prepare the feast in their honor, but while the other girls coyly played for the attention of the young men, Weasel Woman sat eagerly listening to the braves boast of their victories, the loot taken in a raid. She praised their exploits but refused all romantic gestures.

Did she turn men away because she enjoyed the superior position of being head of a family, making decisions, giving orders, settling disputes and was reluctant to trade for the inferior role allotted to a wife? Would she have felt differently had her parents lived and she been only a daughter in her father's lodge? Or would she, under any circumstances, have been different from others of her sex, with a woman's beautiful body and a man's ambitious mind? Who knows?

THE Flatheads and other Salish Indian tribes were the traditional enemies of the Blackfeet, and nothing brought more honor to a Blackfoot warrior than to outwit an enemy in a raid or outdo him in battle. One night when Weasel Woman was in her twentieth year, a party of Blackfeet set off across the mountains to the west to raid a Flathead village. In the morning they discovered Weasel Woman among them. The head chief liked the girl, as all did who knew her, but he sternly ordered her to return to camp. Only men went on raids.

Weasel Woman, however, was not a meek female to be sent home to patiently await the warriors' return. "If you do not let me go with you, I will follow," she answered.

No doubt the chief would have forced her to go back but the Medicine Man intervened. "Let her stay," he advised. His medicine had told him that she would bring them good luck.

The Medicine Man was held in high esteem by all. Even the chief stood a little in awe of him. No one doubted that his words were words of wisdom. So Weasel Woman was given the privilege of accompanying the men on a raid. Every one of them treated her with respect.

When the Blackfeet came within sight of Flathead Lake they saw a large encampment of Flatheads and Pend Oreilles and many horses, the chief object of the raid. The Blackfeet concealed themselves until night could hide their silent approach to the camp.

When but a short distance from the lodges, Weasel Woman whispered to the chief, "Let me go first. I feel I shall take horses." The Medicine Man approved. The chief gave permission.

With less sound than that of the light breeze, Weasel Woman slipped into the sleeping camp. The Flatheads had many good horses picketed near the lodges of their owners. There were fine stallions, buffalo horses, racers. The girl was a good judge of horses and she had a way with them. There was no snorting, no stamping of feet, no whinnying, as by the dim light of a thin moon she chose three of the best, cut their ropes and led them out through the trees to where

(Continued on page 46)

Ashton B. Teeples, who found and then lost the golden lake. This story is based on personal conversations the author had with Teeples in Stillwater, Oklahoma in 1919. Then attending Oklahoma A&M, Maurice was introduced to Teeples by William (Bill) Tilghman. Below is Trinidad, Colorado, which Teeples finally reached with his fortune in gold. Below right is a portion of southern Colorado's Culebra Range, which still hides the golden lake. West of Trinidad, Culebra Range forms a natural boundary between Costilla and Las Animas Counties.

LOST

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

A BLIZZARD blasted down over the mountains, carrying sleet and snow and blocking out the high elevation of southern Colorado's Culebra Range. As Ashton Teeples declared afterwards, he couldn't see his own hands when held before his eyes. After the sudden storm set in, he walked for four hours behind the three burros trying to reach Whiskey Creek Pass. From there he would descend one of the most rugged strings of mountains in the West.

When visibility became nonexistent, he held onto one burro's tail, stumbling along and trusting that the burros had enough sense of direction to find their way into some sort of shelter.

At last the burros did move under the protection of an unseen wall, and stopped. Blinded as he was, shivering with cold, Teeples felt around with extended arms. Soon he located a cliff face under which the shaggy animals had

CHANCE
COLORADO
HOTEL

GOLDEN LAKE

A tantalizing tale of snowflakes and nuggets and an improbable succession of honest men

sought shelter. The fierceness of the storm did not reach there; at least not with the howling fury the seventy-mile winds produced above.

Thankfully the forty-five-year-old man crouched against the cliff, his faithful burros turning their heads toward him while their hind-quarters were thrust toward the storm beyond. Teeples suspected he was in some kind of a rincon, or cove, for he could hear the wind screeching overhead. Sleet and snow drifted down over the cliff wall.

He had been on his way out of the mountains that April day in 1892, for two months of prospecting in the high country had produced no monetary return in valuable minerals. When the storm hit it was most unexpected for that season of the year in Colorado. Afterwards Teeples figured that it was an hour or so after midday when the burros led him to the cliff wall.

The storm had begun suddenly in the morning and ended just as abruptly. An hour or so before sundown the wind died, and with it the sleet and snow fell away.

As the skies cleared and light shone into the area Teeples discovered himself in a mountain pocket resembling a valley. It probably contained 300 acres. The burros had come instinctively into a shallow rincon, the walls of which reached 800 feet overhead. Out in the center of the pocket was a lake of five or six acres.

Since night was approaching and plenty of water and grass was nearby, Teeples stripped his equipment from the burros and established camp.

AS THE SUN sank low in the west, it sent shafts of light into the mountain pocket. At first Teeples gave little attention to its strange and unusual effect on the lake, then suddenly he paused in his work and stared at the smooth surface of the water. No longer riffled by wind, smooth as glass, it shone remarkably golden in the last sunlight of day. He had marveled at similar scenes before in remote areas of the West. Teeples had been prospecting and following the lure of gold since he was eighteen.

The golden glow on the water was given no further attention, and the prospector resumed cutting wood for his campfire. Soon the sun dropped behind the mountains and gray dusk filled the world around him.

Teeples was boiling coffee and roast-

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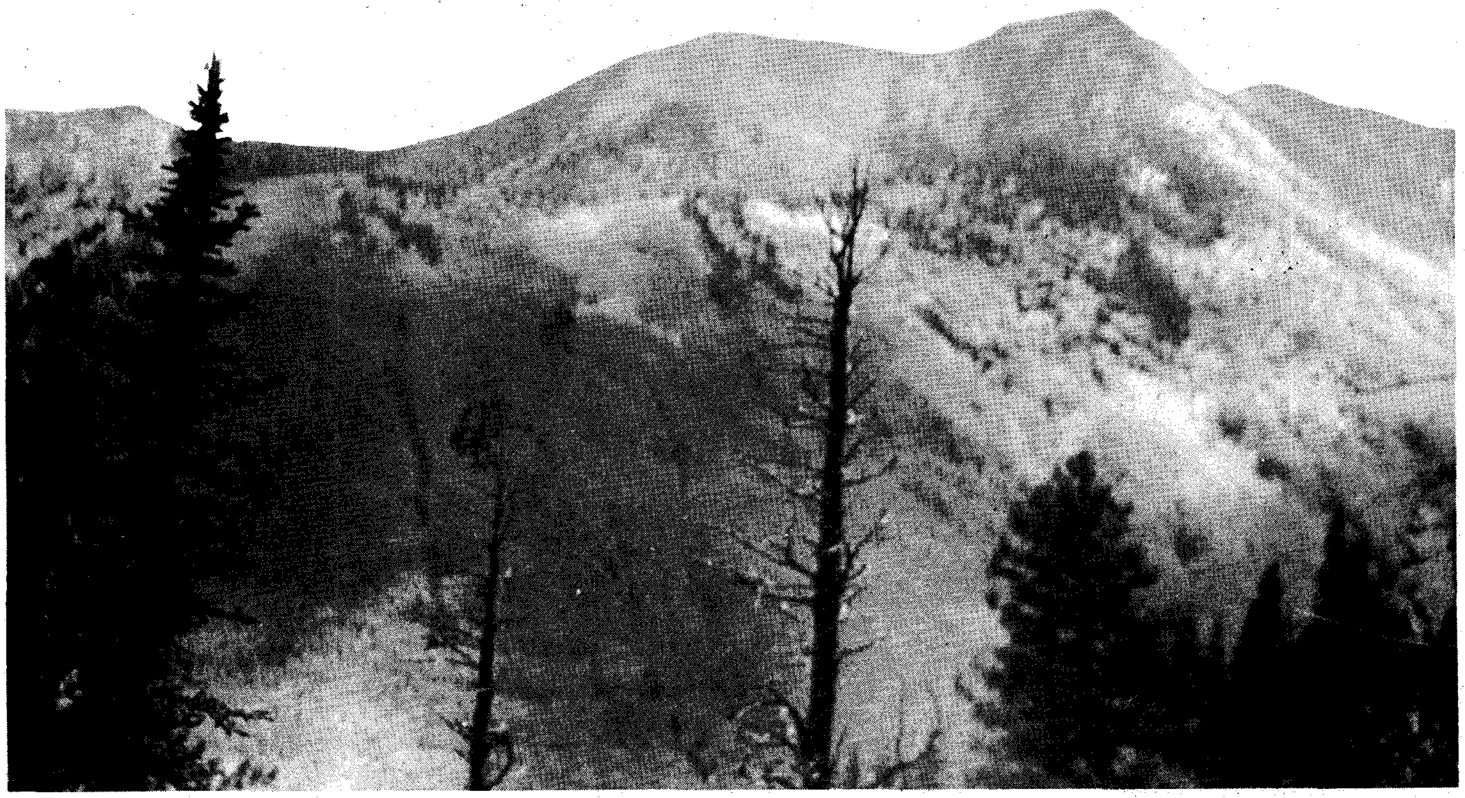
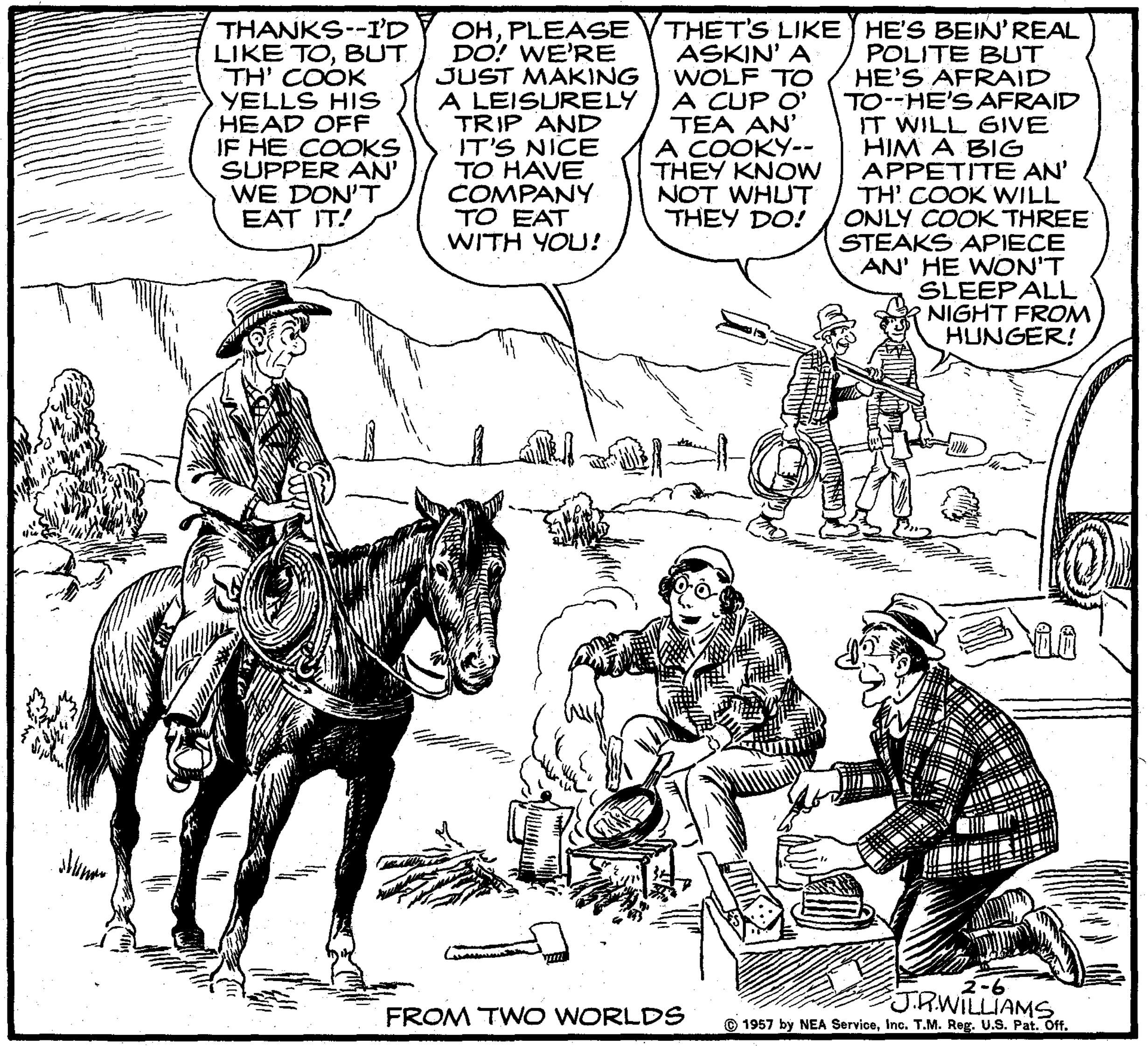
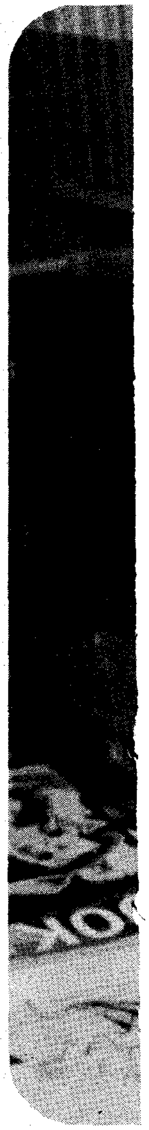



THANKS--I'D LIKE TO, BUT TH' COOK YELLS HIS HEAD OFF IF HE COOKS SUPPER AN' WE DON'T EAT IT!
OH, PLEASE DO! WE'RE JUST MAKING A LEISURELY TRIP AND IT'S NICE TO HAVE COMPANY TO EAT WITH YOU!
THET'S LIKE ASKIN' A WOLF TO A CUP O' TEA AN' A COOKY--THEY KNOW NOT WHUT THEY DO!
HE'S BEIN' REAL POLITE BUT HE'S AFRAID TO--HE'S AFRAID IT WILL GIVE HIM A BIG APPETITE AN' TH' COOK WILL ONLY COOK THREE STEAKS APIECE AN' HE WON'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT FROM HUNGER!
FROM TWO WORLDS
2-6
J.R.WILLIAMS
© 1957 by NEA Service, Inc. T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Courtesy Newspaper Enterprises Association

James R. Williams

'Out Our Way'—'Worry Wart'—'Why Mothers Get Gray'

By GORDON WEST

Photos Courtesy Author

CURLY, WES, SODA, STIFFY—those names belong to some rough cowboys made famous in cartoons by James Robert Williams. You'll remember following their Western adventures in that nationally syndicated cartoon, "Out Our Way." Williams made those cowboys immortal in American literature and he, too, will live in history and memory. Especially when anyone thinks or talks of the West.

Williams' crusty characters and their antics were based on real life—he once was a ranchhand and cowboy in Oklahoma and New Mexico. Williams kept no file of ideas, but drew from memory. "Curly," the most famous cowboy character created by Williams, was patterned after a real person. "There are men like him," the artist said, "and it's their life I try to work into the cartoons of the ranch gang."

Williams was born in Nova Scotia and grew up in Michigan. At fifteen he quit school and drifted to the Southwest. There he became a cowboy, camp cook, tattoo artist, and muleskinner. He spent eleven years wandering in that area. At twenty-six, he went to Chicago to work, later taking a correspondence course in cartooning.

On February 27, 1922, Williams joined the NEA Syndicate at Cleveland, Ohio. He was thirty-four and in addition to his range life had tried his hand at being a machinist, prizefighter, and policeman!

Williams' homey works caught fire. Returning soon to the Southwest, he mailed his cartoons to his Cleveland office. Millions of Americans began reading "Out Our Way," "Born 30 Years

Courtesy United Press International

Cowboy Cartoonist

—he immortalized the day of the galvanized tub!

Too Soon," "Heroes Are Made, Not Born," "Worry Wart," "Why Mothers Get Gray," and "Bull of the Woods." A furor over the last-named cartoon, between Cleveland dowagers and some workingmen, brought almost overnight fame to Williams at the very beginning of his career.

While on a visit in Kansas, where he once worked as a muleskinner at Wamego, Williams revealed that his son, Robert, was the basis for his caricature of the long-suffering oldest son in the sketch, "Why Mothers Get Gray." His remembrance of a foreman of a small town machine shop in Ohio became the inspiration for "Bull of the Woods."

Before he moved to San Marino, California in 1942, this cowboy cartoonist lived on a 45,000-acre ranch in Arizona. There he donned blue jeans and boots, worked and mixed with his ranchhands. He loved the isolated, free life of his huge Hereford spread. After living on his K-4 Ranch for ten years, he sold it just prior to World War II and moved to the West Coast.

WHAT was the secret of his success? He drew real people in real-life experiences. Plain people. Little tales with a moral. Williams' cartoons are never "continued"—each one is complete in itself. And all have some kind of an appeal to all ages and to all types of people. Who has not laughed at little "Worry Wart" and his experiences with his older brother, family, and friends? And who has not known of a workshop foreman like "Bull of the Woods?" All of Williams' works have humor, spice and life.

J. Frank Dobie, famed Western author, teacher, and collector of range lore, who admired Williams' cartoons,

(Continued on page 46)

FUN

Gilmore, Idaho

By GEORGIA SHINER

Helen Tobias Photos Courtesy Author

Helen Tobias in 1926 in front of her boarding house at one of Gilmore, Idaho's mines. At right, Helen and a friend in 1918, her first year in Gilmore. At far right and below right are two ingredients for a successful outing to nearby Meadow Lake: fish and food. The wagon below was used for—among other things—hauling a load of kids to a dance. Below left, Earl Gregg and the girls about to take the sled ride which Earl would soon regret!

THOSE were the days! Never again will the world know such times. I've heard it said that Gilmore, Idaho is going to open its mines again after being a ghost town for many, many years. But even so, it will never again be as it once was.

It's a mystery how any work got done, but it did. So much that the silver and lead in the mines finally gave out and the people had to leave in order to make a living. Some of the buildings have been moved to nearby ranches for homes, or to be used as tool shops or machine sheds. But most still stand as a monument to the days when over 500 men worked in the mines and there were always plenty of pranks to be played on any unsuspecting character.

On March 18, 1918 a little lady came to Gilmore to live with her parents. Helen Tobias had just lost her husband in an accident in Park City, Utah. On the way from Armstead, Montana her train was stalled because of the deep snow on Bannack Pass. That night, in 50° below weather, the passengers were obliged to open their luggage and put on all the clothes they had to keep from freezing to death.

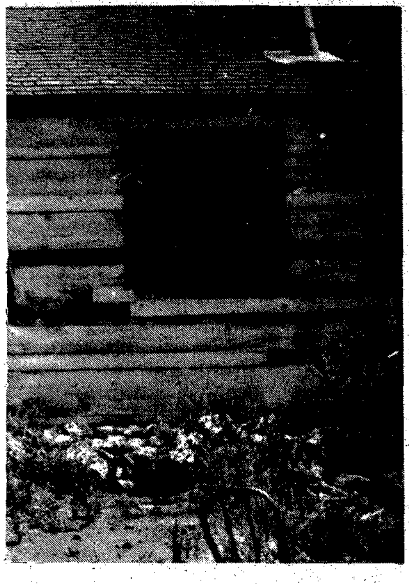
The train arrived in Leadore at last and Helen continued her journey to Gilmore on a narrow gauge which was not too powerful and didn't make it all the distance. The passengers were met on the flat by Ed Whiddoson with four head of horses on one bob of his sleigh.

The first sight of Gilmore was Tucker's store with steps dug down through twenty feet of snow to get to the door. Tucker and his brother began the grocery business in 1910. Grover ran the grocery department and his brother ran the hardware end. Grover was an easy mark for the needy in the area. He was always grubstaking some old miner, and he never turned anyone away because of lack of money. Still, he was a shrewd businessman and always made his way in the world.

Early in the partnership Tucker and his brother fell out over a small matter and although for a while they lived in the same house, they didn't speak to each other for more than thirty years.

AFTER resting a few days from the long and strenuous trip from Park City, Helen went to work for Ann Jaggers in the boardinghouse where some of the miners stayed. Helen worked as a waitress, and was one of the most trusting people to arrive in Gilmore for a long time. This was too good a chance to pass up.

One night most everyone in town got drunk. Because it was during Prohibition, Sheriff Ed Whiddoson wanted to know



WHILE IT LASTED!

—where making a living didn't take up all of a man's time

where the whiskey came from. He was told that Helen had brought it in her trunk. Ed marched into the boardinghouse where Helen was working and demanded the key to her room.

"What do you want my key for?" Helen asked.

"I am going to search your trunks and see if you have any more whiskey," answered Ed. "I brought you all the way here and never suspected your trunks were filled with booze."

With that he searched her room and then took her by the arm and marched her off to jail. The jail was cold because it wasn't used often (there were very few things the Gilmore residents thought bad enough to necessitate locking up a man). So Helen was taken to the sheriff's house and placed in custody there. She sat down and promptly broke into tears.

While she wept the jokers stood outside and laughed. Finally her mother came and told her it was all a joke. Helen was very angry, but her mother told her everyone had to be tested before he or she was accepted. From then on no one in town liked to help play jokes on the

(Continued on page 74)

NEIGHBOR to the

When death struck them down at Coffeyville, some folks felt a pang of loss. They'd lent a kind of shivery excitement to the humdrum life of the neighborhood

By L. E. TUTTLE

as told to

OLEVIA E. MYERS

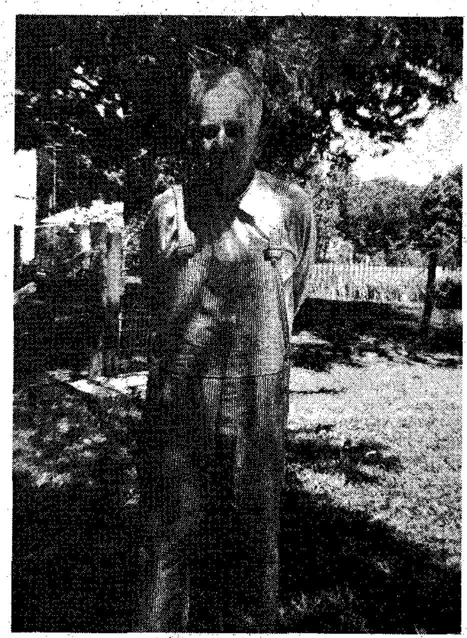
Author's Note: Five miles west of Coffeyville, Kansas is the sleepy little village of Dearing, and a mile and a half beyond Dearing were the farms of Mr. Jasper (Jap) Tuttle and his neighbors, the Daltons.

In this quiet country L. E. Tuttle was born and grew to manhood. He remembers his good friends and neighbors, the Daltons, this way.

THE DALTONS were real good neighbors. The Dalton girls and Mrs. Dalton were anyway; they are the only ones I really knew. Mr. Dalton did not live with them. He visited them sometimes and seemed like a nice, quiet old man. I do not remember Mr. Dalton very well for he was just Grandpa Dalton to a little kid. I remember the girls and their mother quite vividly though, for the Dalton girls were our earliest playmates.

They were nice sweet mannerly children and they and my three sisters were inseparable all through the growing-up years. My mother died when I was five months old and my sisters raised me. My first memory is of going over to play with the Dalton girls.

To get to their place from our house you had to cross Dead Man's Creek and go up Dead Man's Hill. The Daltons did not live on the main road, as we called the wagon tracks that eventually wound up in some little town; they lived way back in the Dead Man's hills and hollows, a good half-mile off the road. Their home was a big old double-log cabin with a dogtrot between. There was a huge fireplace, and the old chimney still stands. I'd take you over there but it's too wet and boggy to walk.



Courtesy Author

L. E. Tuttle

The Dalton girls would see us coming about the time we were ready to cross Dead Man's Creek and they would come running down the path to help me cross the big rocks that had been put there by Bob and Emmett to cross the creek on. The boys were real good to their sisters that way—always fixing them something or bringing them calico to make dresses and window curtains and stuff like that.

We'd spend the evening playing with the Dalton girls and then they'd walk us part way home, helping me once again across the slippery rocks over Dead Man's Creek. Sometimes, if I was too tired, the girls would all take turns making a pack-saddle of their hands and carrying me in high style between two of them. We passed two neighbors' homes on the main road home, the Wheelers' and the Lawsons', and the Dalton girls would turn back about where the Lawson home stood as that was considered the half-way mark.

Like everyone else, I'd heard over and over about the Dalton boys, but I'd never see them. The girls were always talking about their brothers but never mentioned that they were outlaws. Pa was real religious and he absolutely forbade us to talk of outlaws or killing or other wicked stuff in our home, so all the information I got was not much until I started school.

School! Old Robbins school; kids big and little, old and young, all grades, straggling in from the hills and hollows and wide stretches of prairie that made up Robbins school district. At recess we chose sides and played anti-over and blind cat and such stuff, but mostly we played Indian raids or outlaws and U. S. marshals. Usually the outlaw side was the Dalton boys unless the sisters were in the game—then we made it the Jesse James gang.

Tall tales were passed back and forth by the big boys in that old school about the raids of the Daltons and the utter bravery and fearlessness of them—along with hair-raising stories of their cold-blooded killings and daring robberies.

I took this all in but made sure to keep my mouth shut about it at home for Pa would have gone to the school board (he was one of the board anyway), and put a stop to that kind of talk on the school yard. He would have been horrified to know what his little boy was learning about outlaws and the seamy side of life

DALTONS

in general. What seven- or eight-year-old kid would not listen to this kind of talk? I loved it even though it sometimes scared the living daylights out of me.

A SHORT TIME after I started school, we got to having a Thursday night literary club at the school. There was a bunch of big old overgrown boys in the neighborhood who thought they were pretty tough, or pretended to be anyway. This bunch of rascals almost broke up the literary meetings with loud, coarse talk, laughing, throwing spitballs, and raising hell in general. The Thursday night gathering was the only amusement the neighborhood had to break up the long winter months and it was a real disappointment, especially to the young folks, when talk was made of breaking up the club.

This had happened two or three times running, and each time the Dalton girls and their mother had been at the meeting. Dad would not let me go at night except when he went along, so I was not there the night the so-called tough boys got straightened out by the Daltons. On this night these fresh boys were really living it up. One of them swore right there in the schoolhouse. Right before the ladies and everyone.

About that time two fellers walked, quiet as you please, into the schoolhouse. Right down the aisle and up on the platform they went, never speaking a word. They turned quietly and faced the audience. It was Grat and Bob Dalton. They stood there a few seconds, then Bob spoke in such a low voice you could hardly hear him. With no flashing of guns, no raising of voices, Bob Dalton said, "You boys straighten up or we'll have to straighten you up."

Grat spoke then, saying in the same mild voice, "You cause these good people any more trouble—any more at all—and we'll cause you some."

In about ten seconds the tough boys were gone and they never gave the Thursday night literary club any more grief at all.

A year later Bob and Grat lay dead in an alley in Coffeyville along with six other men, and Emmett, the youngest, lay at death's door from two bullet wounds. My father witnessed all the carnage in Coffeyville on that bloody day and his life could have well been one of those forfeited in the narrow alley except for a whispered urgent warning from Bob Dalton.

PA HAD TAKEN a load of apples to Coffeyville to sell. They were worth eight cents a bushel. He was standing near the entrance to the alley, which was a sort of cut-off across town, when the Daltons rode up and tied their horses. As Bob passed Pa he whispered, "Clear out, Jap. Quick. It's gonna get hot around here." Even then Bob, Emmett, and Bill Powers were heading for the First National Bank while Grat and Broadwell headed for the Condon Bank just across the plaza.

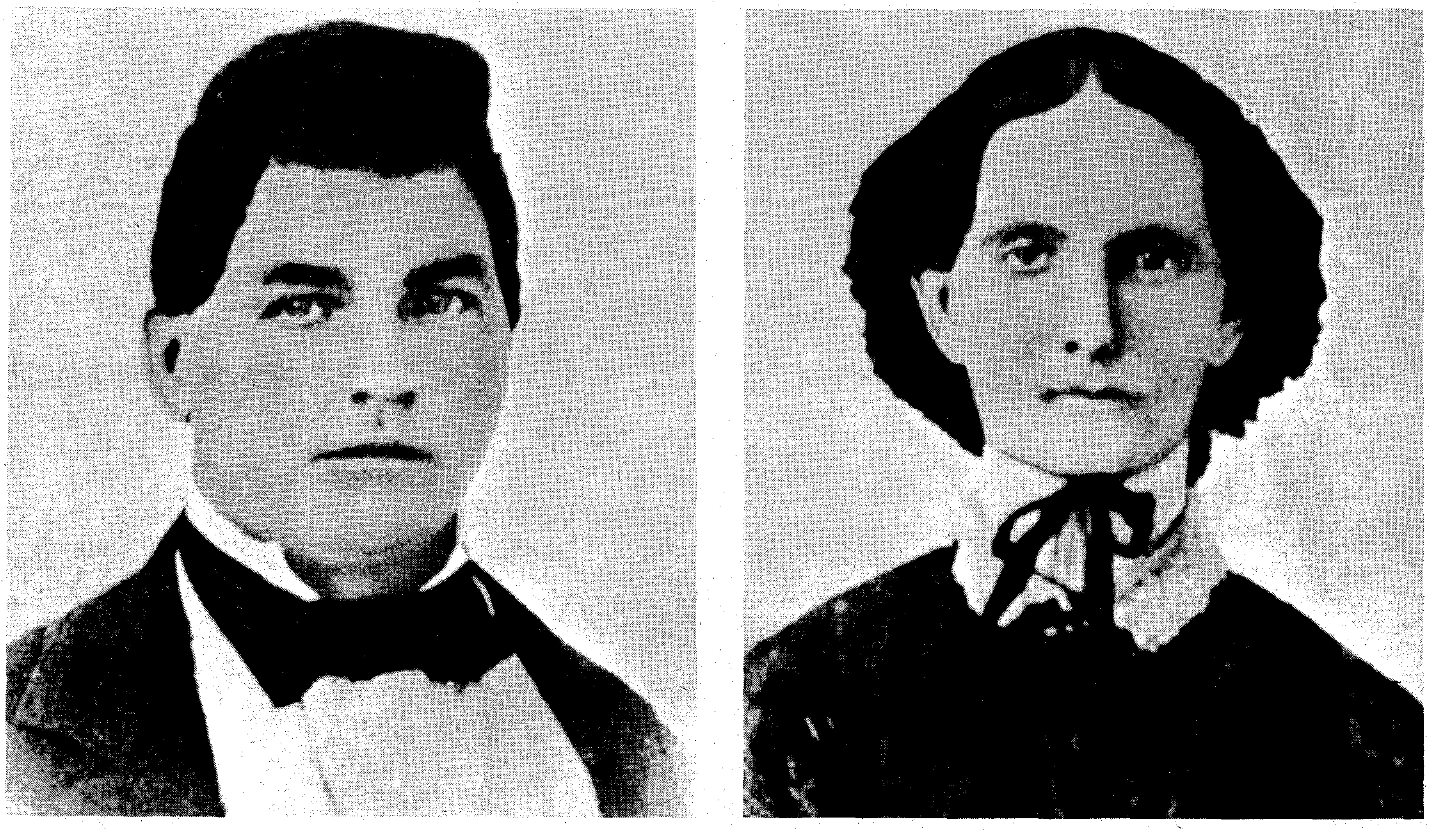
Pa "got," and twenty minutes later Bob, Grat, Broadwell, and Bill Powers lay dead and Emmett was bad wounded. Pa, thanks to a whispered warning from a man supposedly without human compassion, was alive.

Like all the rest of the old settlers, Pa knew the Daltons were making their

(Continued on page 57)

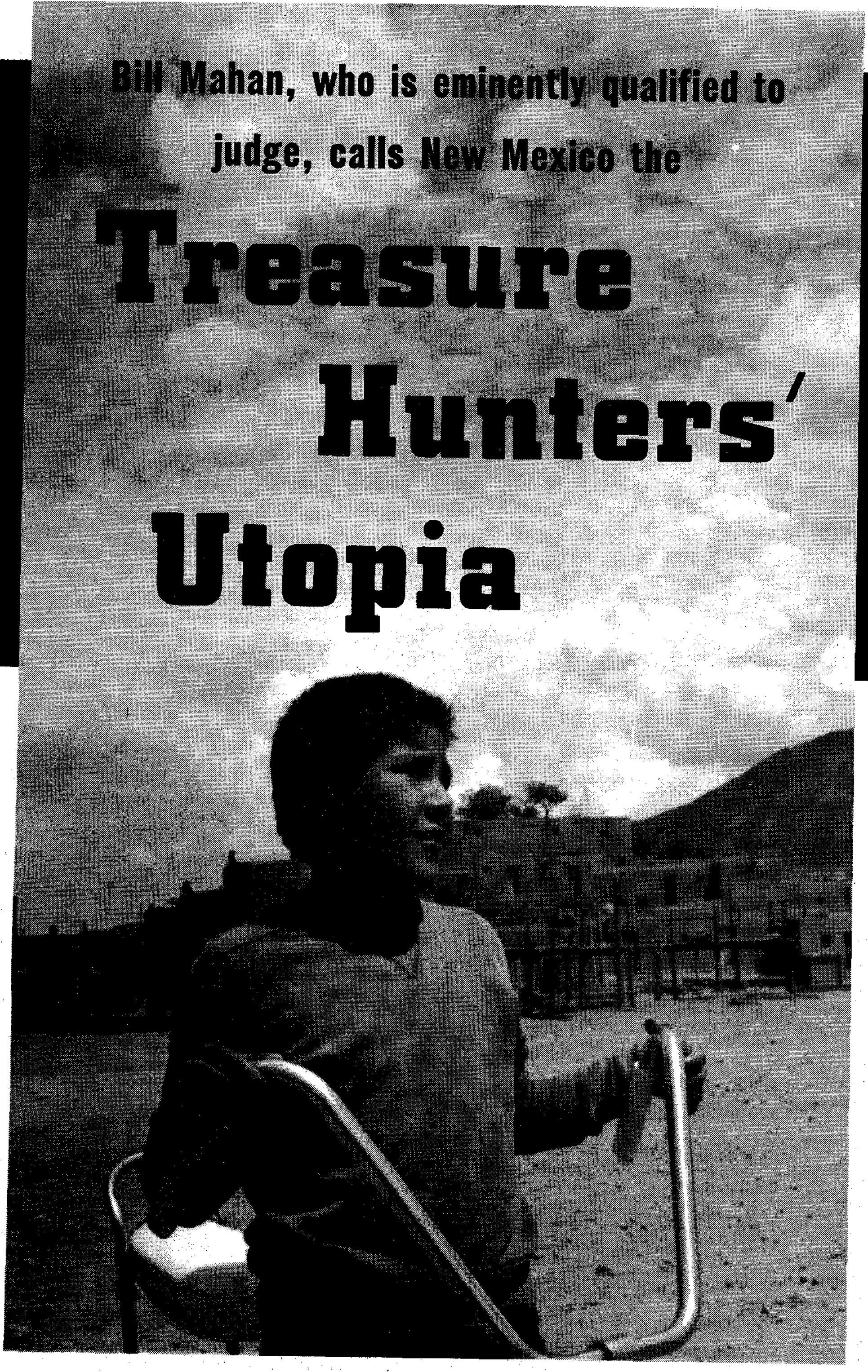
Louis Dalton and his wife, parents of the outlaw Dalton brothers.

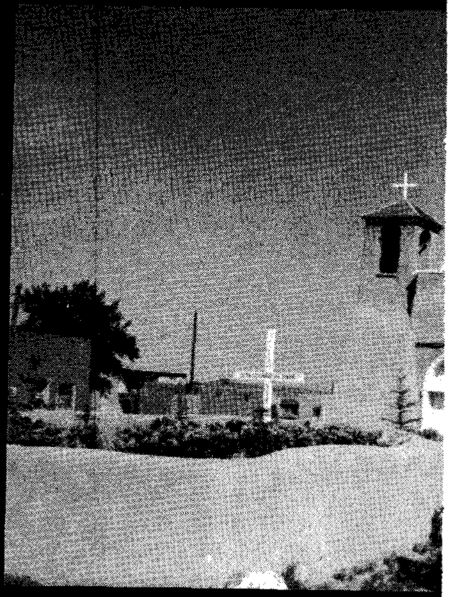
Photos Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Bill Mahan, who is eminently qualified to judge, calls New Mexico the

Treasure Hunters' Utopia



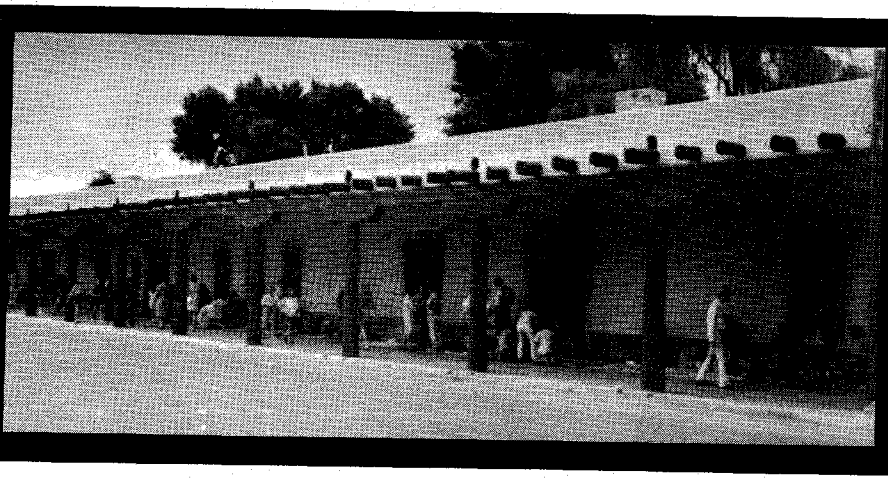


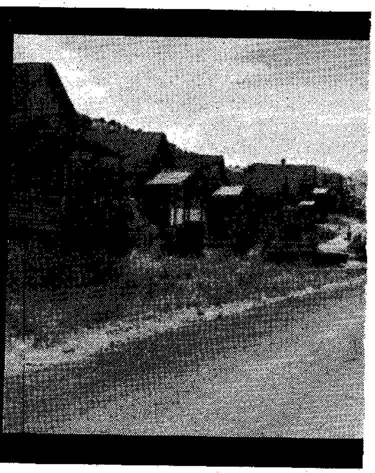
By WILLIAM MAHAN

Photos Courtesy Author

AS WE STAND in the Plaza of Santa Fe, New Mexico and look around us we really begin to understand the state's slogan, "LAND OF ENCHANTMENT." It is almost like being in a foreign land. Here in this very modern city, history is reflected anywhere we look. There are no bright lights, no glaring neons; everything is made with adobe bricks. The Palace of the Governors has its ubiquitous Indians seated along the walls selling their wares. The handicrafts of the various tribes in the area are represented in rough pottery, simple beadwork,

A native Indian boy (left) pauses in front of Taos Pueblo, his ancestral home. Now a museum in Santa Fe, the Palace of the Governors (below left) once was the seat of Spanish rule. Below, abandoned miners' houses overlook the road through the semi-ghost town of Madrid.



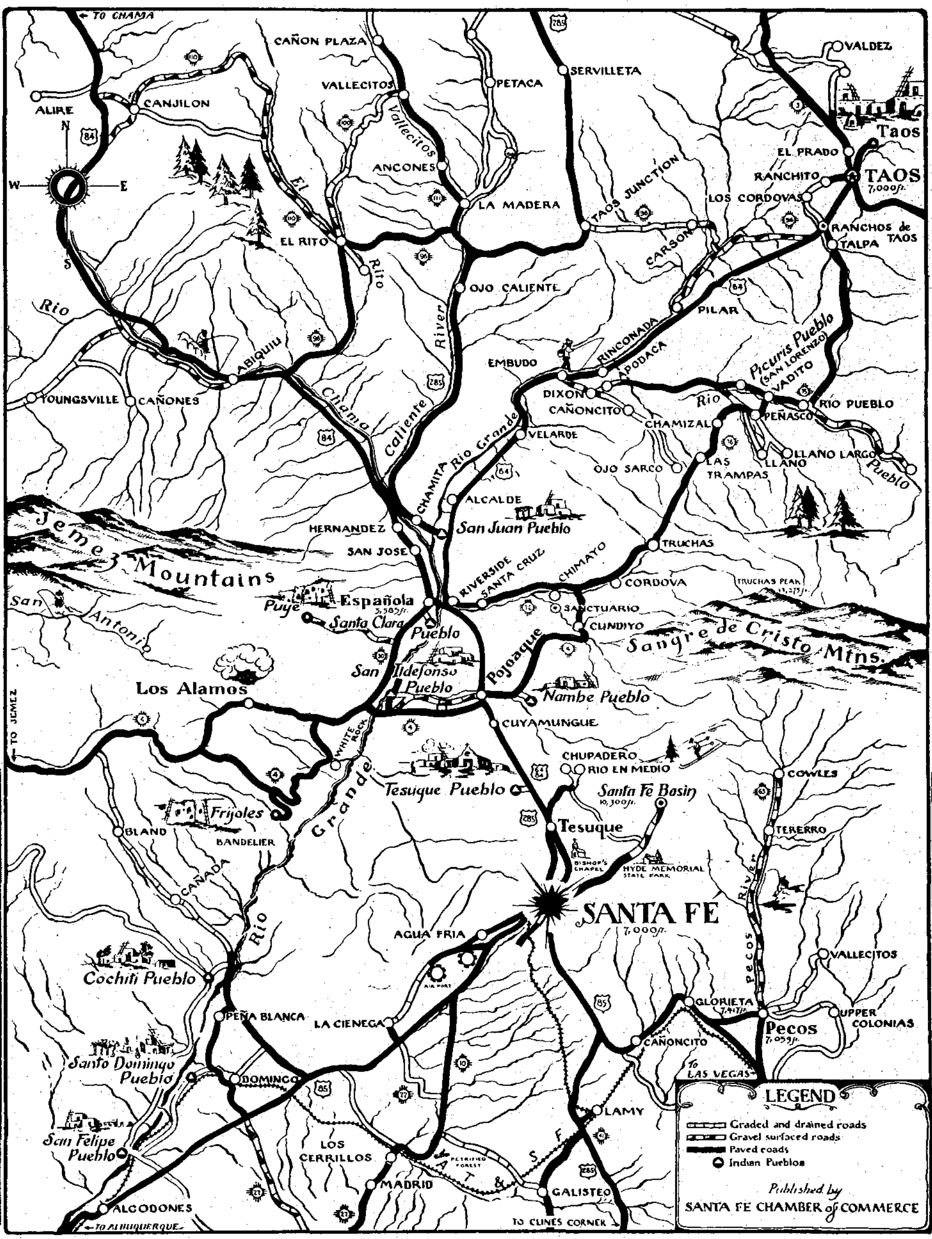


A Spanish mission (above) is a highlight of Taos, while an archaeological dig goes on amid old ruins on the Galisteo road.

Map Courtesy Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce

jewelry and delicate wrought silver with hand-shaped turquoise. Some pieces are worth hundreds of dollars. In Santa Fe one may visit the "Oldest Church," the "Oldest House," travel along the narrow winding streets through the art colony, or out Canyon Road to "El Christo Rey," said to be the largest adobe structure in the world. Around Santa Fe one may visit Indian pueblos, follow the trail of Coronado, visit old missions, forts, battlegrounds and the Taos pueblos, America's first "high rise" apartments.

Here in New Mexico is actually the beginning of the history of the white man on the North American Continent. Here one may follow the trails of the *Conquistadores* as they pushed the frontiers ever northward against the Indians. Some historians say that in 1540-1542


TO CHAMA
CAÑON PLAZA
SERVILLETA
VALDEZ
VALLECITOS
PETACA
AIIRE
CANJILON
Taos
TAOS 7,000 ft.
EL PRADO
RANCHITO
LOS CORDOVAS
RANCHOS de TAOS
TALPA
TAOS JUNCTION
CARSON
ANCONES
LA MADERA
EL RITO
Vallecitos
El Rito
OJO CALIENTE
PILAR
Rio
Chama
Caliente
River
ABIQUIU
EMBUDO
RINCONADA
APODACA
Picuris Pueblo (SAN LORENZO)
VADITO
RIO PUEBLO
YOUNGSVILLE
CAÑONES
DIXON
CAÑONCITO
CHAMIZAL
PEÑASCO
LLANO LARGO
Pueblo
VELARDE
Rio Grande
CHAMITA
OJO SARCO
LAS TRAMPAS
LLANO
ALCALDE
San Juan Pueblo
Jemez Mountains
HERNANDEZ
SAN JOSE
RIVERSIDE
SANTA CRUZ
CHIMAYO
TRUCHAS
TRUCHAS PEAK
CORDOVA
Puye
Española 5,505 ft.
Santa Clara Pueblo
SANCTUARIO
CUNDIYO
Sangre de Cristo Mtns.
San Antonio
San Ildefonso Pueblo
Pojoaque
Nambe Pueblo
Los Alamos
CUYAMUNGUE
TO JEMEZ
WHITE ROCK
CHUPADERO
RIO EN MEDIO
COWLES
Tesuque Pueblo
Santa Fe Basin 10,300 ft.
Frijoles
BANDELIER
BLAND
Grande
Tesuque
TERERRO
BISHOP'S CHAPEL
HYDE MEMORIAL STATE PARK
CAÑADA
SANTA FE 7,000 ft.
Rio
AGUA FRIA
River
Pecos
VALLECITOS
Cochiti Pueblo
GLORIETA
UPPER COLONIAS
PEÑA BLANCA
LA CIENEGA
Pecos 7,059 ft.
CAÑONCITO
To LAS VEGAS
Santo Domingo Pueblo
DOMINGO
LAMY
A. T. & S. F.
San Felipe Pueblo
LOS CERRILLOS
MADRID
GALISTEO
ALGODONES
TO ALBUQUERQUE
TO CLINES CORNER
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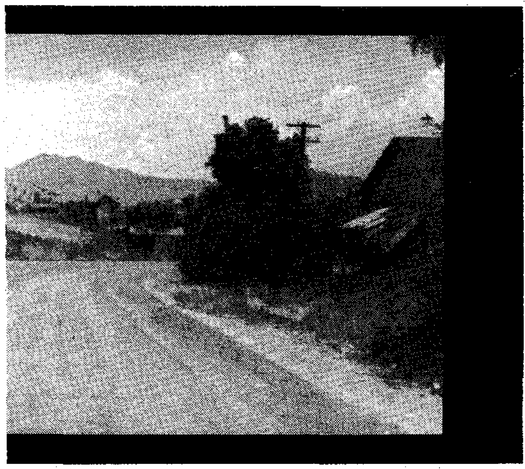
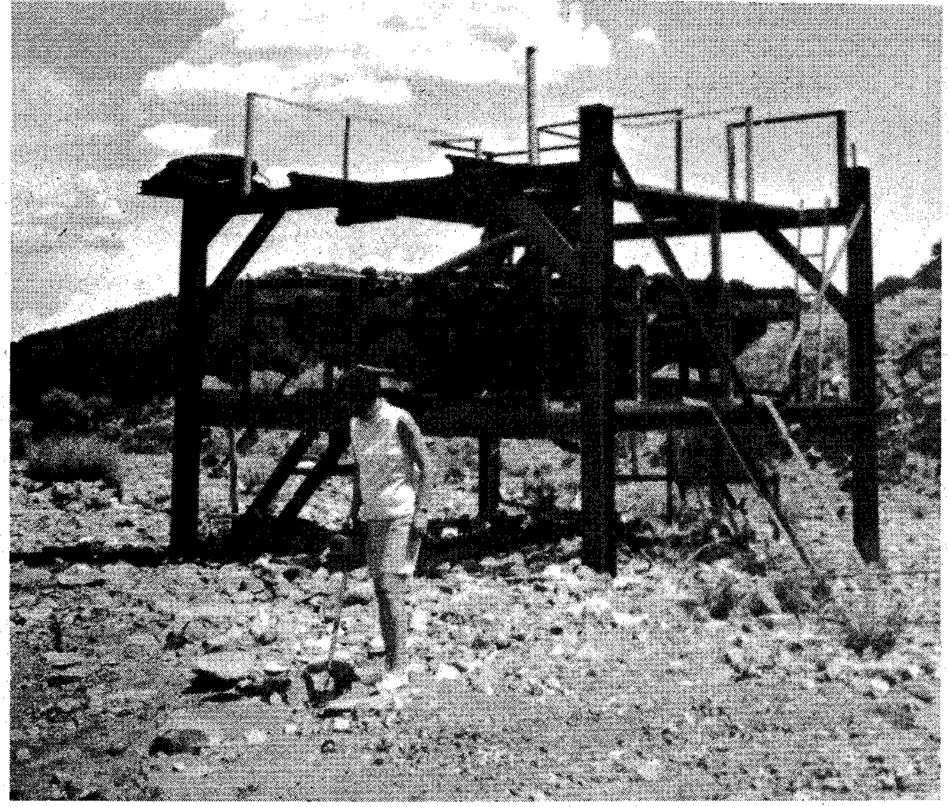
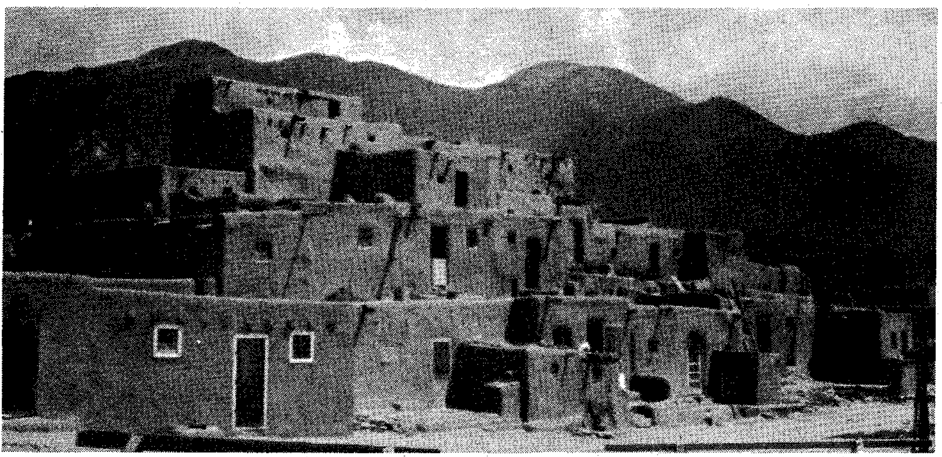
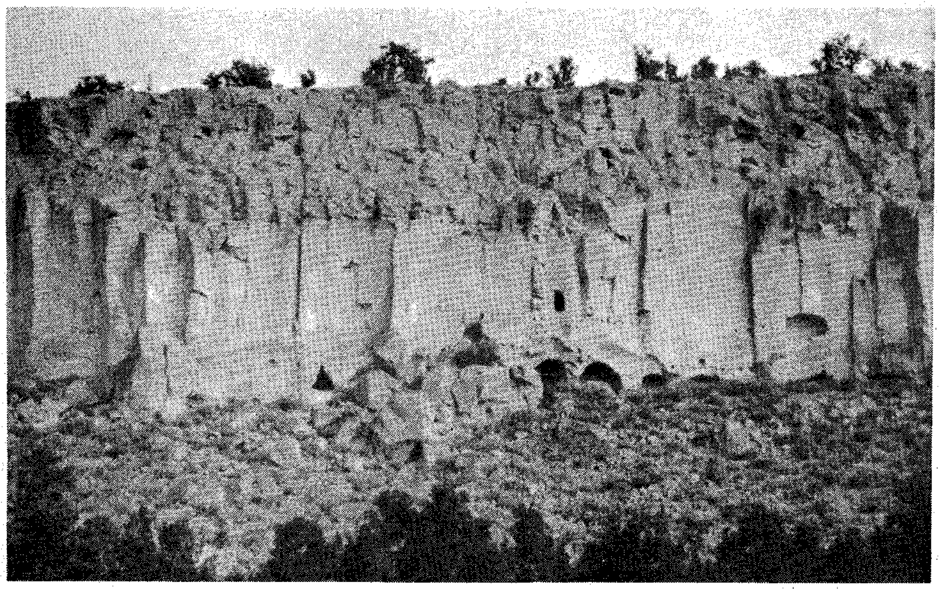
LEGEND
Graded and drained roads
Gravel surfaced roads
Paved roads
Indian Pueblos
Published by SANTA FE CHAMBER of COMMERCE









At left from top, an abandoned dry placer machine in the old Delores mining area, Taos Pueblo north of Santa Fe, and Puye Cliff Dwellings National Park.

when Francisco Vasquez de Coronado passed through this area he left a small settlement behind which became Santa Fe; others claim that the actual construction of the city was begun by Governor Pedro de Peralta in 1610 when he was sent into New Mexico to take that office. The name Santa Fe (Holy Faith) is said to have been given in memory of Santa Fe de Granada in Spain.

THE TREASURE HUNTER could spend weeks in this area and never lack for places to hunt. Ruins of pueblos are in almost any direction. One of the largest is south of Santa Fe. Take Highway 10 to the dirt road leading east to Galisteo and just off the highway is one of the largest. Along the creek the walls of the ruins stick out of the bank and archeologists recover relics and artifacts hundreds of years old. Continue on Highway 10 and you will come to Los Cerrillos (The Little Hills) in and around which, mining has been carried on for years. One nearby area is the Dolores Placers where millions of dollars in gold have been taken out. This is what is known as an alluvial deposit and covers literally hundreds of acres. The amount of overburden to be moved and the cost of labor and supplies have caused these placers to be closed for many years, but the lucky treasure hunter may still find an occasional nugget.

On south is Madrid which was once a bustling coal mining city. Today nothing but abandoned houses and falling-down mine buildings remain. Farther south and not on most maps, is the little settlement of Golden. Here also was once a thriving mining camp which today is nothing but a few houses and a general store and filling station.

East of Santa Fe is the Civil War battlefield at Glorieta, which could be a good area for the relic hunter. And continuing east, one may visit the ruins of the Pecos Mission, but this is now a National Park and no hunting or digging is allowed.

North of Santa Fe in the San Ildefonso Pueblo area is a large mesa known as Black Mesa. In some of its caves, according to Indian legend, many of the Spaniards were killed by the Indians and here also is supposed to be a fortune in gold carried by the Spaniards when they were driven to the mesa by the warriors. I have heard that about twenty-five years ago, two men from Santa Fe decided to slip into the area at night (this is an Indian reservation) to find the treasure. When they had not returned after three days, one of the fellows' wives called the sheriff and reported her husband missing. The next day the lawman went out to investigate and found the men dead at the foot of Black Mesa. They had been killed by flint arrows just like the ones used on the early Spanish.

But for tourists and treasure hunters, it is a wonderful place for a vacation. Be sure to take a metal detector as well as hunting and fishing equipment and be prepared to spend several weeks. Above all, leave this area as you found it, for it truly epitomizes every facet of our last great heritage—the West.

Taking the law into his own hands was his first mistake. The satisfaction was temporary—the pay-off long—in fact it was a straight road

FROM BAD TO WORSE

By DANNY D. WALTERS

Photo Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

LARGEST horse raising company in North America? That in the late 1800s was the Oregon Horse and Land Company. Operating principally in Baker County it was famous for fine work horses, as well as saddle horses. Old-timers would tell you that the company branded 8,000 horses in 1884, and in the following year close to 11,000. Without any prodding on your part, you would also be sure to hear of the 109 Percherons which were imported from France to improve existing stock. All of these horses in one spot naturally drew a lot of attention. It was not uncommon for a rancher or breeder to ride a hundred miles to buy a horse from a member of this company; horse thieves would ride clear across the state to steal one!

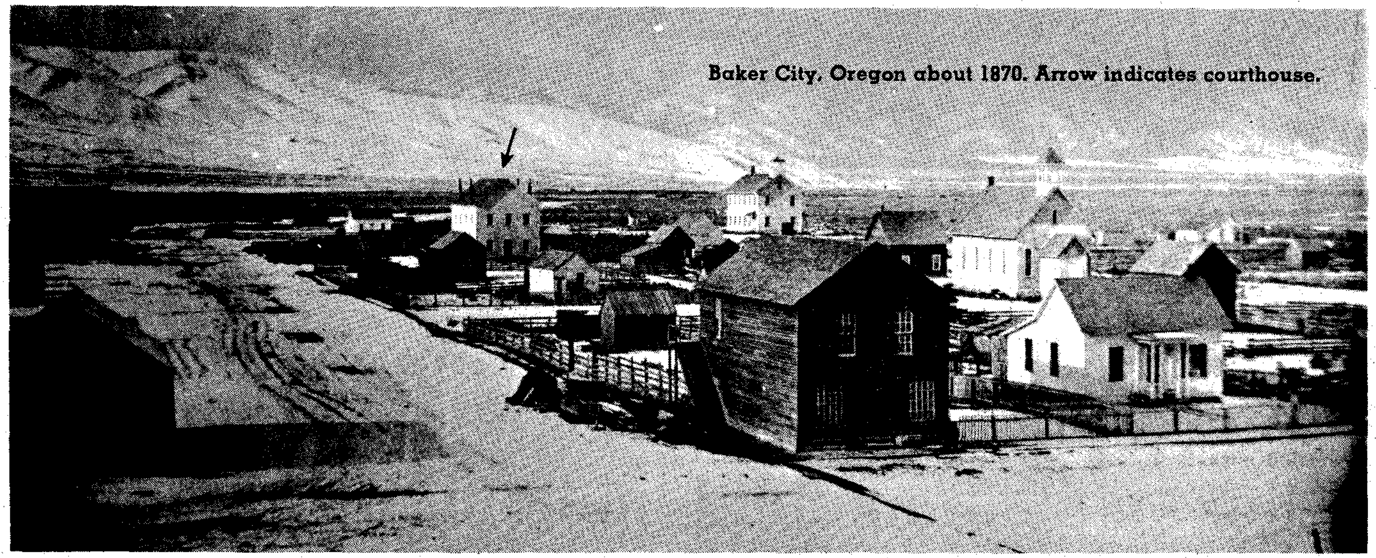
Frederick Winkleman wasn't thinking of stealing any horses that day in May 1885. He wanted just a job, which he applied for and received from William Busby, owner of a horse ranch in the North Powder River country. The pay was twenty-five dollars a month and keep. As the first month went by and payday rolled around, then passed, Fred asked Mr. Busby for his wages which, he stressed, were five days overdue. For some undisclosed reason Mr. Busby refused. A heated argument developed, lasting for several days, but Busby was firm. So was Fred, as it later turned out, for that day he quit.

Determined not to leave without any sort of pay, Fred selected ten of Busby's best horses and departed. He made his way southward, keeping to the hills bordering Sumpter Valley, toward his former home in Lakeview, Oregon. His mother and brother were still living there. As he went he gathered a few more stray horses whose owners didn't seem to be around. Tired and hungry, Fred stopped to rest close to Deer Creek. A gentle breeze ruffled the tall bunch grass as he watered his newly acquired horses and left them to graze. Then taking his Winchester rifle from the scabbard he walked back down the trail several hundred yards to a small rise. There he concealed himself in some small pines and dropped off to sleep.

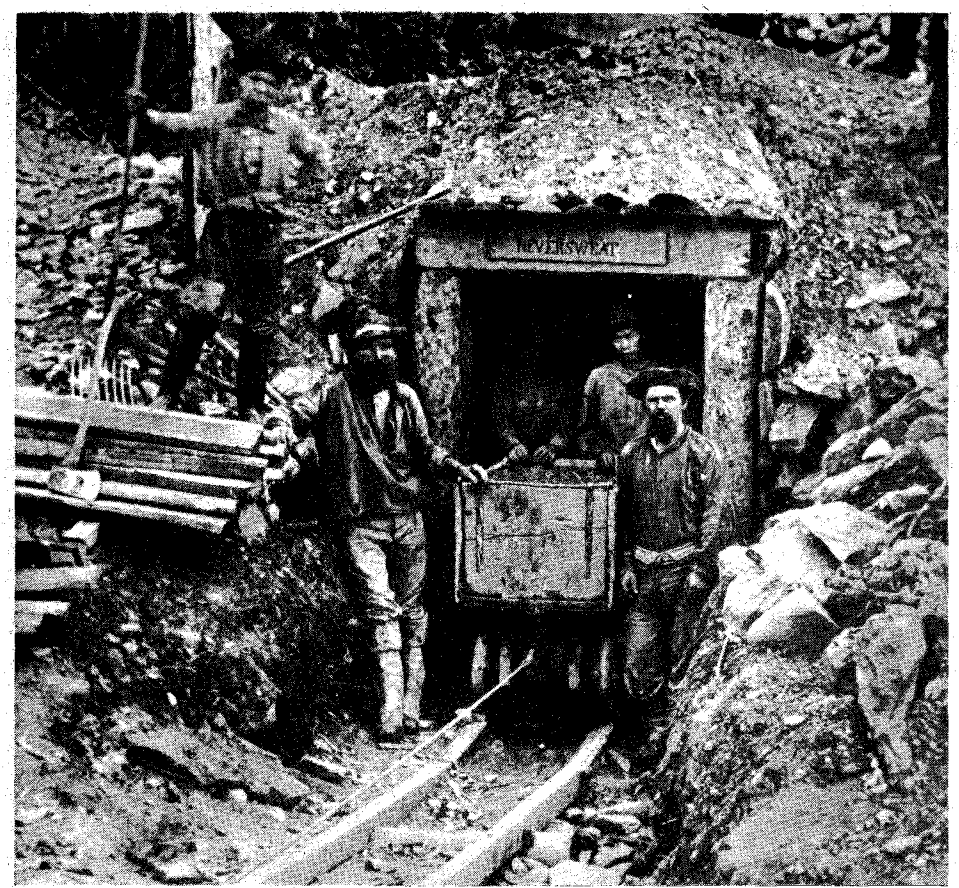
A short time later the sound of approaching horses woke him. Slowly rising, so as to see over the crest of the hill, Fred was startled to see two men approaching. Horrified he watched as they made their way toward the spot where the horses were grazing. Panic clutched at his heart, as he knew they would see the horses any moment. Realizing that he had to do something immediately, he lifted the big Winchester and sighted on the closest man as the pair passed a few hundred yards below him. The shot shattered the stillness and even before the first report began fading, five more rang out. The man stiffened, then pitched forward over the neck of his horse as three heavy bullets tore into his back. He was dead before he hit the ground. His horse, mortally wounded, walked a few yards, then stumbled and fell not far from his master, dying soon thereafter.

The other man, at the first shot, turned to look for the bushwhacker, and in his haste and the heat of the moment his horse reared high in the air. The rider sawed at the reins, trying to get his horse down and away from that

(Continued on page 76)



Baker City, Oregon about 1870. Arrow indicates courthouse.



Neversweat mining claim on Williams Creek in the Cariboo country of British Columbia. At right, the wedding party of John A. (Cariboo) Cameron and his second wife. Cariboo and his bride are seated directly in the middle.

Cariboo Cameron's LONG

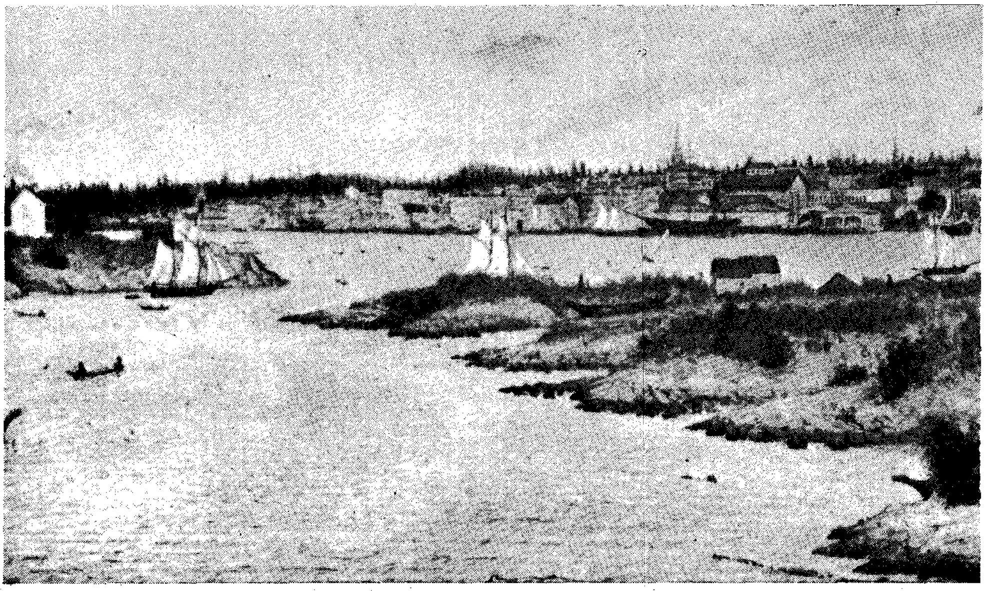
By DAN MURRAY

Photos Courtesy Provincial Archives,
Victoria, British Columbia

IT WAS A blustering winter day that Christmas back in 1863 as friends and relatives gathered at the cemetery in Cornwall, Ontario, Canada to pay their last respects to Sophia Cameron, wife of John Angus Cameron.

Sophia Groves had married Cameron only a few years before and her family was well known in the district. "What a shame," the old women were probably thinking, "to die all alone in that godforsaken country—so far from home."

The bereaved husband stood out from the crowd. He was a tall rangy man with a full beard and deep-set piercing eyes. He was impeccably dressed and wore his somber outfit well. He stood talking with a short, rotund man and as the conversation progressed, the words became louder and louder. Heads of the other mourners began to turn.



Victoria, British Columbia in 1864, from a painting by E. M. Richardson.

Finally Cameron glowered at his lifelong friend, Robert Stevenson, and shouted, "No! No one shall ever see the face of my wife!"

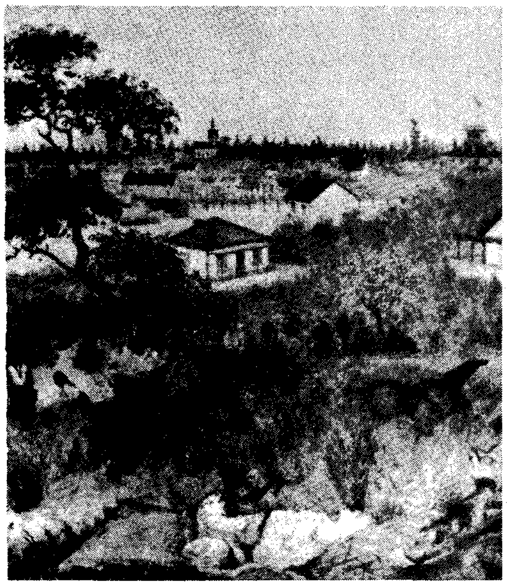
Stevenson had tried to persuade Cameron to open the coffin and have the remains viewed as was the custom of the times. It would quiet some murmurings that the coffin did not contain the remains of Sophia at all.

This was the third funeral for Mrs. Cameron and the harsh words of her husband would ring in the ears of the local gossips for nine long years.

The dismal scene was just one climax in the dramatic story of John Angus "Cariboo" Cameron who panned a fortune in the goldfields of British Columbia's Cariboo country only to find that in his case, his only reward was grief and ridicule.

IT ALL BEGAN on a balmy afternoon in February, 1862. The sidewheeler

TRAIL HOME



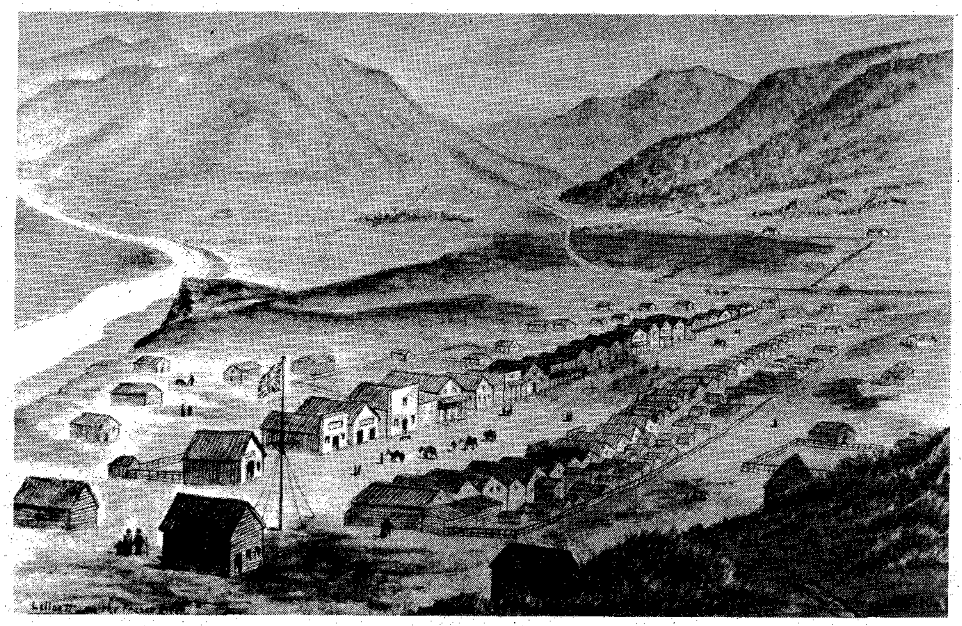
He made a promise and he kept it...

Brother Jonathan had just warped into the dock at Victoria on Vancouver Island after an uneventful trip from San Francisco. Victoria was the capital of the colony and the jumping-off place for the fabulous Cariboo goldfields. Men by the thousands were pouring in from all parts of the world. As the diggings had pretty well petered out in California, all eyes were now on Fraser's River. Everyone had that wild gleam in his eye with the reports of extremely rich recoveries at Cayoosh, Keithley and Williams Creeks.

First to come down the gangplank of the *Brother Jonathan* was a tall, bearded man followed by a beautiful, slim woman. The man carried his forty-one years easily. In his arms and wrapped in a colorful plaid shawl was the couple's sick baby daughter, Mary Isabelle Alice, aged fourteen months. Mary was the first-born of John and Sophia Cameron, who had left the snug security of Glengarry County in Ontario to seek their fortune in the wilds of British Columbia.

It had been a hard trip down the Atlantic coast, over the steaming jungles of Panama and up the Pacific. It had been expensive too, for John had just $40 in his pocket. But his face reflected grim determination. First, medical aid for little Mary, and then on to the Cariboo!

Sophia was determined to stay with her John, despite warnings from her kinfolks at Stormont, Ontario, that the



Lilloet, British Columbia on the Fraser River in 1864.

land of the gold rush was not for a pretty young bride of gentle birth. The little family checked into the Royal Hotel and no notice was taken of them until March 8. They were then seen to emerge, bowed in grief, and following a little black coffin. Mary had died.

A short time after this tragedy, Cameron met Robert Stevenson, a young man from his home county. They became fast friends and remained so for life. Stevenson arranged for a line of credit with the Hudson's Bay Company for $2,000 for Cameron who bought a quantity of trade goods and headed out for the Cariboo. The two men had agreed to form a business partnership. It was now June.

The Camerons first went to New Westminster, then up to Yale where their trade goods were packed to the Cariboo by an Allan MacDonald. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron rode horseback and it was a grueling trip. The Royal Engineers had just opened up a road through the treacherous Fraser Canyon and MacDonald's oxen took six weeks to make the trip.

When Cameron arrived at the goldfields, he found 8,000 miners ahead of him. But he also found that there was a shortage of candles, a very necessary item. Fortunately, the canny Stevenson had included 2,000 pounds of them in the goods ordered in Victoria. The candles sold briskly at $5 a pound. This was one of the few breaks Cameron was to experience.

All the good ground was taken up, and food prices were very high. The skimpy Cariboo *Sentinel*, squeezed out occasionally on a Washington hand press, sold for $1 per copy. Winter was approaching and Sophia was feeling poorly. However, Stevenson and Cameron didn't give up easily and they searched the creeks for lapsed claims. One was found on Williams Creek between the Raby and Moffit claims. They had sunk a shaft to a depth of twenty-two feet when they were stopped by bedrock, but for all their work, they didn't even find a color.

IT WAS SEPTEMBER now and Sophia was not getting any better. The miners were beginning to leave for the winter and rumors were whispered about that smallpox had broken out in the Cariboo. Cameron called in Doctor Wilkinson who told him that Sophia had a bad case of typhoid fever. The distraught husband spent all his time nursing his sick wife and left Stevenson to work the claim, such as it was.

Williams Creek was bitterly cold on October 23, 1862. Sophia was sinking rapidly and her grief-stricken husband kept vigil beside the bed, gently stroking her hand. Wind howled outside the makeshift cabin, the candle flickering with every blast. It was 30 degrees below zero. Back in the shadows of the cabin stood Robert Stevenson. He knew the end was near for the young bride from Ontario. It was three o'clock in the morning.

Later Stevenson said, "John was taking it very hard. I could see by the candlelight that Sophia was trying to say something. She raised her head slightly and whispered, 'John, promise you'll take me home. Don't leave me in this unkind country. Promise.' John could hardly speak but finally managed, "I promise, Sophie.' With that Mrs. Cameron died. John shook with emotion."

By now only ninety miners were in the goldfields and even the undertaker had left for a more salubrious climate. The next day Cameron prevailed upon a Mr. Griffin, a tinsmith, to make a strong coffin of tin, and upon Henry Lightfoot, a carpenter, to make a stout wooden case. Cameron was determined to carry out his wife's dying wish.

These two men helped Stevenson lay the stiff corpse in the unlined coffin. As the men surveyed the remains, Stevenson took a bright Scotch plaid shawl which was hanging on a peg in the cabin and carefully placed it under the head of the dead woman. The coffin was soldered closed and a hushed procession of rough miners followed the funeral entourage to an empty shack nearby. That was Sophia's first funeral.

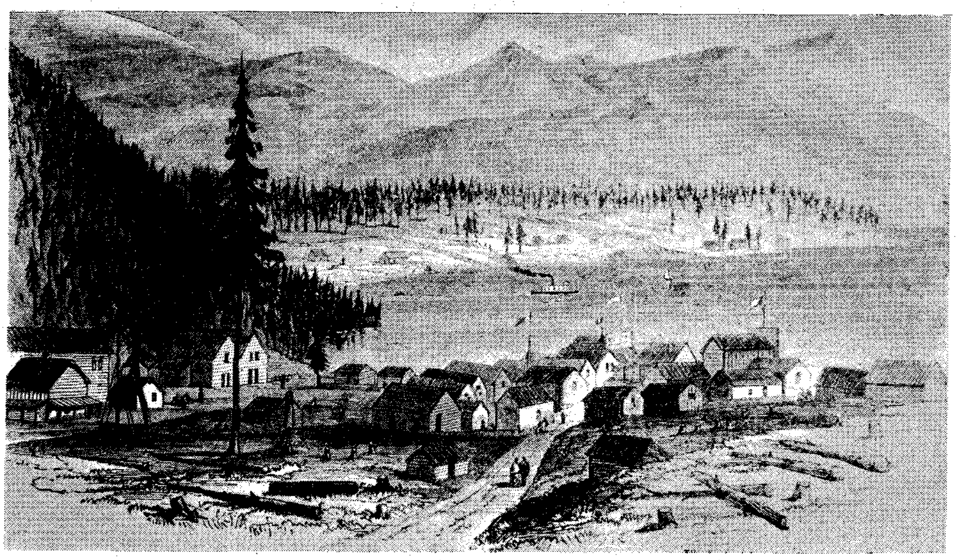
Although winter had really set in, two days after the funeral Cameron and Stevenson tackled their claim again. Cameron knew that there was nothing like hard work to keep a fellow's mind off his troubles. By December 22, they were down twenty feet when it happened.

Richard Rivers was at the bottom of the shaft when muffled shouts of "Gold! Gold!" could be heard by Cameron and Stevenson who were working the windlass. Cameron slid down the rope and even in the dim light of the flickering candle could see the sparkle of the precious metal. The ground was rich beyond his fondest dreams!

The weather remained cold and while surface placer mining was not possible under such conditions, subterranean mining offered no difficulty. Cameron worked feverishly throughout January. By the end of the month, he had enough gold to finance his pledge to Sophia, and he offered any man $2,000 plus $12 per

(Continued on page 67)

Douglas, British Columbia and Douglas Lake in 1864.



A HOUSE DIVIDED

Right down the middle from rafter to ground, the saw cut the dwelling in two!

By MARVIN GHARET

Photo Courtesy Huntington Library

THE RUSSIANS were pressing south along the coast toward San Francisco Bay. Already they laid claim to all the land lying between Point Arena on the north to Point Reyes on the south and stretching as much as fifteen miles inland from the sea. Not that the Russians were marching on San Francisco Bay with an army. Their advance was slower than that but just as relentless.

They had first settled, a small colony under their peg-legged leader Alexander Kusskoff, on the bay discovered by Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, a day's sail to the north of San Francisco. The burly squatters had been attracted to California by the sea otters which lived and bred in abundance along these shores. The colony at Bodega Bay, called "Romanzoff" by the Russians, also served as a provisioning point for their colony at Sitka.

From the bay, the Russians moved inland, plowing and planting their crops. Year by year, they pushed their boundaries farther and farther. What had begun as an isolated colony, causing little concern to the Spanish, soon became a matter of great importance. At the convening of the government under Governor Jose Figueroa at Monterey in 1835, the problem of the Russians was debated at great length.

General Mariano Vallejo, whose initiative in allowing three Americans to settle in northern California eventually led to the severance of a friendship—and, of an entire house!

General Mariano G. Vallejo, a mere lieutenant then, was appointed military commandant of all California with orders to extend Spanish settlements and *ranchos* as far as possible toward Fort Ross and thus block the steady encroachment of the Russians. For this purpose, he chose three hardy American pioneers: James Black, James Dawson, and a canny Scot, Edward McIntosh. The three had been sailors on the ship owned and commanded by Captain Juan B. R. Cooper, brother-in-law of General Vallejo.

Finding the easy life of the *haciendas* more to their liking than the rigors of shipboard, Black, Dawson and McIntosh had quit the sea and became landsmen. And it was to them that General Vallejo later offered large tracts of land under the very noses of the Russians, provided they would establish permanent *ranchos* thereon.

The three former shipmates, accustomed as they were to the strife of a dozen waterfronts, with no fear of the Russians or any other man, accepted the offer readily.

JAMES BLACK was given a large tract to the north and east of the bay, which was named Rancho Canada de la Jonive. James Dawson and Edward McIntosh were given a large tract in partnership, bordering the claims of the Russians at Bodega Bay. The latter *rancho* extended northerly from an estuary, named Estero Americano in honor of

(Continued on page 60)

Canyon Diablo Train Robbery

(Continued from page 11)

throughout the Southwest. Something of this flashed through my mind as I turned to Smith and said:

"Smithy, let's go and rob a train, or open a real estate office. Anything decent and honest. I'm tired of working day and night through the spring, and summer, and fall, stealing cattle for someone else and then waiting all winter for the chance to do it all over again."

To my surprise, Smithy looked up with a grin and said: "I'm your huckleberry. Name the place, and I'll go with you. You're no more tired of this than I am."

While we were talking, Halford and Starin came out and joined in the conversation. Before we went into the house, we had agreed to go together and hold up the Atlantic Pacific Express at Canyon Diablo Station.

Thinking we would avoid suspicion by doing so, we left the ranch singly, over a week before the day we had decided on, and met in the Shovelin Hills where we made camp and laid our plans to achieve wealth and honor at the expense of Old Man Wells and his partner, Fargo.

It stormed every day but one. And on that day we rode to the rim of the Mogollons and looked down into pine-clad Tonto Basin, and far out to the Southwest where we could see the sunny haze above the desert plains. Here we almost decided to abandon the proposed hold-up and ride down the long ridges to sunnier climes; but finally we turned back to camp and our luckless fate.

IT WAS MARCH, with the weather that properly belongs to March in northern Arizona. When March comes to the valleys and deserts of the Gila and Salt, it brings with it a riot of color. Hill and plain are carpeted with the velvet green of alfilaree, splotched and mottled with acres of the golden poppy; and crimson, and white, and purple blossoms are scattered in prodigal profusion everywhere.

But on the great tablelands south and east of the Grand Canyon, March is a month of snow and sleet and rain; of dull, gray skies, and black rolling clouds; with winds that screech and wail and cut like a knife to the marrow of the traveler lost among the great pine forests, or the cedar and sagebrush of the mottled plains.

The nineteenth of March was my birthday, and on that day we left camp and rode through rolling hills, covered with sagebrush and gnarled cedar and juniper trees. We stopped at the Canyon Diablo, about two miles above the station, until after dark. It was a cold day with occasional squalls of sleet. We could not make a large fire for fear of attracting the attention of some wandering cowpuncher, but did build a small one of dry cedar twigs, over which we hovered until after dark. We then went down to within two hundred yards of the station and tied our horses to some cedar trees, and squatted down in the shelter of some rocks. The sleet had changed to snow, and a cold wind was blowing.

We huddled up together, smoking and talking, and watching the light from the station house windows streaming out through the falling snowflakes. Its gleaming evidence of warmth within tantalized us, who had not been warm clear through our bodies since we left the ranch house. For in cold, windy weather, while a man warms one side before a campfire, the other side will become chilled and cold.

We talked and joked, just the same, while waiting; and at last the eastbound train whistled and we started for the station. When the train stopped, Starin and I went to its south side, while Smith and Halford took the north side. The fireman came off the engine with a torch in his hand and was looking under the engine as I put my hand on his shoulder. He jumped and pulled away, and I believe if I had not held him he would have run over the canyon cliff in the darkness. I quieted him at last and we took him over between the cab and tender to where we expected to find Smith and Halford. But they, after capturing the engineer, had gone around the engine to where we had caught the fireman.

When we found each other, we went to the express car and told the engineer to tell the express messenger to open the door. He did so, and as the messenger unsuspectingly stuck his head out, he looked down into our six-shooters. He was not the least bit excited but climbed down, saying he had been held up two weeks before and that the hold-ups cut off the baggage car and left the express, and ran up the road two miles before they discovered their mistake. Smith got in the car, saying to me as he climbed up, "If anything happens to me in there, you attend to this man." I answered, "I sure will." But there was no one in the car, and Smith lit the lamp and told the messenger to get in.

We saw several persons get off the coaches and come toward us. One of them carried a lantern. We fired several shots over their heads, and they scampered back where they had come from, the one carrying the lantern dropping it in his flight.

We then gave our attention to the safes and told the messenger to unlock one of them. He said he could not unlock the time safe. We told him we knew that; but that he must unlock the other one, which he did in quick time. We went through it, and found seven thousand dollars and considerable jewelry, with several fine watches and a set of diamond ear-rings.

When we got all we could find, we took the engineer and fireman to our horses, and when were mounted, told them to go. After the train pulled out, we went about five miles south and dismounted and built a fire. Here we divided the money and jewelry into four piles, as even in value as we could. Smith blindfolded me so I could not see, and putting his hand on each pile, would say, "Whose pile is this?" I would reply, "Halford's" or "Starin's," or "Your," or "Mine."

AND SO WE DIVIDED the proceeds of our adventure. Smith got the diamond ear-rings and took the diamonds out of their settings and put them in his pocket, loose; and when we afterwards ran out of tobacco, scraped them out with tobacco crumbs and loaded them into his pipe. When he knocked out the ashes from the pipe, he lost the value of many boxes of tobacco.

We decided to bury all the jewelry that could be identified, as we intended to try to pass for cowpunchers on our way to northern ranges in search of work. For this reason we cached our rifles, thinking we could get to a country where we were unknown and avoid suspicion if we were seen in the neighborhood of the robbery, by appearing as unarmed travelers. Our six-shooters were easily hidden.

After we divided the loot, we split up, agreeing to meet in Wyoming. Starin and I headed for the Little Colorado at Black Falls, forty miles away. We found it a muddy flood of swirling ice cold water, its current carrying great rafts of driftwood. But we had to cross. We stripped to the skin, and rolling our clothing into bundles, held it above our heads as we spurred our horses into the stream.

Our horses were soon swimming and we drifted a long ways with the current, but finally came out on the other side. We had kept our clothing fairly dry by wrapping our slickers around the bundles as tightly as possible. Although we were all—horses, men, and bundles—under water several times, the tightly rolled cloth and slickers prevented much water from getting in, and when we dismounted and put on our dry, warm clothes, I never felt better in my life.

We took the road to Lee Ferry, and after riding a few miles, stopped and let our horses graze a few hours. We then mounted and rode all night. The next day we let our horses rest and graze half a day. We built no fire, and after noon saddled up and went to within a few miles of Lee Ferry. Here we stayed all night in the hills, made a fire and cooked coffee, beef and bread.

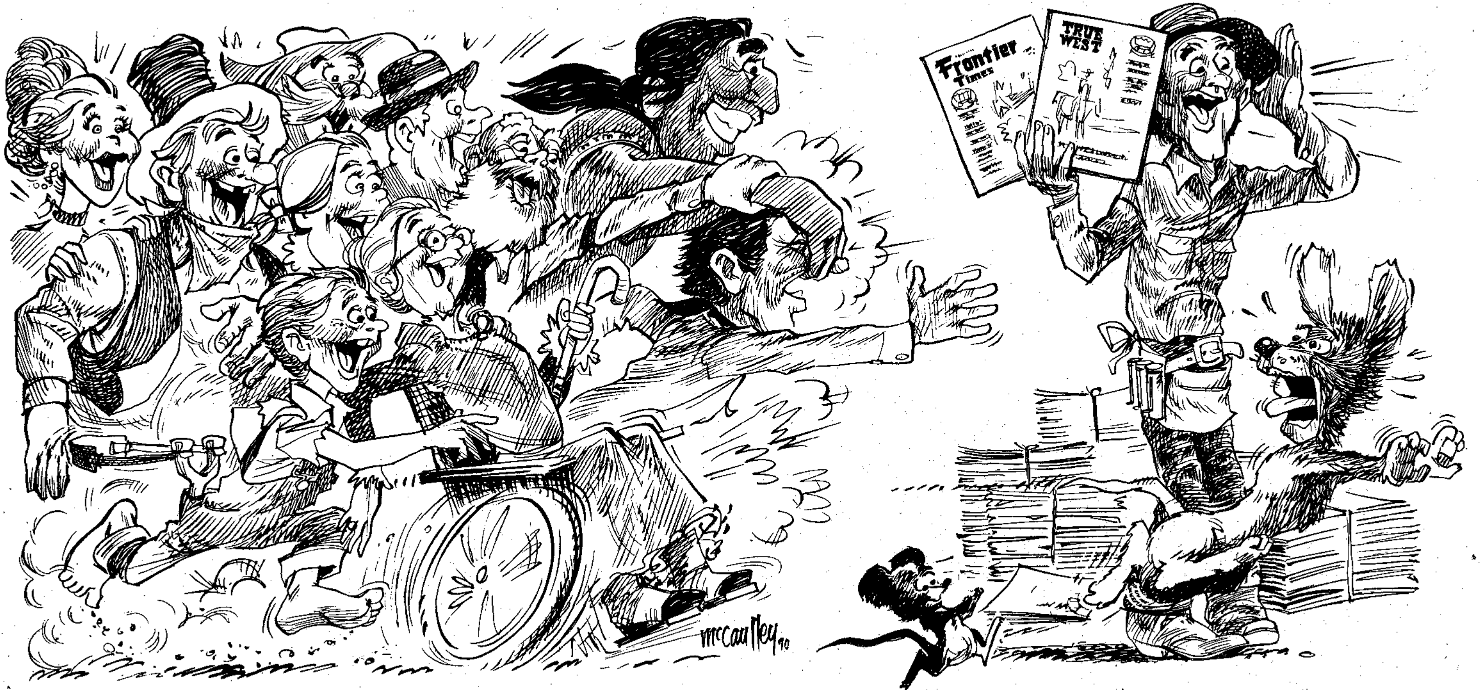
The next day we went near the rim of the Grand Canyon, above the ferry, and waited until night. After dark we climbed down the trail that crossed the Colorado River here on its way from Utah to the Mormon settlements in southern Arizona.

The ferry had been established by John D. Lee, one of the "Destroying Angels" of the Church of Latter Day Saints who was tried, convicted, and executed by the U. S. Government for his part in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. At the time we crossed, it was conducted by one of Lee's numerous sons, who have been known and respected in Arizona for years as among her best citizens.

I do no know anything about the merits of the elder Lee's case, other than that he was accused of leading his "Destroying Angels" and a band of Indians in the massacre of an emigrant party on its way to California. The massacre took place at Mountain Mead-

(Continued on page 48)

LAST CALL!



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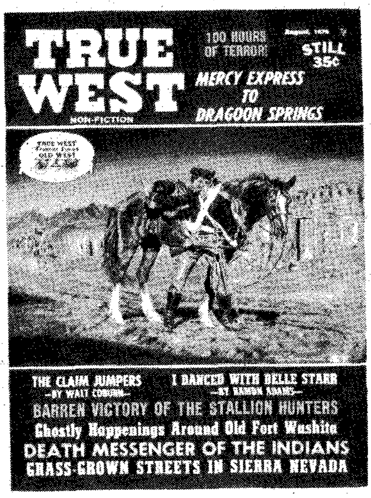

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PROTECTION ISLAND'S LONELY LADY

By B. J. BALLEW

Photos Courtesy Author

Life should have been good to Virgie, but it wasn't. Her bridal dress was Pacific fog; her threshold, a shore of rocks

DOWN through the ages, Protection Island has been a faithful sentinel, guarding the entrance to a secluded little bay on the straits of Juan de Fuca just off the coast of Washington State south of Vancouver Island. In its vigil, it has braved the winds, the raging seas and often the clammy fog which swept in from the ocean and along the straits swallowing all in its path. There were those who came to join the island in its lonely battle against the ever-changing weather, but they soon left. Then the small, feminine figure of Virgie Emily Burton Prim set foot on the island's rocky shore. And for eight long years she not only faced the fickleness of the elements, but she coped with every problem that life and living on an island could present.

According to the records, the island was discovered and named by Captain George Vancouver on a beautiful day in May 1792. He sailed past the island and anchored in the sequestered little bay. Naming the island Protection, the captain stayed on to make repairs and go ashore on the mainland to what is now known as Port Townsend.

Except for some Indians in the area, the island continued its lonely existence until September 1861, when a part of the island was given in bounty to Sarah White, widow of Lieutenant Thomas White who was a member of the Tennessee Militia in the War of 1812. Without hesitation she signed it over to another and so it went down through the years. A few people attempted to live there, but the depressing weather, poor transportation, lack of drinking water and, above all, the utter loneliness were hard to combat. The place changed hands repeatedly until 1920 when Earl A. Prim leased the island.

THERE WAS NOTHING in soft-spoken Virgie's early years to prepare her for the life she was to lead on Protection Island. She was born in Arkansas to Noel Jason and Willie Genora Mason Burton. Her parents' home, a gathering place for the local young folks, had a happy, lively atmosphere and Virgie grew up surrounded by people. It couldn't have been an easy thing for the girl to do, but when her husband, Earl, decided to move to the State of Washington, she made ready to go with him.

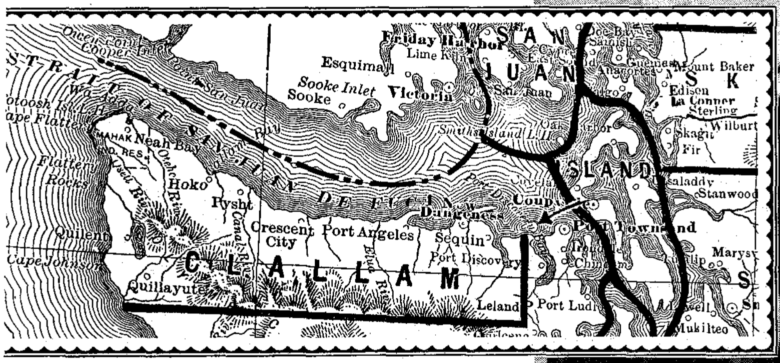
Never before had Virgie been exposed to any expanse of water and now she was completely surrounded by it. The nearest towns were Port Townsend and Sequim on the far-away shores of the mainland. They were the only source for drinking water, supplies and mail. The only link to town was a small boat the couple owned. But Earl had a tendency to roam and was often gone for long periods of time, leaving Virgie to cope with the children, the chores, the problems, the weather and the never-ending loneliness. Perhaps the hardest of all to endure was the fog. It would roll in from the sea, its wispy, gray fingers reaching out and swirling about the island until nothing, not even the water, was visible. Then Virgie's isolation would be total.

The young woman loved and valued reading, and always looked forward to getting mail. When Earl would periodically bring the mail home it would be in a gunny sack. Despite the fact Virgie had only completed the eighth grade, she served as her children's teacher during their years on Protection Island. How Virgie made them study! Every morning they sat in the kitchen about the large round table. A blackboard was set up for them to use. Virgie encouraged them to read and made them commit much of what they read to memory.

When the daily sessions of schooling were over, the children had plenty of time for play. They paddled around the island on boards which had washed ashore or slid down grassy banks on them. There was horseback riding, chasing seagulls and seals. Often they would just lie on the sand and watch clouds drift by overhead.

The children spent much of their time barefoot. On cold mornings (at four o'clock!) they often would chase the cows out of the small barn so they could warm their feet where the cows had been lying. Then they would have to go out and bring them back to be milked.

Many evenings were spent sitting


Friday Harbor
SAN JUAN
Lime Kiln
Esquimalt
Sooke Inlet
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Victoria
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Smith Island
ISLAND
Mount Baker
Edison
La Conner
Sterling
Skagit
Fir
Coupeville
Dungeness
Neah Bay
Hoko
Pysht
Crescent City
Port Angeles
Sequim
Port Discovery
Port Townsend
CLALLAM
Quillayute
Cape Johnson
Leland
Port Ludlow
Stanwood
Marysville
Mukilteo

Map from **People's Family Atlas of the World,** Chicago, 1884, Courtesy John Wallace

Protection Island (arrow) lies off the north coast of Washington State in the Strait of Juan De Fuca between the mainland towns of New Dangeness (today's Dungeness) and Port Townsend.

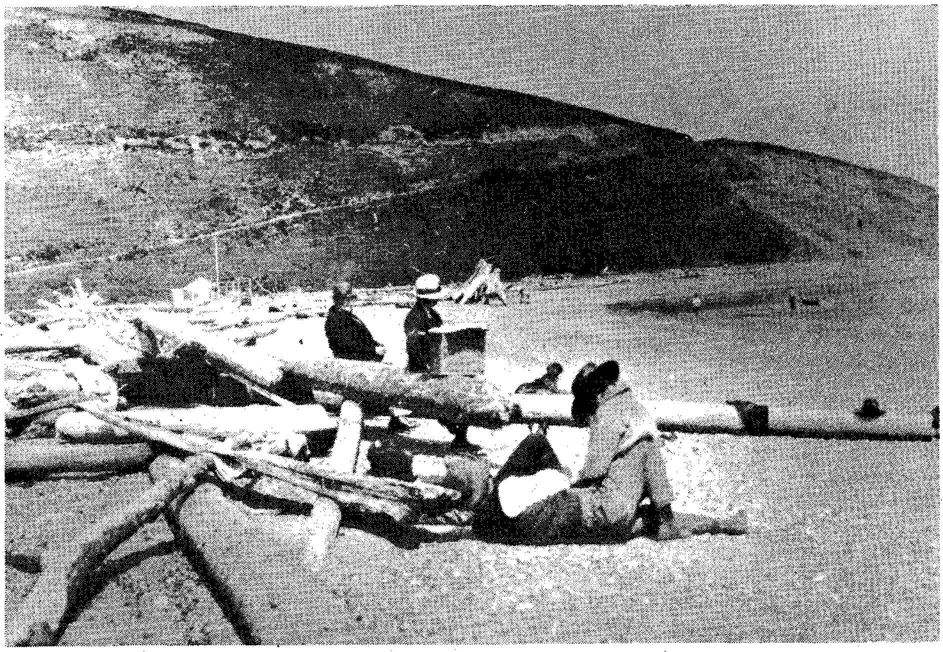
around listening to Virgie play her guitar and sing the little-known folksongs she had learned as a child in Arkansas. The instrument was Virgie's pride and joy. She kept it safe in a closet.

There would be nights when she would see boats passing by without lights, often trying to outrun the coast guard. Virgie knew what they were doing and could always tell when the rumrunners were running light or carrying a load by the way the boats set in the water. One night she came into the house from milking, to see her children staring at three strange men. They had a gun nearby and were pulling out money which had been hidden inside a pair of the men's binoculars. Virgie said calmly, "You don't need to tell me what you are, I know."

They were rumrunners who had had motor trouble and had run aground on the island. Virgie took the situation in stride and treated them kindly. The men stayed three or four days before they managed to get their boat fixed. One

(Continued on page 56)

Virgie Prim in the only known photograph taken of her while she lived on Protection Island. Below, visitors from the mainland enjoy a stretch of Protection Island beach. Below left are Virgie's children and pet aboard the sole transportation to the island.



NUGGETS

DIAMONDS AND DINOSAURS

By Ike Osteen

“Ike, can you find diamonds with your machine?”

“Well, I never have but, believe me, I would like to.”

That conversation started me on a successful diamond hunt in dinosaur country.

IT started in the late spring of 1967 when I received a message by ranch country grapevine that Jack Wiggins wanted to see me. My hobby is roaming the country with a metal locator digging up mostly tin cans and stove iron. I wondered if Jack might be getting ready to run a new fence and needed my help in finding a survey peg. I have been called upon to find these and various items, lost or buried, as more and more people found out that “the thing” will work.

Jack is a rancher near Kenton, Oklahoma. His headquarters buildings are in the mouth of Blacksmith Canyon. The easternmost point of Black Mesa and the highest point in Oklahoma (4,979.97 feet) is only a couple of miles south of Jack’s home. Blacksmith Canyon is reported to have got its name from the Coe gang of outlaws who had their blacksmith shop set up there. Their anvil, with a block of wood native to an eastern state, was found in the canyon after the outlaws were blasted from their hideout and all shot or hanged. It was thought the anvil had been taken from a wagon-train on the Santa Fe Trail about twelve miles to the south.

When I got Jack’s message I loaded my wife and one of my daughters into my treasure-hunting van and early on Sunday morning we headed for the Furnish Canyon Church. I knew Jack Wiggins and his family would be there. After the services Jack came around, shook hands and asked, “Ike, can you find diamonds with your machine? Come home with us and I’ll explain all about it.”

After a Sunday dinner such as only ranch people can lay out, we climbed into Jack’s car and my van and headed for Kenton. About seven miles east of town Jack stopped and said, “Here it is.”

Ike holds his metal locator over the spot where he found the diamonds.

THIS is the story as Jack told it: “A couple of weeks ago our son Matt was in a school program in Boise City. When we left home the night of the program Matt was riding in the front seat between his mother and me. Betty, my wife, was putting lotion on her hands when Matt decided he wanted to ride in the back. I pulled over here to the side of the road, stopped, and Betty got out while Matt changed places.

“When we arrived at the school building and were inside, Betty noticed she did not have her rings on and knew immediately what had happened. She had removed them and placed them on her lap before putting on the hand lotion. When she got up to let Matt get into the back seat the rings had fallen to the ground.

“We searched from the school building back to the car and took the floor mats and seat out of the car, but no rings showed up. I had had the rings worked over just last Christmas and put into a set where the two locked together. So it was both of them or nothing. We walked all along the roadside but couldn’t find them. Of course, a truck or car could have run over them and they could have wedged in a tire and be no telling where by now.”

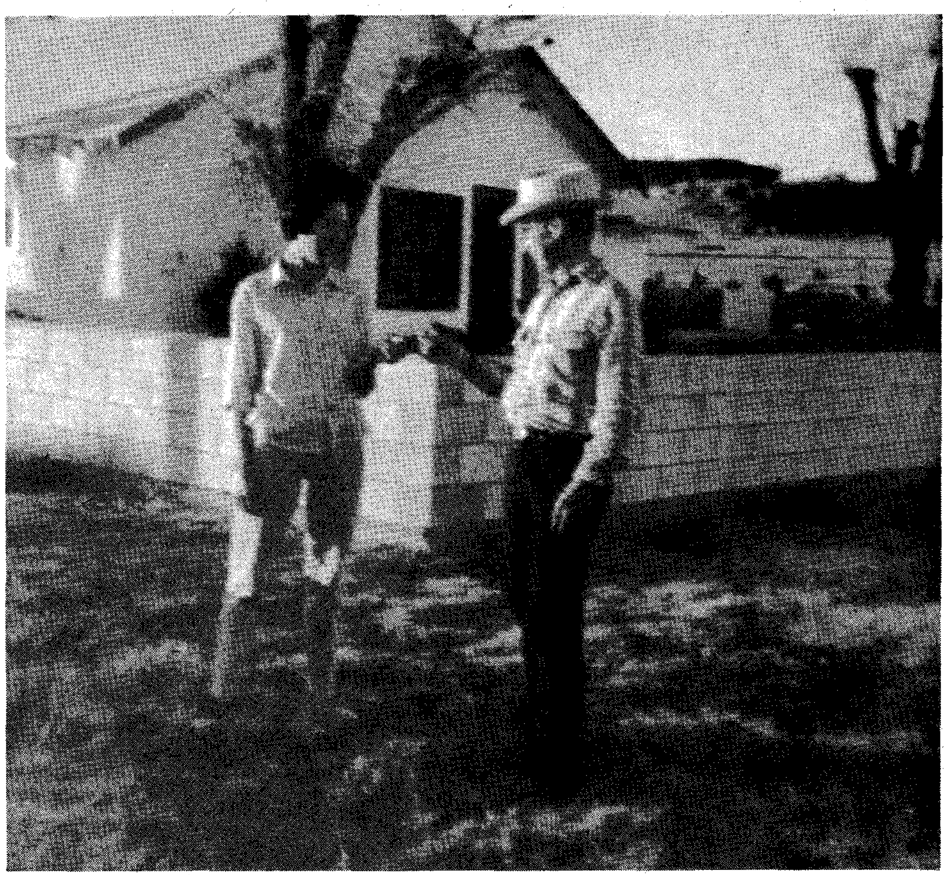
At this point I noticed something that has lost more buried treasure and mines than any other one thing. Jack and his wife couldn’t agree within a half mile as to the exact spot where the car had stopped.

I had two metal locators with me. I gave one to Jack and he started searching where he thought they had stopped. The other one I gave to Betty and my wife and I went with them up the road to the spot where Betty thought they had stopped. About thirty minutes later Jack came up and said, “Shoot, we won’t ever find anything as small as those rings, and besides I have some calves to feed. Let’s go home.”

It was three weeks before I had a chance to go back. That time I took two other treasure hunters with me, Clifford Teeters and Rick Nidey. All of us had our own instruments and had stopped to check another spot before we got to the area of the lost diamonds. There, we spent the remainder of the morning where Betty thought the car had stopped.

After a pot of "creek coffee" and a treasure hunters' lunch in nearby Billy Joe Park we went to the spot where Jack thought the car had stopped. I switched on my instrument, adjusted the controls to the soil in that area and said to Rick and Cliff, "I hope we find those rings soon so we can go to another spot not too far from here that I have been wanting—" I didn't finish the sentence. My locator gave out with that old familiar "DIG HERE" scream and I reached down and came up with more diamonds than I ever expect to find again.

The rest is all summed up in the photo and the happy smile on Betty's face as I handed her the rings—such tiny little objects to be found in such a big, big country.



Ike delivers the lost-and-found diamonds to the happy owner.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

By Donald Everett

FOR a few years previous to 1888, Old Miles Fawcett lived in a little cabin near the small town of Carlin, Nevada. Carlin was a division yard of sorts for the new Southern Pacific Railroad, leased from the Central Pacific Railroad. Industrious and sober Miles Fawcett was a mechanic for the S.P.

About the fifth of January 1888, Old Miles went to the Pottss house, tied his buckboard team to a hitching post, and went inside the house. That was the last time anyone ever saw him alive.

Shortly after dark that same evening, Josiah Pottss came out of the house and drove the buckboard away, telling neighbors that Old Miles had been transferred back to San Jose, California.

The following September the entire Pottss family, including a boy of sixteen and a girl four years of age, moved to Rock Springs, Wyoming, where Josiah Pottss obtained a job with the Union Pacific Railroad coal mines. Later that same fall, a Mr. and Mrs. Brewer and family moved into the Pottss house in Carlin.

Soon the Brewer family heard noises at night which seemed to come from the basement of the house. Mrs. Brewer, who was a society and fashion editor for a paper in the county seat of Elko, told her editor of these noises; and she (Mrs. Brewer), her husband and the editor made an investigation.

The three of them poked in the dirt floor of the basement, and near the base of a set of shelves came upon the remains of a dismembered body, badly burned with all of the flesh missing from the face. A half-buried bowie knife was found near the body and was identified as belonging to Miles Fawcett.

Sheriff Bernard of Elko issued an order to Rock Springs for the sheriff there to arrest Mr. and Mrs. Pottss and hold them until he and a deputy could get there and issue extradition papers.

BERNARD showed the grisly bowie knife to Josiah Pottss, who broke down and said that Fawcett had committed suicide and he, Pottss, and his wife had hidden the body fearing they would be accused of murder.

The couple was returned to Elko County where they were immediately indicted for the slaying of Old Miles Fawcett and where they immediately pleaded not guilty! After a lengthy, sordid trial during which Mrs. Pottss gave vent to her scorn for all the witnesses, the judge, jury and the bailiff, and swearing at all and sundry, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Pottss were found guilty and were sentenced to hang.

A week before the scheduled execution, Sheriff Bernard went to Carson City to plead leniency for the couple but was turned down cold. A two-rope scaffold was built in Placerville, California, and tested by using weighted burlap sacks. It was then dismantled and shipped to Elko where it was reassembled in the southwest corner of the jail yard. Thirteen steps led up to the platform.

A high board fence was erected around the scaffold. The only people invited to witness the hanging were sheriffs from surrounding counties and the press.

A few minutes after ten o'clock on the scheduled day Pottss and his wife were led from the county jail, and up the thirteen steps of the scaffold. The two rope loops were placed over their heads and the death sentence was read to them by Sheriff Bernard. Two black hoods were placed on their heads, and the automatic trap doors were released. Mrs. Pottss had insisted on wearing her white wedding dress. The doctors in attendance pronounced the couple dead at approximately 10:27.

WHEN word got around the country that a woman had been hanged in Elko County public indignation was aroused. The San Francisco newspapers, curious about certain aspects of the case, decided to probe the remark which Mrs. Pottss had made at the trial. Her remark was, "No woman would kill the man she was married to!"

Marriage records in San Francisco and Sacramento were checked. Investigation disclosed also that Mrs. Pottss had applied to a marriage broker to find her a husband. Further search revealed that Miles Fawcett, aged fifty-five of Fresno, California, had married a widow by the name of Elisabeth Atherton, age thirty-eight, formerly of London, England.

Early in January 1888, Miles Fawcett had engaged the services of a Mr. W. Mathews concerning a debt amounting to $110 owed to a marriage broker. The fee was to provide Fawcett with a wife. When Fawcett found out that the woman he had married was already married to Josiah Pottss, he clamored for his money back. He also hired a private detective who located Josiah Pottss in Carlin, Nevada.

Mathews, Fawcett's attorney, threatened the marriage broker with a lawsuit, and Fawcett's money was returned to him, after which he withdrew the suit.

Miles' wife continued to live with him for a time in San Francisco, and later in Fresno, then she left him and returned to Josiah Pottss in Carlin.

Miles Fawcett, still in love with the woman, sold his Fresno holdings and moved to Carlin to be near her. Josiah Pottss began to be suspicious at the frequency of Fawcett's visits and the way he would look at Mrs. Pottss like a dying duck in a hailstorm. Fawcett would bring his laundry for Mrs. Pottss to do up for him, and Josiah would go over to the neighbors to sulk until Fawcett left.

The motive for the murder of Miles Fawcett never was known, but was considered to be one of two: Fawcett probably hounded Mrs. Pottss by threatening to expose her; or Mrs. Pottss did him in to collect his estate. She was his only "kin."

The old Pottss house had its ghost stories until it burned late in 1897. Low moans were said to come from the basement of the old house, and the words were always the same—"She did it. She did it!"

J. R. Williams, Cowboy Cartoonist

(Continued from page 27)

once wrote to the artist, "Man, you've got something that beats cleverness all hollow. You've got humanity and the power of seeing things and the ability to translate concrete observation and humanity into lines. You've got the ability to bring life home to 'the bosoms of men'."

In 1953, when Williams was celebrating his sixty-fifth birthday—and still at the drawing board—he was receiving more than $65,000 annually. And though he died in June 1957, his cartoons are still popular around the world. They have appeared in more than 700 daily and Sunday newspapers with a total readership of thirty-two million! James Robert Williams' cowboys will live forever.

Female War Chief of the Blackfeet

(Continued from page 23)

the men waited. Leaving them with her friends, she was again one with the shadows only to reappear in a few moments with three more horses. Then she told the men that she had taken enough and they should have their chance.

The men entered the camp several times, each time returning with horses until they had a big band. Then quietly and quickly the Blackfeet headed for their own camp beyond the mountains, leaving an unsuspecting village behind. They arrived home without the loss of a man or a horse. It was a highly successful raid.

Among the Blackfeet, as among many other tribes, horse stealing was not a crime but a game of skill and wits. It was often a rough game, to be sure, with death as a player, but to the one who brought back the most or best horses went the loudest praise, the highest honor.

The night the triumphant warriors returned, with Weasel Woman leading six horses, there was great rejoicing, feasting and dancing. When the time came for each warrior to count coup, Weasel Woman was told to count coup also. She did. Then the head chief made a speech praising Weasel Woman. She had brought them good luck, as the Medicine Man had predicted. She was worthy of much honor; she must have a new name. The great Chief Pitamakan (Running Eagle) was now buried with his fathers. Weasel Woman should have his name. The braves sent up a loud shout of approval. No greater honor could be given a woman. From that moment she bore the proud name of Pitamakan, and was asked to go with the men on raids.

AT HOME Pitamakan dressed as other women but out on a raid she dressed as a warrior. She went against the Sioux and the Crows, never running from a fight, never being injured. Soon she was made a war chief. Men were eager to join the party she led, for they believed in the words of the Medicine Man. They believed in Pitamakan.

The old chiefs claimed that she was the first Blackfoot to own a gun, an ancient weapon secured from the French traders who, knowing of her skill and courage, called her the Joan of Arc of the Blackfeet. With the old gun she killed three of the enemy in battle and took their rifles.

At home she gave feasts and dances, the privilege of a chief. She had many horses, the wealth of the Indians. She was generous with those who were in need. Life was good.

Once when she was leading a large raiding party she was joined by a sizable number of Bloods, a tribe related to the Blackfeet. Leading the Bloods was the well known and respected Falling Bear. After traveling together for several days, Falling Bear spoke to the boy in charge of Pitamakan's horses. "Tell your Woman Chief that Falling Bear wishes to marry her."

The boy knew that many men wished to marry Pitamakan; he also knew the futility of their wishing. He explained that his chief considered all men her brothers and would not marry any one of them. The boy said he was afraid Pitamakan would be very angry with him if he mentioned such a thing to her.

Falling Bear could not believe that there was a woman who would not wish to marry a chief such as he, but agreed it might be better to make the offer himself. Accordingly, he rode up beside Pitamakan and told her that never before had he wished to marry, but upon watching her he did. He professed his love and asked her to be his wife. Pitamakan realized that it was an honor to be asked to be the only wife of Falling Bear and she did not want to offend him with a blunt refusal. After a moment's thought she said, "I will not say yes and I will not say no. After the raid I will give you my answer."

That night they came to the camp of the Flatheads and Kootenais and made ready for the horse stealing game. Pitamakan said to the Blood chief, "You go in first." Falling Bear went in and came back shortly with a good horse. Then Pitamakan went in and came back with two good horses. Falling Bear tried again and that time stole two horses. On Pitamakan's second try she captured four horses. This went on until Falling Bear had nine and Pitamakan fifteen horses. Then she said it was time for the others to have their turns.

This raid, too, was very successful and on the way home Falling Bear asked Pitamakan to give him her answer.

"You have my answer," she told him. "You had the first chance to take horses. If you had taken the most, I would have married you. I took the most, so I cannot be your wife." The old chiefs said he rode away sorrowfully without another word.

EIGHT times after she became War Chief, Pitamakan led a war or raiding party on the long trek across the mountains into enemy country, and each time returned victorious. Seldom had there been such a great leader, never one more willingly followed. But on the ninth raid something went wrong. Had she become overconfident, less cautious? Had the many losses suffered by the Flathead people made them more watchful, braver, or better fighters? Was it simply that for Pitamakan time had run out while she was still young and beautiful? Again, who knows?

Pitamakan and five of her braves were killed. There was much sorrow in the camp of the Blackfeet when the warriors returned home. There must have been mourning for the young braves who did not come back, but so much greater was the mourning for the Woman Chief that grief for her loss overshadowed that for the five men. Their names have long been forgotten.

It is claimed that the next spring the Blackfeet went to war with the Flatheads to avenge the death of Pitamakan. But to do proper honor to her memory her people turned to nature for a fitting monument, and what could be more suitable or more symbolic than the bright water which leaped over a cliff? The water which ran full and wide in the moons when the snows melted, where the ferns grew tall and the little redbirds hatched their young; and in the moons when the ferns turned brown, where the bright water poured from the very cliff itself? Was it not strange and beautiful and unlike any other falling water, just as their fallen chief was strange and beautiful and unlike any other?

That is the way it seemed to the old chiefs. That is the way it seemed to Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, who spoke for his people. So they named the waterfall Pitamakan in honor of the only woman ever to be a War Chief of the Blackfeet.

Today it is called Trick Falls.

BOSTON CHARLIE'S

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

Stagedriver Charlie Batchelder was only hours out of Silver City, New Mexico (above) when the Apaches struck.

LAST STAND

It ended with a juniper trunk at his back and sixteen shells at his feet!

By ANNIE DYER NUNN

THE NAME of Charles Batchelder, better known as "Boston Charlie," may not have gone down in the annals of history; but it deserves to. For, at least as a symbol, it stands for the bravery of a class of frontiersmen whose work was vital and extremely dangerous.

They were the stagecoach drivers, men of derring-do who, as sitting ducks for the guns of Indians and highwaymen, constantly risked their lives to transport people, mail, and express from one frontier post to another. They had to be quick on the draw, fearless, reliable, and so dedicated to the job that nothing short of the impossible could keep them off the road. For one of them to hesitate in the face of danger was to be branded a coward.

It is not surprising, then, that Charlie had kept up his weekly runs from Globe, Arizona to Silver City, New Mexico in the face of an Indian uprising. Charlie was twenty-one; the year was 1879.

Under the leadership of Victorio, Apache renegades from the San Carlos Indian reservation in Arizona were prowling as far west as Silver City, leaving a trail of devastated ranches and dead men's bones. Stories of atrocities made constant news in the town, brought in by stragglers who had somehow managed to escape being caught by the rampaging Indians.

Charlie, in Silver City for the usual layover, was well aware of the situation. Nevertheless, when the time came for his return for Globe, he was ready. His last chore before leaving was to pick up the mail. When he drove up to the post office early that morning, with his one passenger, Joe Hull, on the seat beside him, the postmaster offered him some urgent advice.

"Don't go now, Charlie. It's too dangerous! Wait till them Injuns are caught."

"If I wait for that, I'd as well give up my job. I'm already overdue in Globe. I've outrun 'em before; maybe I can do it again. Them half-starved Injun ponies are no match for my mules."

Charlie's team of four young mules was indeed known for its fleetness. One of them, Molly, a dapple gray, was especially fast. If need be, she could be cut from the traces and ridden to a getaway. "I can count on Molly," Charlie often said.

"Well," said the postmaster, handing up a sack of mail, "I see you've got Joe along. He can drive while you shoot. You should make it. But keep on the lookout."

But whatever protection the presence of Hull might have been, it was not to be tested. They had gone but a mile or so when he lost his nerve completely. Springing to his feet, Hull told Charlie to stop the team.

(Continued on page 63)

Canyon Diablo Train Robbery

(Continued from page 40)

ows during the troubles between the Mormon Church, under Brigham Young, and the U. S. Government. . . .

WHEN ALL WAS DARK at the ferry house, we muffled our horses' feet and led them on the boat, and after much trouble and toil got across the river to the Utah side. After we left the boat, we toiled up the rocky trail in the darkness of the great canyon that thousands now come to every year to see, but we could see nothing, and almost had to feel our way as we led our tired horses up the steep trail. At last we reached the top, and before daylight we were at a tank surrounded by large boulders of granite rock. We camped there all day and that night, cooking and eating beef, which was all we had to eat now, as we had run out of everything else.

The next day we went to War Weep Canyon where a settlement of polygamous Mormons were in hiding from Federal officials who were attempting to enforce the anti-polygamy law that afterwards became famous as the Edmonds Act.

We rode up to a log house and inquired if we could stay all night. The owner of the house, an old Mormon with sandy gray whiskers that kinked to one side like a billy goat's, said we could, and went with us to the stable where we found Smith's and Halford's horses.

After our horses were fed, we went back to the house where we found Smith and Halford. We greeted each other as strangers. The woman got us supper, and the house, a one-room cabin, was soon filled with neighbors.

There was a rather noticeable scar under Smith's left eye. I saw two of the men looking at it, and when one of them thought none of us were looking he touched his finger significantly to his cheek at the spot where the scar was on Smith's face. I at once had a hunch they had heard of the hold-up and suspected us, and succeeding in getting Smith out and told him, "That old man is onto us."

He said, "Do you reckon?" Although I argued we had better pull out, Smith thought it was impossible the news of the robbery could have got ahead of us; and we decided to stay and absorb some of the warmth from the great logs burning in the open fireplace.

The women made a bed for Halford and me on the cabin floor; and Smith and Starin were given great piles of Mormon quilts and put to bed in a log granary attached to the stable. The queer-whiskered Mormon slept in one of the beds with the youngest of his wives, a Swede girl who spoke broken English. The only other bed was occupied by the other two wives. The floor was littered with the offspring of these women and their distinguished looking husband, for he certainly would have been noticeable in any company.

I was very tired and the last thing I remembered was the wailing of a baby, accompanied by the long-drawn snores of the master of the house and a chorus of nasal sounds from the ladies of this backwoods harem.

The next morning about daylight I heard talking outside and told Halford. He had not heard anything, and after we had listened awhile and heard nothing more, I concluded I might have been mistaken, as I was still very sleepy. We soon got up and put on our clothes. I went to the door, leaving my gun for fear of exciting suspicion. When I opened the door, I looked into the muzzles of four rifles, held by four bewhiskered disciples of Brigham. The rifles were cocked, and each man had his finger on the trigger. One of the men was trembling, and I said, "Let that gun down; you'll pull it off if you ain't careful." But he would not do it.

I looked down toward the stable and saw several men there. One was stooped down and running around the crib where Smith and Starin were, as though he was trying to get a shot at them through the chinking between the logs.

Some of the men at the stable hallooed for our captors to bring us down there, and when we got to them, one old Mormon, an Elder of the church and Justice of the Peace, had gone into the crib to wake Smith and Starin who were playing possum. When he put his hands on Smith's shoulder, Smith shoved his six-shooter into the Judge's face and made him stand between himself and the other Mormons while he and Starin got out of the bedding. Smith then told the Judge to make his men lay their guns in a pile and go away. When this was done, we got our guns and saddled up and pulled out.

We did not take rifles because we did not want to excite suspicion by carrying them, but we were soon to see where we had made a mistake by not doing so.

IT SEEMS that Buckey O'Neal [William Owen (Bucky) O'Neill], the Sheriff of the country in which we had committed the robbery, Yavapai County, Arizona, had passed us and was camped at a neighboring settlement. Our hosts of the night before, and momentary captors, had sent him word to come over and get his men, and pay the reward; but before he arrived, we were gone.

We turned south again, hoping to confuse anyone following us, and rode all that day and night. In the morning we killed a beef and cut out what we could carry, after making a fire and broiling all we could eat on the coals. We then saddled up and headed for the tank where we had made our first camp after crossing Lee Ferry. We had not ridden more than a quarter of a mile when we heard a shot, and on looking back, saw men running and dodging behind pines and juniper trees. They soon began shooting at us, and halloing for us to surrender.

We were on the rim of a deep canyon, on the middle of a bend, looking for a place to cross. We were hemmed in on all sides by the canyon walls, and on the other by the officers and Indian trailers who were with them. Halford and Starin were still on their horses, off to the right, shooting with their pistols; and the officers and Indians, with several Mormons, were dodging from tree to tree, firing with rifles, and were out of range of the six-shooters.

Smith and I had been leading our horses, looking for a place to get down into the canyon, and before we found one a shot killed Smith's horse. We then got down in the rocks and returned the officers' fire, but our fingers were stiffened with cold, and of course the officers were in the same condition, and no one was hurt. I heard Buckey holler that he was the Sheriff of Yavapai County, Arizona and for us to surrender. They captured Starin and Halford here, and not being able to find a place where I could get my horse down into the canyon, I left him, and Smith and I climbed down afoot.

As we crossed the open valley at the bottom of the gorge, the bullets threw sand all over us. When we gained the shelter of the rocks, we fired a few shots to discourage anyone from following us through the open ground, and keeping rocks and brush between us and where we could still hear the calls of the officers to each other, we made for the tanks we had camped at the first day after crossing Lee Ferry.

We traveled all day and night and until four o'clock the next morning, resting at intervals, without food or water, for the soil had soaked up all the moisture that had fallen in the storm which, at that altitude, had been rain.

We were not used to walking and our high-heeled boots soon blistered our feet, so we often pulled them off and walked barefoot over the rocks and sand until the cold compelled us to again pull on the boots and wear them until they again became unbearable. Then we would again go barefoot until that, too, was impossible. Repeating this over and over, we at last came to the tanks.

Smith lay down at full length at the water's edge and began to suck up the liquid in long draughts, and as he would not listen to my protests I caught him by the collar and pulled him away from the water, telling him that it was foolish to undergo such hardships as we had undergone to escape, and then to sicken himself by filling his fever-heated stomach all at once with cold water. He at least saw the value of my advice, and by taking small but frequent draughts, overcame his thirst, and we began to try to devise some plan to get out of our unpleasant predicament.

WE DECIDED to sleep by turns, each of us to stand guard one hour, watching the trail, while the other slept. We were so nearly worn out that it would have been impossible for either of us to have kept his eyes open for a longer time. After Smith had slept an hour, I woke him and told him to watch while I slept. He clambered up in the rocks where he could get a good view of the trail, and just as I laid down and had put my hat on a rock to soften it for a pillow, Smith came tumbling down out of the rocks and said "Here they come!"

I told him to lie down in the rocks,

for there was no chance to get away from them unless we could get behind the posse and dodge through the rocks and scanty brush to a large canyon that was off to our right. If we could get to this canyon we still had a chance to escape.

The tanks were in comparatively level country and we could see Buckey coming several hundred yards away, followed by three of four deputies, several Mormons, and the trailers. Just then Smith jumped and ran from one group of boulders to another, and they saw him. He was about two hundred yards from me, when I saw his hands go up. I had got in behind them and had a good chance to make the big rough canyon where they could have hardly got me, and if I could have got to the river, with a horse I might possibly have made it to Mexico.

When I saw Smith had discovered us to the posse, I ran for the canyon. They saw me and ran up to me. I was played out from hunger, exposure and loss of sleep, and saw that further effort was useless. I threw up my hands.

Buckey, who had ridden up on me regardless of my six-shooter, which I was trying to aim at him but could not because of my exhausted and nervous condition, seemed pretty well pleased with his day's work and laughed and joked as we returned to the tanks.

He sent out several Mormons to find a beef. They soon brought in a fat one and butchered it, and we all got pretty chummy while we broiled the fresh meat on the coals and gorged ourselves eating it. Smith and I had not eaten for two days, nor drank, until we reached the tanks a short time before.

After we had eaten, we started back to where several Mormons were guarding Starin and Halford. After we had got them, Buckey immediately loaded us into a wagon, and started us for a station called Millford on the Union Pacific Railroad, where we took the train for Salt Lake. After the requisition papers were secured, we were taken to Denver and then started on the long journey south over the Santa Fe Road.

We rode in the smoker, and Buckey placed us in two seats facing each other; and put one of his deputies and Carl Holden, a Wells Fargo detective who had been with him all the time, in seats behind us where we could not make a move without being observed—if the watchers kept awake. But they were more inclined to sleep than we were. For while we had been resting in the Utah jails, they were celebrating our capture and seemed to be pretty well exhausted.

We were not handcuffed. Buckey put leg irons on each of us, but did not shackle us together. Smith soon found out that by pulling his boot off he could slip the shackle off one of his ankles, and we arranged to try and let him escape when we got to Raton Pass, where we knew the train would run very slow.

When we came to the Pass the officers were sleeping soundly. Smith had removed the shackle and tied the loose end to his leg so it would not interfere with his movements. We raised the window and helped him through, as the train, barely crawling, crossed over the summit of the Pass.

Shortly after the train started, Buckey, who had been taking a little well-earned rest in the forward part of the car, awoke, and on coming back to us discovered his loss. His language to the thoroughly awakened deputies was fluent and to the point. But it did not bring Smithy back.

As soon as he had relieved himself of a great mass of language, not all profane, that seemed to be almost overcoming him, Buckey chirked up and, seizing the bell cord, stopped the train. When the conductor came back to us, Buckey had him run back to the summit. But it was no use. It was pitch dark, and Smithy was footloose and gone.

The rest of us were taken to Prescott, and before long, Smith rejoined us. We had already read the story of his recapture in the newspapers, which report was substantially correct. I will give it here as Smith told it to me after he was brought to the Prescott Jail.

AFTER HE HAD made his getaway from the train, he started east on foot and traveled at night, hiding out in the day, without food and often suffering for water. One night he found a settler's horses staked out on the plain, and took the best looking one in the bunch; riding him bare-back, with the stake rope made into a halter to guide him with.

The next day it blew up a norther, or

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blizzard, and while Smith was riding across the New Mexico plains, he found a young woman schoolteacher who had got lost between her boarding place and the schoolhouse. She was nearly frozen and could not have lasted much longer, for she had about abandoned all effort.

Smith got her started again, and took her to a settler's house. Without being seen himself, he led her to the door and went back to the horse which he had left out of sight of the one window and door in the board shack. He had noticed she gave a slight start as she saw the shackle that was still tied above his boot top to keep it out of the way, and making a clean breast of the matter to her, he asked her to tell the people in the house that she had found it herself, and if anyone following him came along, not to mention seeing him.

He finally rode out of the blizzard and crossed the Texas line, but was soon overtaken by a New Mexico posse. Abandoning his horse he attempted to evade them, but a shot struck him in the hip and he was captured.

It developed that a posse of settlers had passed him in the blizzard, and having lost the trail in the storm, and not knowing anything about the train robbery or escape—they were following him for horse-stealing—they had turned back and were going home, when the queer fate that decides some men's affairs directed them to the house on the prairie where Smith had taken the half frozen schoolmarm.

Had they been looking for that particular house in the driving snow and screeching wind, there would not have been one chance in a hundred thousand they would have found it. But the same implacable Power that caused the footsteps of the freezing girl and Smith to meet on that great plain, directed the New Mexican posse to the house which Fate had led Smithy and the girl to find.

The girl unbosomed herself of all Smithy had told her. As soon as the storm was over, the posse, knowing where the fugitive had come from, knew the direction he was traveling, and again took up the chase, with the result I have already told.

We were tried in Prescott, Arizona, found guilty, and sentenced by Judge Wright to twenty-five years imprisonment in the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma. This was an impossible sentence, for four years was the average duration of a prisoner's life in that place. There was no attempt to separate the tuberculosis patients, and the well and sick were crowded into the hot stifling cells in one of the hottest places in the United States. The long, hot summers vitiated the strongest constitution, and the plague of prisons was sure to get the most vigorous in time.

Smith was pardoned by Governor Hughes after he had served about four years of his sentence. There was a story that had wide circulation at the time: that the girl he had saved from the blizzard had been overcome by remorse for having been the cause of the capture of her deliverer from the fate the storm surely had in store for her, had he not found her. And forgetting that time to him might mean liberty, or even life itself, had taken her to safety, and by doing so had given his own life and liberty into her keeping. The story was that this girl had left her home and come to the capital of Arizona, and that because of her efforts, Governor Hughes released Smith after four years of his sentence had expired.

It was a very pretty story, as stories go, but there was no truth in it. The only thing that Smith had ever heard from, or about, this girl the last time we met, was a news item in the papers which said she claimed a part of the reward for his capture.

After I had served six years in the Yuma Prison, Eugene A. Cutter was made one of the prison commissioners. He had been a sort of financial agent for the Double Circle Ranch when I worked for that outfit, and was a very good friend of mine at that time. He seemed much affected when he saw me in prison, and at once took steps to secure my release. In a few months I was pardoned. That was before the day of paroles.

Since that time I have worked on cow ranches, and prospected, and have got along fairly well, when everything is taken into consideration. But my debt to society was paid at the expense of my health. I came out of prison a broken man.

My companions were not of the criminal kind. The heroizing of highwaymen by a certain element among the people who lived in the Territory at that time had had its effects on our minds, I suppose, for we were all young. And this, combined with the fact that we were broke, and the ease with which robberies were pulled off with hardly a chance of severe punishment for the perpetrators, even if they were caught, tempted us to commit the crime. But in the prison we soon learned to detest the habitual criminals who would rather steal a dollar than to find one in the road, and who were always fawning on their keepers and the chaplain to convince those officials of their reform, while their usually defective minds were scheming some other crime to be committed if their fake reformation secured their release.

Halford was released shortly after I was, and died soon after, of the prison plague in El Paso.

Starin, with Buckey O'Neal's consent, enlisted in the Rough Riders under another name—his real name—and was killed on San Juan Hill a few days after his friend, captain, and former captor had made the supreme sacrifice to the land he loved, as only a man who knows to the full, the beauty of "its woods, and templed hills" and the real hearts of his countrymen, can love.

This story originally appeared under the chapter title of "The Canyon Diablo Train Robbery and Capture of the Robbers by Buckey O'Neal [sic] as told by Dan Harvick, One of the Robbers, to William Sparks," in the book The Apache Kid: A Bear Fight and Other True Stories of the Old West *by William*

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

nice fellow to talk to and be around as any man you would care to meet. Allred also said Cassidy occasionally visited his sheep camp and was always welcome when he did, as he was welcomed at other camps and ranches, having been a cattleman and rancher himself.

My wife and I decorated some graves down at Ephriam, Utah, May 29, 1970, just about five miles south of the little town of Spring City, Sanpete County. On the way back home we stopped at Spring City's post office and I talked with an employe plus a few townspeople who had dropped in for their mail. We discussed Art Acord and I found a few old-timers who had known him personally. While talking, Mr. and Mrs. Reed Allred came in. Reed is a younger brother (though elderly now) of Spencer. Mrs. Allred is kin to Art Acord, so we had quite a chat. Mrs. Allred said Art was almost killed one time when he was gored by a bull.—Donald F. Kraack, 1173 Concord Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

Life in Coal County

Just finished reading Maurice Kildare's "Let's Go Rob A Bank" in the May 1970 issue. That was delightful and so cleverly put together. It's so very much like the fun stories my daddy used to tell us kids. He had ghost tales to tell also.

Daddy drove a livery hack in the Indian Territory out of Boggy Depot and Kitty. He took calico, beads and notions for trade with the Indians while delivering his passengers. The wonderful stories he told! He was born in Red Oak, Indian Territory and moved to Coal County in 1907. He married and raised his family there and lived the rest of his life there. He worked in the coal mines at Lehigh, Phillips and Coalgate until his union folded, then he farmed until retirement.

The big, good-natured sheriff sounded very much like the first sheriff of Coal County in the early twenties. I believe his name was Big Jess Phillips. I seem to recall hearing he had been sheriff before that time also.

I read all your magazines and enjoy them. I especially enjoyed "Searching for Loot Along the Delaware." I'm sure my daddy looked for that treasure. The family went fishing and camped out on Delaware Creek for a few days. Daddy and another man slipped off at night with shovels, digging for fish worms. I was about three at the time and it seemed very spooky to me. Keep the good stories coming this way.—Lena (Gentry) McCullar, Route 1, Box 422, St. Helens, Oregon 97051

Return to the Barker Spread

I have just finished reading with great interest Elliott Barker's "The Barker Spread in the Sangre De Cristos" in the July 1970 FRONTIER TIMES, and it brought back nostalgic memories of the area.

I have fished many times in the vicinity of the Barker homestead, noting old foundations for the home, barn and other buildings. While fishing up and down Sapello Creek, or Beulah as it was sometimes called, I have walked by the old reservoir built to supply water for the over-shot water wheel which furnished power for the family saw mill.

At the time the Barker family settled in the region it was virgin and wild and no finer hunting and fishing country ever existed. I first saw it in 1932 and even though the Barkers had moved away several years earlier the country was still primitive.

I owned and operated a drug store in Las Vegas, New Mexico in the early '40s and during that time a brother-in-law acquired a fishing cabin about a quarter of a mile upstream from the Barker place. I was privileged to use it whenever I wished and I have spent many wonderful and enjoyable days and nights amid the surroundings Mr. Barker wrote about. During that time it was my privilege and pleasure to know the fine gentleman who, at that time, was head of the New Mexico Fish and Game Department.

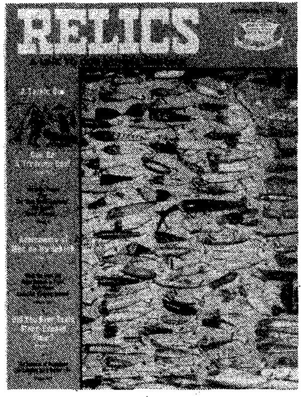
During the summer of 1969, my wife and I returned to Las Vegas, New Mexico for a brief visit and to do some fishing on the Sapello in the vicinity of the cabin aforementioned, but I felt a keen pain in my stomach at my first sight of the area. All along the Sapello from below the John Rackley ranch, which now takes in all the old Barker holdings along the creek, all the way up to the boundary of the Harry Mossiman ranch, cabins, deluxe mountain homes, trout ponds, signs advertising building sites for sale, and an atmosphere of nature-disturbance crowded the whole countryside. Even the cabin belonging to my brother-in-law (which now is half-owned by John Rackley) was more or less no-man's land. Signs had been posted everywhere proclaiming that no fishing was allowed on the stream, except that directly behind the cabin, to anyone unless they agreed to pay ten cents per inch for all trout caught. To me who had fished that area for years with the utmost respect for game laws and property rights, the whole scene was sickening. Even the Beaver Creek and Lone Pine Tree area that Mr. Barker wrote about isn't the same anymore. Dudes have found both places.

Mr. Barker's wonderful memories are of a rich past that will be no more.—Dewey Tidwell, Box 381, Morenci, Arizona 85540

The Case of the Locoed Horses

(Continued from page 19)

easy and cautious of movement, Pete Walters was loud and careless, heedless of the danger of being kicked or tromped or dragged around by a bronc. It took a green bronc a while to get used to Pete's loud and profane tone of voice, the belly laugh, and the brute strength of handling. But for all his cussing and



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rough manner, Pete never fought a green bronc because it wasn't in his nature to be cruel.

Every big cow outfit in the Montana cow country had its string of spoiled broncs. Broncs that knew every trick in the bag. Rearing up and falling over backwards. Sunfishing and landing limber-legged. Somersaulting, turning cartwheels to throw the rider. Sulling. Then when the rider used quirt and spurs the sulled horse would all of a sudden come alive, spinning like a top, bogging its head and squealing like a panther, using every trick in the bag to throw the man on its back. Those spoiled broncs were Wild Pete Walters' favorites.

"Let's me'n you go round and round," Pete would tell the bronc in his loud way of speaking. "I'll tell you this much to start with: Every time you throw Wild Pete Walters he'll bounce back. You might win a round or two at the start, but in the final round Pete will ride you into the ground. Let's have at it, Big 'Un." Pete called every bronc he tackled "Big 'Un" and left it up to the owners to name them, although it was customary for a bronc rider to name the horses in his rough string.

When Walters turned over his rough string, every horse was a gentle all-around cow horse, rope horse and cutting horse. Pete shod those horses to where a horseshoer could pick up any of its four legs and tack shoes on. Every bronc was hobble-broke, broke to a picket rope, and slicker broke.

"Everything but fool broke," Pete Walters was wont to remark. "That's strictly up to the horsebacker, and any man's cow country is plumb chockful of fools."

SOME claimed that Wild Pete Walters had ridden too many broncs, that he had scrambled brains. But there were others who claimed and with good reason that if Pete was crazy in the head, he was crazy like a fox, that Pete was a hard man to shave in any kind of a trade or horse dicker and that he had the guts to back up his brains. Like this deal of picking up locoed horses and getting men like Lorn Talbert and Monte Ward to throw in with him, and talking Sam Deniff into putting up the money to swing the deal.

Jake Myers called the plan crazy to start with, arguing that if they aimed to sell the locoed horses to the Dakota farmers they were bound to get in bad trouble with the law and wind up making horsehair bridles in the pen; that once those scissorbill homesteaders found out they'd paid a fancy price for diseased horses there'd be hell to pay and they would take their troubles to the sheriff.

But Jake kept this opinion under his hat until the three men and the locoed horses were long gone, and when he said his piece most of the Circle C cowhands sided in with his opinion.

Lorn Talbert was a good bronc rider, soft spoken and quiet mannered, easy to get along with when sober. But get Lorn Talbert drunk enough and it was an altogether different story. When drunk he had a chip on his shoulder and was ready and eager to back it up with his fists or a six-shooter. Cold sober or fighting drunk, Talbert was a good man to let alone.

Jake Myers declared that if ever Pete Walters and Lorn Talbert and Monte Ward got into any kind of a ruckus with the Dakota homesteaders, Wild Pete and Lorn would hang and rattle and go the limit, but he wouldn't bet a plugged nickel on Monte Ward.

Monte Ward was a California Mexican, as near as Jake could figure him out, who sprinkled his talk with Mexican words and dressed like a fancy Dan range dude and waxed the ends of his black mustache. More like a lady killer than a bronc rider cowhand. When it came to steer roping Jake said Ward couldn't hold a candle to Henry Grammer who came from the same part of Oklahoma as Jake Myers. Grammer was one of the best steer ropers in the country and a top cowhand. He was good natured and easy to get along with, but let any man cross him and pick a fight, he'd get his guts tromped out. Jake couldn't figure out how come Pete Walters ever picked Ward to take along. A fellow like Lorn Talbert, Jake could understand, but not a range dude type.

Sam Deniff, high-stake gambler-saloon owner, and horse trader on the side, had put up $500 in folding money to back the deal. and Pete, Lorn and Monte had managed to scrape up another $300 between them. Deniff had given Pete the money on the condition that the first thousand dollars they made off the top was to be earmarked for Sam, to be put in the soft leather snapdown pouches of the money belt Sam had given Pete.

PETE had shown Deniff the map of North Dakota with the small towns marked with a red ink circle where they intended to peddle the horses. Besides the locoed horses they had five head of bucking horses in the bunch, rank spoiled broncs that Pete had managed to pick up cheap. They would ride the latter in the bucking contests he would advertise in different towns ahead of time. He had handbills printed in bold black print.

NOTICE
BRONK RIDING CONTEST — HORSE AUCTION

Before the grand auction of sleek, fat, unbroken range horses is held at 12 High Noon, there will be a bronk riding contest between three world champion riders; Wild Pete Walters, Bronco Lorn Talbert, and Monte Ward from the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. These bronks have never before been ridden to the official stopwatch limit of the rodeo judges.

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The next evening at the ranch Frank Howe, who had been in Malta that day, brought back one of the handbills and told Jake Myers what Pete Walters had told him.

"Monte Ward will be working his own private horse, a showy Appaloosa trained bucking horse. He'll ride in the lead of the bunch of locoed horses down the main street when they hit a town. Pete has a map of North Dakota marking the towns where the handbills will be sent well in advance so that the farmers will be there out of curiosity if nothing else.

"Halfway down the main street Monte will buck his horse a few jumps to attract the natives who might be interested in entering the bucking contest. After the bucking contest is over, the auction of the locoed horses will start, and come sundown the boys will be long gone on their way to the next town." Howe finished talking.

"Ten jumps ahead of the sheriff," Jake remarked. "Selling loco diseased horses is against the law, Howe."

"That shore makes you guilty then," Howe chuckled.

"That's a different deal altogether," Jake's grin was a little forced. "Pete Walters knew what he was buying."

"All right, Jake," Howe took a long drag at his cigarette, letting the smoke drift from his nostrils as he spoke. "You said there was a law against selling locoed horses, and if there is such a law you broke it because you knew that Pete Walters aimed to sell the horses. That makes you guilty of connivin' with Pete."

Jake was getting hot under the collar.

"Sam Deniff took it up with some lawyer and he couldn't find anything regarding the sale of locoed horses being unlawful," Howe said with a grin on his face. "Anyhow, Pete Walters won't sign any sort of agreement that guarantees the weedy broncs can't be gentle broke. All he'll give the farmers who buy the horses is a bill of sale. Sam Deniff ain't about to step open-eyed into no law trap when he's footin' the bill."

"All the same," Jake argued stubbornly, "I'm willing to bet there's going to be trouble."

NOBODY in Malta except Sam and Luke Deniff were there that early morning to see Pete Walters, Lorn Talbert and Monte Ward ease the herd of locoed horses and the bucking horses from Sam Deniff's pasture on Milk River, and to wish them good luck as they tallied eighty head and were off, their tarp-covered roundup beds diamond hitched on broke cow horses.

"Them three gents should pack horseshoes in their flank pockets," Luke Deniff remarked as they watched them till they were out of sight. The small, wiry-built Luke looked dwarfed alongside his muscular six-foot brother Sam.

"Those horses have been on green pasture for two weeks and fed a gallon of oats each three times day," Sam said. "They're slick and fat as seals and it would take a vet to tell they were weedy."

"Keep on talkin', Sam, and you'll get the notion of buying them back if they're not sold." Luke chuckled to himself.

"At five dollars a round it'd be good business," Sam answered.

"It was your money that staked those boys, brother. No average in gamblin' against yourself. This old country boy ain't got a thin dime in your deal, because Walters in my opinion is more

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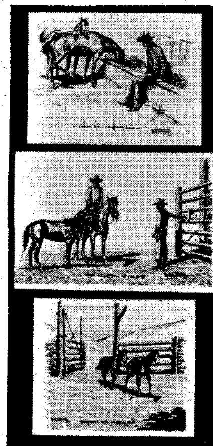

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SEE PAGE 81

locoed than the horses he aims to peddle to the farmers."

"Luke, lay your cash on the barrelhead or keep your trap shut."

"What odds, Samuel?" Luke chuckled.

"Even Steven, Lucas boy."

"How much?" Luke asked.

"The five hundred bucks I staked them to," Sam answered.

"You got yourself a deal." Luke chuckled the meaningless, annoying laugh he used in a high stake game of cut-throat poker, a disconcerting cackle that had raked in many a jackpot and carried a barbed sting.

"Mebbyso you're onto something about that bunch of horses I don't know about, Luke," said Sam.

"No," Luke cackled. "It ain't the horses I had in mind, it's the men. Take that loud-mouthed Pete; and if Talbert gets a few drinks under his belt he'll get into trouble; as for Ward, he'll get tangled up with some cornfed farmer's daughter, and the whole works will blow up like a charge of dynamite."

PETE had selected some small towns north of the Great Northern Railroad and south of the Canadian border. "Just in case we get into any kind of trouble with the farmers," Pete explained to Talbert and Ward, "we can hightail it for the Canadian line."

Most of these small towns were built around a big colony of fairly well-to-do farmers. As Pete described them, "First thing they do is build a church, then a mercantile store, a bank and a big granary, but nary a saloon. If a man wants a drink of booze he can locate a bootlegger." But Pete finally persuaded his partners it would be a good idea to stay cold sober. Sam Deniff had made it plain when they left his place: "You fellers get into any kind of trouble with the law, I never heard tell of you. When you leave here you're on your own!"

And that's how matters stood. For more than three weeks everything went along fairly well. Ward would buck his showy Appaloosa horse down the street ahead of the locoed horses. The bucking contest between the three World Champion bronc riders before the auction took place proved a spectacular event. When local bronc riders attempted to ride the bronco horses they got thrown the first few jumps and according to Pete's stop watch failed to qualify.

In that three weeks' time over sixty of the eighty head of slightly locoed horses had been sold for an average of forty dollars a head. As an auctioneer Pete Walters had done himself proud, and after each auction the three bronc riders and the remainder of the horses promptly took their departure for the next town, traveling until dark with Pete riding ahead to locate some farm with a good pasture.

As a rule there was no means of communication between these small isolated farm towns. No telephone or telegraph lines, no local newspapers. The rural mail was delivered by a man on horseback and the freight came by jerkline freight teams. But in spite of the lack of communication, news of the boys had spread far and wide by word of mouth. Exciting and conflicting tales were told of the bronc riding contests by the local riders who had tried in vain to win the cash prize money offered. One had broken an arm, another a leg, one was hospitalized with a fractured skull, and one had an injured back. In several towns there had been arguments which had ended in free for all fights. Versions of those incidents were way out of proportion to the actual truth.

Then there were countless rumors concerning accidents which had resulted when farmers along the way had tried to break the range horses. Harnessed and hooked to a breaking cart they had sulled, then suddenly exploded like a powder keg, stampeding, bucking, rearing over backwards and wrecking the cart. Even when hooked up in double harness to a gentle work horse pulling a wagon, the fighting bronc would straddle the wagon tongue or rear up and fall against the gentle horse with sufficient force to knock it down. Halter breaking the range broncs was well nigh impossible. The horses sulled, balked, or lay down limp-legged. When led on a long gyp line, with another farmer at the horse's rump with a buggy whip, the bronc would trot around snorting, his forefeet stepping high like he was walking on eggs. Others would jump over a dry willow stick on the ground as if it were a three-foot-high wall. Some would fight the halter rope, rearing and striking the farmer on foot, or if he walked too close behind the horse would lash out at him with both hind feet. In almost every town some homesteader had broken bones and smashed ribs, and ended up by selling the locoed horse dirt cheap.

Most of the towns decreed that the Sabbath be held sacred—no work, no amusement of any kind allowed. If the three bronc riders reached some granger town on a Sunday they rented a fenced-in hay pasture and lazed around all day. If there was a bootlegger in the vicinity Lorn Talbert managed to locate him, while Ward managed to take his pick of the local girls.

IT WAS almost a month to the day of their departure from Sam Deniff's place when they made camp on the banks of a flowing creek where the grass was belly-high to the horses. Only seven locoed horses remained and these were the culls of the bunch.

In the pouches of his money belt Pete Walters had the thousand dollars earmarked for Sam Deniff's cut of the sales. It had long been Pete's habit when they camped for the night to divide each man's cut of the day's sales. Now on the windup of the long wide circle of the numerous nester towns on the itinerary they were homeward bound, each with a thick roll of folding money stowed in his pocket.

After supper as they sat around the campfire smoking, with their three night horses grazing at the end of long picket ropes and their tarp-covered beds unrolled, Pete consulted the now frayed map.

"Next stop is the town of Cut Bank,"

said Pete. "It's about fifty miles from the Canadian line."

"How far from Malta?" Talbert asked.

"I'd figure about 300 miles as the crow flies," Pete answered.

"We got company comin'," Monte Ward cut in.

It was bright moonlight. The three men watched the approach of a horsebacker, their hands near the six-shooters tucked into the waistbands of their Levi's. The rider on the bald-faced, stocking-legged bay gelding had all the earmarks of a cowpuncher. He had a drooping black mustache, a weatherbeaten face, and around his lean flanks was a sagging cartridge belt and a holstered six-shooter. On the right hand side of his saddle was a Winchester .30-30. As the man rode closer the nickel-plated law badge pinned to his vest was plain to see.

"I've been cold trailin' you fellers for about two weeks," the man said with a hint of humor in his voice. "I got three bench warrants in my pocket for Pete Walters, Lorn Talbert and Monte Ward."

"What's the charges against us, Sheriff?" Pete asked.

"It's a long story with a lot of angles," the lawman replied. "If I can spend the night at your camp we can talk it over before I serve the bench warrants."

"Step down," Pete invited. "Hobble your horse or stake him out on a picket rope, and I'll do my best to talk you outa the notion of serving them warrants."

"I'm no sheriff," the law officer explained as he dismounted and commenced unsaddling. "I'm only a deputy stock inspector, name of Lon Crutchfield."

When Crutchfield had attended to hobbling his horse he helped himself to a cup of hot coffee and hunkered down by the fire, the three men eyeing him in uneasy silence. It was up to the lawman to open the jackpot.

"About two weeks ago," Crutchfield began, "I got a special assignment from the North Dakota Livestock Association to cold trail you fellers, see what you were up to, on account of some complaints from the wheat farmers coming into headquarters about not being able to break the range horses they bought from you, and about the local bronc riders biting the dust with busted bones. Not to mention Mr. Ward's playing fast and loose with some young girls' affections. And now I'll have to ask you to show me a bill of sale for every unbroken range horse you sold to those farmers." The easy grin was no longer seen on the stock inspector's face and his eyes were like winter ice.

Pete Walters got to his feet, walked over to his bed, dug down in his warsack and came back with a heavy brown manila envelope in his hand, which he handed over.

Silence fell over the group while they watched Crutchfield examine the papers and hand the envelope back to Pete.

"This deputy stock inspector's badge," Crutchfield spoke in his habitual drawl, "means what it says. Nothing more, I'm hired by the North Dakota Livestock Association, and my orders were that if you

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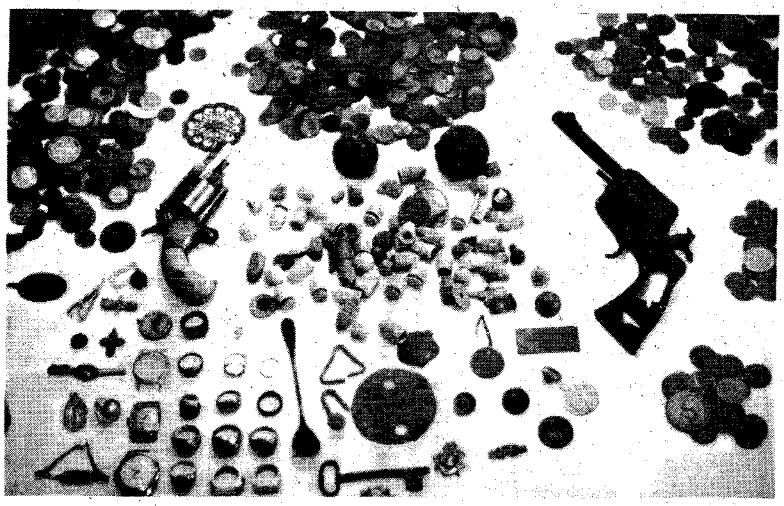

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fellers couldn't produce a clean bill of sale for those range broncs you've been peddlin', I was to serve the warrants, place you under arrest and haul you off to jail." Crutchfield tossed the three bench warrants into the fire and the three horse-traders exchanged puzzled glances and asked, "How's about the other charges?"

"As I told you fellers," the stock inspector said, "all those complaints about crippled farmers and outraged daughters are not under my jurisdiction."

The deputy stock inspector waited until the relieved laughter died down, then said, "But I'll tip you fellers off to something. If I were in your boots I'd quit right now while you're still ahead of the game. Turn the remnants of those locoed broncs loose and head for the Canadian border, because you three fellers started a prairie fire about a month ago and it's done caught up with you. Don't crowd your luck. Come morning I'm headed for home. I've done my job and I'm drifting yonderly."

IT WAS about the middle of July, a week or so after the Calgary Stampede in Alberta, when Pete Walters and Lorn Talbert rode into Malta, Montana, timing their arrival after dark. After leaving their horses at the livery barn they headed uptown.

Sam Deniff was banking a poker game in the back room of Long Henry's Saloon. It was sheep-shearing time and four high rolling wool buyers from Boston, all seasoned poker players, were giving Sam a hard time. But Long Henry Plott, owner of the finest equipped saloon in Malta, was making money. The wool buyers had fat expense accounts and were buying champagne and Scotch whisky. They were all shrewd poker players and knew how to handle their liquor, and every jackpot held a few hundred dollars in blue chips.

Sam, in shirt sleeves in the dealer's slot, was beginning to sweat. He was waiting for his brother Luke to show up to even the odds against him and he kept watching the closed door to the card room that was thick with cigar smoke. So when the door finally opened and Pete Walters came in there was an annoyed scowl on Sam's face because no one was allowed in the card room but the gamblers.

"Simmer down, Sam," Pete said with a grin, "Don't blow your cork. Here's the thousand dollars I owe you." Pete tossed the money belt on the table in front of Deniff and backed out the door.

Pete lined up at the bar, hooking one boot over the brass rail. Long Henry filled two shot glasses and invited Pete to drink up, that it was on the house. He told Pete that a month or so ago Sam Deniff had showed him an article clipped from some North Dakota newspaper about how some law officer was hot on Pete's trail with bench warrants for him, Lorn Talbert and Monte Ward, and so everyone in Malta had come to the conclusion they were all locked up in some jail.

"Sam Deniff had a five hundred dollar bet with his brother Luke," Long Henry told Pete, "that you fellers wouldn't get into trouble with the law. Luke claimed he'd won the bet but Sam refused to pay just on the strength of the newspaper article. He said he'd wait for positive proof. Did that law officer with the bench warrants ever catch up with you boys?" Long Henry asked.

"He shore did," Pete brayed his belly laugh. "But the lawman was only a stock inspector and had no authority to arrest us when I produced bills of sale for every horse we'd sold. He advised us to ride for the Canadian border before the farmers found out from some vet that they'd been sold locoed horses. We turned loose what few we had left and sold our five bucking horses to the Calgary Stampede, where we entered the bucking contests and won some money. Ward left to throw in with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. Me'n Talbert headed on home."

Long Henry poured more drinks and asked Pete what he and Talbert would do now.

"We got ourselves a nest egg and could roundside for a spell but both of us are headed for the Circle C ranch to go to work breaking broncs."

"Luke Deniff just showed up," said Long Henry. "I got a strong hunch Sam's about to tap Luke for five hundred smackers, and when that poker game breaks up at daylight it's a cinch bet the Deniff boys will have taken those high rolling Boston wool buyers to the cleaners."

Protection Island's Lonely Lady

(Continued from page 43)

was called Kelley, one was killed later in a hijacking job, and the other eventually received a life sentence in prison.

AFTER EIGHT long years on Protection Island, the decision was made to leave. Virgie had well matched the island's quality of strength and fortitude. In September 1928 the family was to move to a farm on the Stillaquamish River. But, as had happened so often through the years, when time came to move, Earl was not to be found. It was no small job. Five horses, fifteen head of cattle, many, many turkeys and household belongings had to be barged from the island. And it was up to Virgie and the children to do it. A banker in Sequim is known to have said, "If it wasn't for that woman and those children that island would have sunk."

Virgie was often urged to write of her life on Protection Island and her answer was always the same, "Living it was bad enough." The closest Virgie ever came to putting her feelings about the island down on paper was in the form of a poem which she composed while living there. Her daughter Doris came across it in later years. It went like this:

Protection Island
The Gods who dwell on Olympian
Peaks
Midst the fog and eternal snows
All lend an ear when Pandora speaks
Just why no human knows

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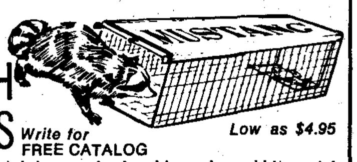

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One day she said in scornful mood
See that spot, that mound of sand;
There humans dwell, don't think me rude.
They've named that spot, deluded man,
They named it and called it Protection.
Just one of my tricks, she cried with glee,
Just one is all I need
To make them quake and their courage flee.
And the others cried, Indeed?
Then bring it forth, we need some sport
For Olympian grandeur palls.
Tis fear, she cried, fear of the storm
And for humans all, from fear
Of storm have no protection.
She called Neptune to come along
And join the mighty fray
And bring his steeds so big and strong
To blow a right of way,
To blaze a trail for the wild west wind
And the moan of the ocean's roar
And the fog like death kept closing in
And a dirge was the waves' encore.
Now where, she cried, is protection?
The storm raged, raged wild the long night thru,
O'er that spot, that mound of sand
And the humans feared, alas, tis true
For such is the nature of man.
They feared for their brothers on the deep
Near the reefs on the rocky shore
Who sought and prayed their course to keep
Sought and prayed for protection.

After Earl finally left her to fend completely for herself Virgie made the best of it. She loved people, so she moved to Seattle. She never wearied of just watching the crowds.

When Virgie was confronted with the fact she was dying of cancer, she accepted it as she had everything else in her life. Then she went home to "clean house" and to take care of all necessary details. A little Negro nurse said it best, when she was taking care of Virgie in the hospital. She said, "You're quality, Mrs. Prim, you're quality."

Neighbor to the Daltons

(Continued from page 31)

headquarters in the Indian Territory and just rode into Kansas to visit their sisters and mother. They all knew that there were three different trails which the boys traveled to reach there. No one would tell the Federal marshals; no one wanted trouble with the boys. Besides the Daltons never bothered the country people; they just robbed banks. So why ask for trouble—fatal trouble?

Much later I knew that Pa and brother Herman, who was the age of Emmett Dalton, often had seen them riding the hidden trails. The boys always spoke respectfully, knowing Pa was real religious and a Sunday School teacher and all.

Herman knew also that the Daltons had some good friends right down on the Territory line by the name of Jones with whom they often spent the night or perhaps a day or two. There was plenty of others, too, around the country who welcomed the Dalton boys for overnight, and

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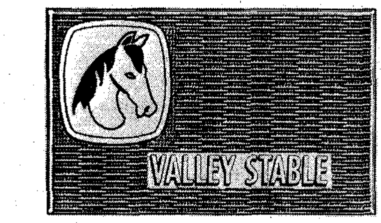

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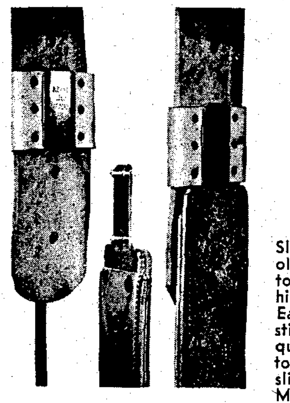

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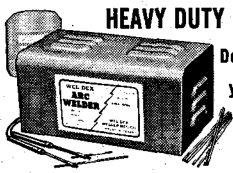

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kept their mouths shut about it to the lawmen.

These friends of the Daltons were in no wise outlaws; they were just plain hard-working folks like my Pa who had known the Dalton boys long before they got into trouble with the law. These people remembered when the Dalton boys were "friendly as spotted pups," as Pa put it. They'd go out of their way anytime to help a neighbor. They'd go out of their way to keep from killing a man, too, as in the story told by my lifelong friend Jack Long at the time of the robbery.

Jack lived close neighbor to me until he passed on about ten years ago and told me many times about the account he gave the Coffeyville *Journal* the day after the robbery and killings. Here's the way he told it.

"It was a beautiful morning, October 5, 1892, and Jim Boothby and I were going up town from the Santa Fe depot. We had just got in front of McLeese and Lewark's livery barn when Jesse Morgan came around the corner of Eighth and Union shaking his umbrella and shouting, 'They're robbing the banks!'

"Boothby and I walked on to the First National bank, where I leaned against a railing in front of the plate glass window and looked across the street at the Condon bank. Boothby peeked in the First National bank door. Emmett Dalton saw him and hollered, 'Get in here, you s-o-b!'

"In a moment, Emmett Dalton punched his gun against the window and said, 'Get away from here, son, before you get hurt.' I stooped down, looked under the curtain and saw four men inside: J. B. Brewster, Abe Knotts, Jim Boothby, and another man I didn't know, standing with their hands in the air.

"I took Dalton at his word and stepped over in front of Rammel Brothers drug store. George Cubine came up and stood beside me, holding a short Winchester, and about that time the Daltons started out of the bank. George shot and they turned around and went out the back door of the bank. I walked to the back of the drug store and stood on a platform to watch them. They saw me but didn't shoot because I had no gun.

"They went on to the alley, where Lucius Baldwin was standing by the corner of a barn with a pistol in his hand. I heard Bob Dalton say two or three times, 'Boy, throw that gun down—I don't want to hurt you.' But Baldwin stood there like he was froze, and Bob shot him.

"The Daltons rode north then to Eighth Street, and I ran back through the drug store. Cubine was still in front with his short rifle. I told him, 'George, they're coming this way.' Just then a shot rang out, and Bob Dalton hit a shotgun in the hands of Charles Gump. Gump ran in the Isham hardware store.

"By that time, the Daltons had reached Union Street. Cubine was standing on my left with the rifle when Bob shot him. He fell on the sidewalk in front of me. Just after he fell, Charles J. Brown, an old shoemaker, ran up and picked up Cubine's gun. He no more than straightened up when Bob shot him. He fell across Cubine. This seemed like a hot spot, so I stepped back in the drug store. Bob's rifle cracked again but the bullet hit the door behind me. The bullet hole is still in the door.

"Thomas G. Ayers, cashier of the First National bank, came running into Isham's store to get a gun. He came to the north door of the store and was looking through a horse collar that was hanging there for a sign. Bob saw his face peering through the collar and shot him through the jaw.

"I could see the Condon bank, and everybody was shooting at it. While the shooting was going on, Jack Broadwell, one of the Dalton gang, came out of the bank. He walked back and forth in front for a while, looking in all directions. Broadwell was sure a wild looking human, and I heard he was just as wild as he looked.

"After things quieted down a little, I went across the street where I met Frank Skinner and Pat Boswell. We were the first men on the street. We stumbled over a sack, which Pat kicked and said, 'They even brought their horse feed with them.'

"Then along came H. W. Read, president of the bank, to pick up the sack of what Pat, Frank and I thought was feed. The sack contained $90,000. Read picked it up and took it back to the bank. By this time, the alley had filled with excited people. I went back to the drug store.

"I knew Bob and Emmett. After Emmett got out of jail, I met him in Bartlesville on the day he was married. I asked him why Bob shot at me, and he said Bob thought I picked up the gun and stepped in the store.

"'He could have killed you just as easy, you know,' he said. I did know. He was the best shot I ever saw."

DID YOU KNOW I once rode with the Daltons? On the day it happened I was just seven or eight years old. I was walking down the dusty, hot road to old Robbins school when a group of horsemen came riding up behind me. There were three of them; all strangers to me. I sidled over to the side of the road to let them by, and one of them, a good-looking big man with the whitest teeth I ever saw, leaned over in the saddle and catching me by my overall galluses boosted me up front of him, saying as he did so, "I'll give you a lift to school, little feller. Used to walk this long old road myself."

I was tickled pink and looked around me like kids will. I noticed how bright and shiny clean and oiled the man's saddle was; his bridle and everything were old looking but soft as silk from much rubbing with saddle soap. There were no fancy fixings on the horse, the saddle or the man. The whole outfit was like a well oiled machine. The big bay horse had been brushed until his coat was like satin. The saddle gun in its leather sheath smelled of saddle soap and gunpowder. I looked across to the other two men and saw the same immaculate, well used look of all their rigging. Then I saw the guns!

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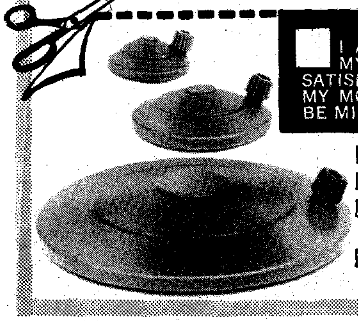

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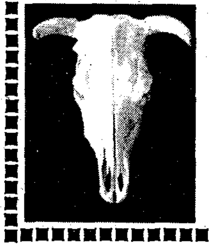

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gun on my back where I leaned against the man who was carrying me. Kid-like I had to say something about all the guns. "Gee whiz, mister, I bet you got as many guns as the Dalton gang. I bet you must be the Dalton gang to have that many guns."

The big man laughed a little and chucked me in the ribs.

"No, sonny," he answered, "we're not the Dalton gang. We're the big brave lawmen hunting the Dalton gang. We think we're gonna catch up with them any time now. Have you seen 'em, son?"

"No sir-eee, but I wouldn't tell if I had cause Pa says for us to keep our mouths shut about the Dalton gang or anybody else. We just tend to our own business and let the other fellow to his'n."

"That's a good thing to do," the big man answered.

I asked all kinds of boy stuff like did the lawmen ever kill any outlaws?—stuff like that—and the men all three joked me and seemed to be enjoying our conversation. When we got to school the teacher, Herman Ramack, was not there yet as he had quite a way to walk just like us kids, but several of my schoolmates were standing around waiting for the teacher to come and unlock the door. Among those in the school yard was a big old boy about fifteen named George Yokeum.

Instead of setting me off his horse at the school yard the big man rode right up to the very door of the school and set me off on the steps. Then with a wave of the hand, the three rode away. There was wide-eyed silence all around me. I was swelling with pride and boiling over with eagerness to brag to the other kids that U. S. marshals had brought me to school! Lawmen who were on the trail after the Dalton gang! But before I could open my mouth, George Yokeum sort of gasped, "That was the Dalton gang!"

I was so scared that I had ridden with outlaws that I couldn't even study my lessons that day. That was a great disappointment to a little boy. I carried more black eyes and torn overalls and shirts about being one of the Dalton gang than all my other school troubles put together. They never did let me forget that I rode with the Daltons!

A House Divided

(Continued from page 39)

Dawson and McIntosh, to adjoin Rancho Canada de la Jonive. The Estero gave both tracts access to the sea, by-passing the bay which was held by the Russians, and the two *ranchos*, if held, would form an effective barrier to Russian expansion. Rancho Estero Americano was the name given to the holdings of Dawson and McIntosh.

The partners set out with energy and skill in building as fine a spread as could be found in all of California. They cut saplings for the frame of their new home. With the studding erected and solidly braced into place, they fastened other poles across the roof for rafters. Then finding some redwood logs which had been down long enough to be dry and ready to split, they formed the boards for the siding of their home. For the roof, they split shakes in the same way. The floor was also made of split planks. When they had finished, they stood back and admired their handiwork. The house was rough and rustic in appearance, but it was solid and comfortable.

The partners built a corral and bought a start toward the herd of cattle which would one day roam the *rancho*. They bought a few sheep and some pigs. They built a little lean-to for a few hens.

The unexpected surprise was that they found they could live in peace and harmony with their neighbors. In truth, the Russians respected the Americans, rough and hardy men like themselves.

For five years Dawson, McIntosh and Black labored, building up their *ranchos*. Their being there had already taken on the appearance of permanence when the time came to go to Monterey and file final papers on the grants. This would give them clear, free title to the land.

It was a long way to Monterey. The trip would take time and there was much work to be done. Then, too, if all went together there would be no one to keep an eye on the property. All their possessions would be left open to pilfering. Black, of course, had to go. But why should both Dawson and McIntosh have to go? Couldn't one go and fill out the papers for both? That way, the other could watch over both *ranchos* and at the same time get some of the needed work done. The three shipmates, turned ranchers, discussed the problem at length, often well into the night. Finally it was decided that Black and McIntosh would make the trip to Monterey, while Dawson stayed home as caretaker.

SOON AFTERWARD, the two men set out for Monterey. Perhaps McIntosh had planned the next move all along, or perhaps the thought came to him during the trip. But it seemed a golden opportunity, too good to miss. When they reached Monterey, Black filed his deed on the Rancho Canada de la Jonive and McIntosh filed on the Rancho Estero Americano. But Dawson's name appeared nowhere on the papers. McIntosh returned to the Rancho Estero Americano as the sole owner.

Dawson did not find out for some time that he no longer had a legal right or any interest in the *rancho*. The land on which he had lavished so many years of sweat and toil belonged to McIntosh. How he made the discovery in not known. Perhaps he found and read the deed. Perhaps he found out through a letter from Monterey regarding some legal matter connected with the *rancho*. Certainly he had no reason to suspect underhanded work on the part of his old friend. But find out he did.

Dawson must have stared at the paper in disbelief, scarcely able to credit the evidence before his eyes. But as the realization slowly dawned upon him that he had been done out of that which was rightfully his, his anger mounted. By the time he found McIntosh and confronted him with the proof, he was boiling with fury. McIntosh readily admitted the deed, and Dawson swung at him, knocking him to the ground. Before McIntosh could regain his feet, Dawson pounced on him. They rolled in the dust, slugging, gouging, kicking and biting. Dawson used every trick he had ever learned in many a waterfront brawl. His only thought was to maim or cripple or even to kill the man who had done him this grievous wrong. But McIntosh knew all the tricks of the waterfronts too. When finally the combatants separated, exhausted and spent, neither was a decisive victor. Dawson's wild fury had spent itself, leaving a deep burning anger, an anger which would smolder for years.

McIntosh pointed out with unassailable logic that what was done, was done—the *rancho* legally belonged to McIntosh and there was nothing Dawson could do about it. His "partner" had no answer.

Dawson, however, wasn't about to give up in total defeat. The deed covered the land, not what was on it. If McIntosh was so all-fired greedy, he could keep the land; there was nothing Dawson could do about that. But, by thunder, he wasn't going to keep all the cattle, too. The deed didn't cover them.

So it was that they finally agreed to split everything fifty-fifty, right down the middle. Dawson still wanted to be fair with McIntosh, even though McIntosh hadn't been fair with him. Everything on the land would be divided even, with the land itself going to McIntosh. Perhaps the latter didn't realize just how far this bargain would go, but a bargain is a bargain!

WITH THE HELP of neighbors Dawson rounded up his share of the cattle and drove them off the Rancho Estero Americano to a tract of vacant land adjoining. There he built a pole corral to hold them. The cattle were divided evenly, each man received so many cows, so many bulls, and so many calves. They divided the sheep and the pigs fifty-fifty. When it came to dividing the chickens, they found they had one hen left over. They promptly killed the hen and ate it, dividing that too.

Dawson moved all his possessions to the vacant tract, but there was one more thing that rankled—the beautiful house that he had worked so hard to build. He just wasn't going to leave that for McIntosh to enjoy! Hauling his long crosscut saw out of the wagon, Dawson climbed up on the roof, ignoring McIntosh's protest when he saw what Dawson was about to do.

A bargain is a bargain, everything on the land, fifty-fifty! The house was on the land! Dawson carefully measured off the exact center of the roof and marked it. Laying his saw along the line at the peak of the roof, he started cutting. The long teeth of the cross-cut saw bit into the redwood roof. By this time, a little knot of spectators had gathered on the slope above the house to watch the fun. Word had gotten around.

With a few strokes, the saw bit cleanly through the roof. Then it chewed its way down one side. When Dawson reached the eaves, he pulled the saw out and started on the other side. That done, he

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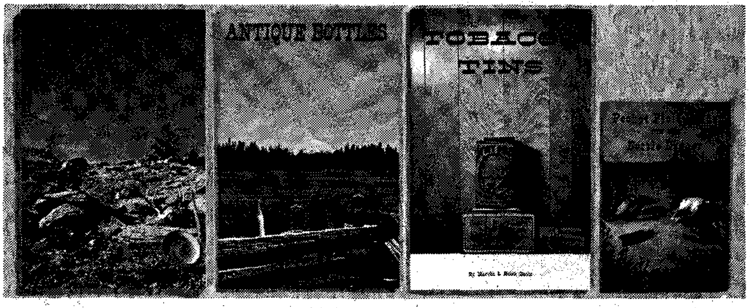

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cut down through the walls, one at a time. It was hot work at best, but now, goaded on by anger, sweat rolled down Dawson's face as he furiously applied his saw. Lastly, he cut through the floor and the house was separated, fifty-fifty. McIntosh stood by, silent and helpless, while the spectators enjoyed the show.

With the help of some of the onlookers which he hired on the spot, Dawson pried up one side of the severed portion and slid a runner under it. They pried up the other side and slid a runner under that too. With the runners secured to form a crude sled and with the open end of the house well braced, Dawson's half was ready to go.

Extra teams were hitched to the sled. For a while there was confusion, much to the delight of the spectators, but at last the horses started pulling together. With the teams straining, the house gave a lurch on its way up the valley toward its new site. The crowd followed along. Betting ran high as to whether or not the house would ever make it, weakened as it was. Most of the folks believed it would never stand the trip, and some of the bets were made as to just where the house would collapse.

At one point it seemed that all wagers were about to be settled. One of the runners hung up on a rock at the edge of a dry wash. When it was wrenched free, the house swung around and nosed into the wash with a jar which elicited creaks and groans of protest from its timbers.

But Dawson and McIntosh had built well, and finally the house slid across the property line. The move was completed with the house badly shaken but still hanging together. For his home Dawson chose a spot on a bend of Salmon Creek near where the little town of Freestone now stands.

The spectators gradually disappeared, leaving Dawson alone to board up the gaping wound and make the half-structure livable again. As soon as this was accomplished and his stock had been secured against theft and predators, Dawson hastened to Monterey to apply for a grant to the land, and the *rancho* was named Rancho Canada de la Pocolimi for an Indian village on the tract.

It was not long after this that Dawson married the lovely Donna Maria Antonia Cazares, fourteen-year-old daughter of a dragoon officer in the Mexican army.

To Dawson must go the credit for the first sawmill in Sonoma County, California (if we can call it a sawmill). Digging a pit in the ground near his ranch house, he would roll a log over it. Standing on the log, he would rip it in two length-wise with his saw. When he had made the first cut the entire length of the log, Dawson would start over again, cutting a thin slice which in turn was ripped into boards. In this laborious fashion he sawed enough lumber to build a house and hauled it by wagon across the mountains to Sonoma, where he sold it to General Vallejo. The lumber was used in the construction of the general's new home there.

James Dawson died at his *rancho* in October 1843, leaving the fertile Rancho Canada de la Pocolimi to his wife. Whether he ever forgave the betrayal by his friend, we do not know.

Cherokee Kid from Oologah

(Continued from page 15)

used ranch horses—cutting horses which were trained to be "quick as a flash, and to turn on a dime."

Will would play on either side. When he played with the army team he would come on the field in immaculate whites, but when he played with the ranchers he usually turned up in a pair of jeans with a battered hat pulled low over his eyes. Then men went out for practice in the early evening, wearing whatever they happened to have on, and as many players as showed up would get into the game. Sometimes they would wind up chasing coyotes with their horses and mallets.

The little depot at Oologah was still a favorite meeting place for the young men who rode in from nearby ranches and it was there that Will Rogers first met young Gene Autry and heard him sing. In fact, the little railroad depot became the starting place for two young Westerners on their roads to riches: Rogers with his lariat, and Autry with his guitar.

Will hit the big time when he took his act to Broadway. While there he became acquainted with some of the most beautiful girls in the United States, but he was not impressed. Some of the most charming singing stars of Broadway did not find him hanging on the ropes back stage; instead he would be back in his dressing room with the door closed, dreaming about a Betty Blake.

He went to Arkansas in 1908, married her, and brought her back to the Big Town with him, where he was making top money as a character actor. He joined the Friars Club and knew all of the important men connected with the theater, but Will Rogers did not try to impress any of them.

He was acquainted with Pawnee Bill, Buffalo Bill, and Lucille Mulhall, that gentle, pretty girl who was not afraid to ride anything that wore horseshoes and who carried the fine white leather quirt given to her by President Theodore Roosevelt when she rode in his inaugural parade. Will knew Geronimo and the Miller Brothers. And he knew many important and wealthy people not connected with the theatre, among them Mrs. Charles Thatcher who had relatives in Oklahoma, and who invited Will to meet the young Prince of Wales when the latter was her guest.

WILL did not go to Hollywood asking for a job. Hollywood came to him with an offer too good to turn down. His pictures became top box office attractions; he wrote a column which was carried by most of the newspapers across the United States; he lectured; he put on many shows for charity; he rode and practiced polo for exercise—all the time keeping a father's eye on his growing youngsters.

Will still liked to travel and when he had time would go where his fancy took him. Betty went along when she could. She was the only critic he had for the daily column which he put out regardless of where he was. The day's news was grist for his mill. He wrote with a flat-footed truthfulness which might embarrass some person but was never cruel. Will could deflate a pompous politician so completely with one syllable that a hundred press agents could not blow him up again.

His teasing humor and jokes were spontaneous, and his friends were used to them. Once when he was looking at a life-size painting of John Ringling while in the beautiful home of his host, Will studied the picture for a while and then asked, "John, how come you got your hand in your own pocket?"

Will Rogers took off on his last journey with Wiley Post, another Oklahoman and one of the best fliers of his day. They were in a small plane called the Arctic Sky Cruiser when it crashed in shallow water about twelve miles from Point Barrow, Alaska, August 15, 1935.

Grief swept across the country with his passing. His column was missed in the daily papers, and though other writers tried to take his place, none could fill his boots. A few people said, "Oh, he won't be remembered long. He never wrote anything important, just things that happened from day to day. His humor will go out of style. He will soon be forgotten."

Things did not work out that way. Will Rogers' fame is secure. A tall stone monument marks the place on the side of a mountain in Colorado where he used to go in the early morning to watch the sun rise. A beautiful museum houses his mementoes and is visited by thousands each year. Hotels, lodges, parks, postage stamps, and great highways have been named in his honor. His movies are being rerun on television, and occasionally a young actor tries to imitate him with a stage act.

The old ranch where Will was born is now a thing of the past. The house had to be moved to make way for a lake which covers the valley where he used to ride. The little depot at Oologah is just like it used to be, however, and to many of us is the best memorial of all.

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Boston Charlie's Last Stand

(Continued from page 47)

"Why, what's the matter, Joe?" asked Charlie. "You're white as a ghost!"

Hull was already getting down from the stage. "Something tells me not to go, not to go," he quavered.

Charlie smiled. "It's all right, Joe." he called back as he drove away.

THE ROAD LED through the foothills and seas of blue-tassled grama grass; then it crossed the fertile Mangus Valley, and skirted the Burro Mountains to Burro Springs and the stagecoach station where Charlie would spend the night.

The station was run by Jim Yeamens and his family—his wife and two teenage children, Caesar and Martha. Yeamens said he had seen no Indians so far, but had heard that there were some "on up ahead" toward Globe.

Charlie was the first one up next morning. Yeamens found him in the barn grooming Molly by lantern light. "This mule has to be in good shape." he remarked. "May have to depend on her for my life. If I can just make it to Richmond Flats, *no Injun pony can catch* me."

After breakfast, the mules were harnessed and hitched to the stage. Charlie then carefully tested the outfit to see that everything about it was sound—lines, traces, doubletree, singletrees. After this, he stepped back to the stage and tied back the curtains.

"If I do run into the Apaches," he explained to Yeamens, "I don't want any dead weight behind the mules—with the curtains up, the wind can go clean through the stage." And added, "This team knows the way as well as I do. They can do with very little driving if I have to use my rifle."

Moments later, Charlie was waving goodbye to the Yeamens. Then, as the stage thundered over a hillock that would hide him from their view, he waved to them again.

Caesar, meanwhile had gone deer hunting—to a lick seven miles from the station, where deer frequently came in the early morning. The lick was in the direction of the stage road to Globe, but was separated from it by a ridge of pine-covered hills. He dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and sat down to await the coming of the deer. But none appeared. The sun was high; it was too late for them.

He was about to leave the place when he heard gunshots from the other side of the ridge. "Indians!" he cried. "They're after Charlie!"

He untied his horse, sprang into the saddle and scrambled up the side of the hill. From the top, and hidden by trees, he scanned the road below. And there, half a mile away, he saw several Indians, riding up and down a sand draw that skirted the road, shooting and yelling. The stage was overturned against a bank; the mules were not in sight. Charlie was standing, shooting at the Indians.

Caesar, though he longed to help Charlie, knew that he was too far away for his shots to reach the scene. Suddenly he remembered his parents and Martha. The Indians might go to the station! Frantic with apprehension that he might not get to them in time, the boy headed his horse toward home, riding as fast as the rough terrain would permit. He did not dare use the road, as the Indians might see him and follow.

THE COAST WAS CLEAR when he finally reached the station. When Yeamens heard the news he hitched up a buckboard—fortunately his horses were still in the corral—and piled his family into it for a race to Silver City. For himself, he chose to remain at home, and if the Indians came, fight it out with them.

That night after Mrs. Yeamens and her children reached Silver City with their terrible story, Sheriff Harvey Whitehill made up a posse of twenty men and set out for the scene of the tragedy. He was at the station by dawn. The Indians, unpredictable as ever, had not been seen by Yeamens. Joined by him, the posse hurried on to the spot designated by Caesar.

The first thing in sight was the overturned stage, with three of the mules dead in the harness. Molly was gone; her lines and traces had been cut. At first there was no sign of Charlie, and hopes were high that he had ridden the mule to safety. But these hopes were short-lived, for he was soon found—hidden from immediate view by a clump of junipers. Charlie was in a sitting position, his back against the trunk of a tree. There was a trail of empty rifle shells beside his footprints—sixteen in all.

"He had stepped backwards, shooting as he moved," said the sheriff. "He was trying to reach this tree for protection, but they got him first. He died game, I'll say that!"

As for the Apaches, Charlie had killed or wounded some of them. This was indicated by bloodstains on the white sand near the road. His Winchester and six-shooter were missing, taken by the Indians, of course.

This story ends with Molly. She was found at the next station, seventeen miles away. There was the print of a bloody hand on her back. The guess was that when first wounded, Charlie had cut her loose and tried to mount her but she had broken away from him.

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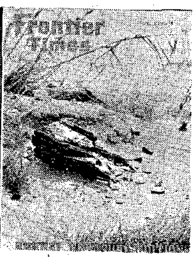
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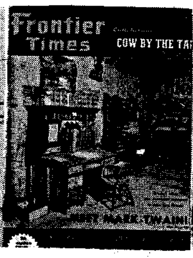
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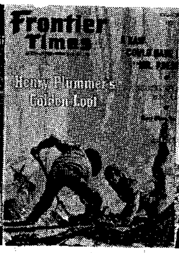
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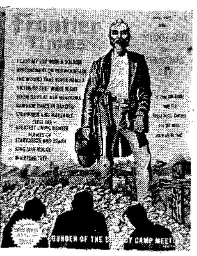
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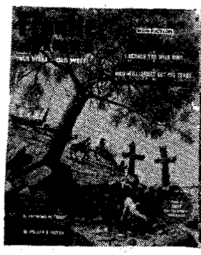
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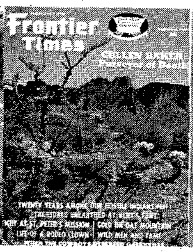
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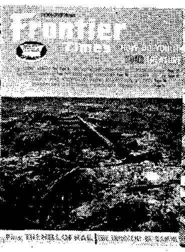
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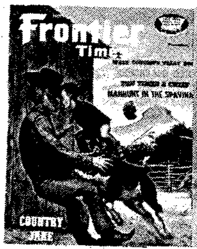
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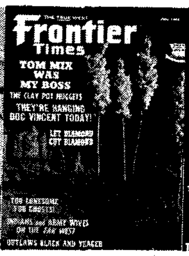
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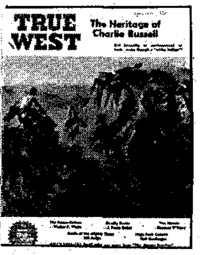
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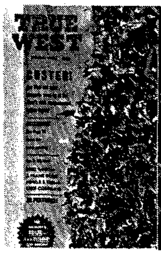
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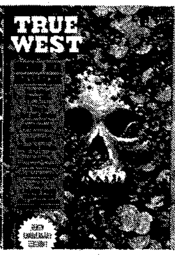
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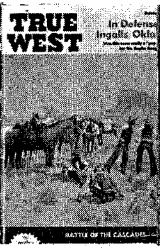
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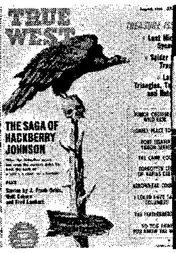
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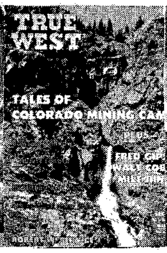
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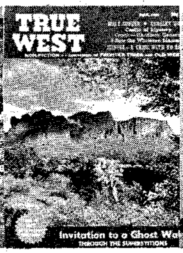
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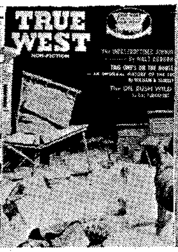
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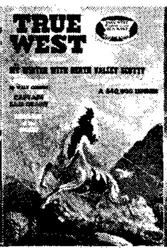
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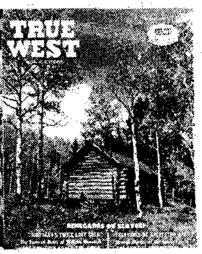
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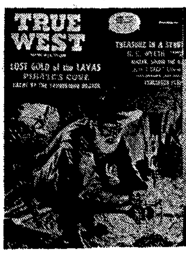
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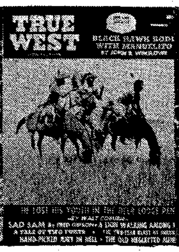
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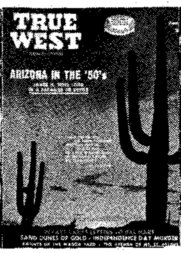
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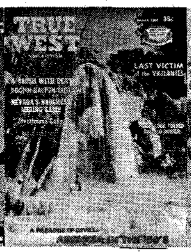
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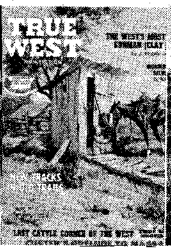
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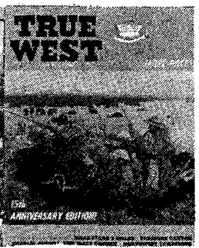
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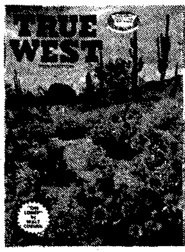
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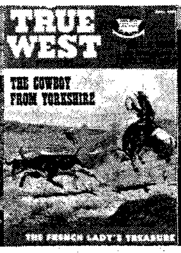
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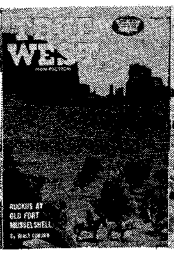
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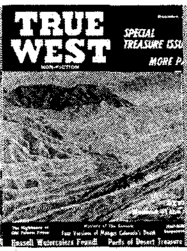
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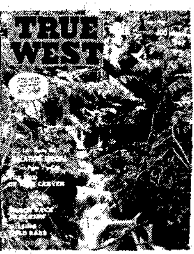
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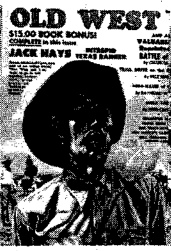
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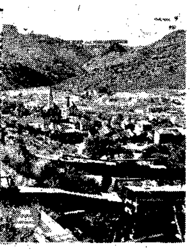
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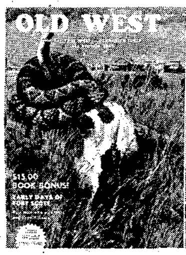
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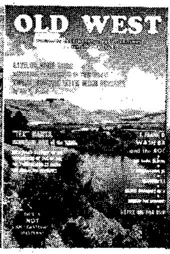
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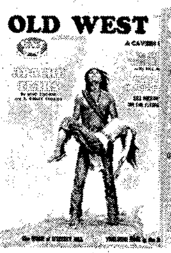
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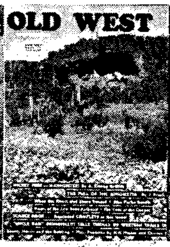
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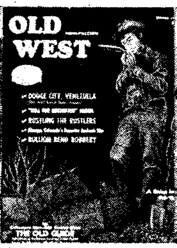
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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

turn address. If she is still alive, she is forty-six or forty-seven. Her sister wants to hear from her and would appreciate any news about her.—Mrs. Earl Van Cleave, 333-1/3 Spruce Drive, Brookings, Oregon 97415

Limmons-Humphreys

I am seeking information on Joseph B. Humphreys who married Martha Limmons of Marshall in 1844. Also information on William Pelham Humphreys of Jefferson County, Texas, who owned land in that county in 1836. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. Dewey F. Liner, Guest House, 3305 So. Memorial Parkway, Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Shelby Quay Irwin

I would like very much to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of Shelby Quay Irwin or any of his family. His father's name was Alvis Irwin, and a brother is named Oren. They may live in or around Tucson, Arizona. They were in Las Vegas, Nevada during the first part of 1942, and I think the last letter I had from them after the war's end, they were in Tucson. Anyone knowing their addresses, please write.—Elvis Crites, Rafter C. Ranch, Route 1, Mansfield, Missouri 65704

Gadberry-Ragstel-Ragstahl

James K. Gadberry married Mary Ragstel or Ragstahl in or near Little Rock, Arkansas. They had 5 children: 2 daughters, Florence and Pearl, son, Arthur and twins, a boy named Lemuel and a girl Lyn or Linnie. Florence's first husband and baby died with typhoid fever. She also had a son named Chester. Later she married a man named Will Collet in Paris, Texas. Her son Chester probably goes by the name of Collet. She also had a baby by Collet.

Arthur had never married, as far as I know. Pearl married Gid or Gib Wood or Woods. The twins were born October 5, 1891 near Little Rock, Arkansas. They weighed less than 2 pounds each, and people came from miles around to see them. Their mother, Mary Gadberry, died when they were about 6 weeks old.

Lemuel died of burns at the age of 4 years. Lyn or Lennie is my mother. They lived in Indian Territory with my mother and her half-brother Claud about 1902. James Gadberry died about a year or so later in Arlington, Washington. Mother lost all trace of her family after that. She is 77 years old now, and would like to hear from anyone knowing about these people. She remembers an Aunt Martha Ragstel who married Sim Bowman and had 2 sons, Roy and Gene; and an Uncle Ben Ragstel; and a cousin Molly, who married Charlie Dean. James Gadberry left home at the age of 13 and went with the medical corps during the Civil War. —Mary Marshall, Rt. 1 Box 5, Beaver, Washington 98305

(Continued on page 77)

Cariboo's Long Trail Home

(Continued from page 38)

day to help him make the long trek to Victoria. Twenty-two stalwarts volunteered, including Stevenson and Doctor Wilkinson.

The coffin was lashed to a toboggan. On top of the coffin was a two-gallon keg of rum, fifty pounds of gold, some blankets and provisions. The going was very tough. The bitter north winds had piled the snow into high drifts, and the temperature dipped to 50 degrees below zero at times. By February 10 the party had made only seventy-two miles and all but six of the party had turned back. The rest pushed on to Beaver Lake where they found that the smallpox rumor was indeed a fact. Only one adult Indian was alive. The rest of his band lay scattered about in the snow in grotesque shapes.

To add to the misery of the remaining funeral party the rum keg had been smashed against a tree in one of the frequent upsets of the toboggan. Now the shock of seeing the dead Indians at Beaver Lake caused four more of the volunteers to return to Williams Creek.

Cameron and his faithful friend Stevenson pressed on. To cover that trail even today in a snowmobile is quite a chore. It must have been purgatory for the intrepid pair of Scots. The toboggan was top heavy and unwieldy and they frequently got lost. The snow was so deep that the trail was hard to follow.

Fortunately, Cameron was able to purchase three horses—one for himself, one for Stevenson, and one to pull the toboggan. As they progressed southward on their 400-mile journey, the going got better, especially after negotiating treacherous Pavilion Mountain.

As they neared Lillooet the snow was all but gone but the toboggan was being rattled to pieces on the gravel tote road. Lillooet in 1863 was reduced from a boom town of 8,000 to a ghost town. All the miners had pressed northward following the gold to Williams Creek. Chinamen, or Celestials as they were called, had taken over the washed-out diggings of the white men.

The ragged pair must have made a dramatic entrance as the toboggan scraped along the broad main street of the town. Many of the loungers in front of the bars were miners who earlier had left their diggings to winter here. Many pressed around for news of their friends remaining at Williams Creek. But Cameron was only half way and he was anxious to get Sophia to Victoria and get back to his bonanza. He didn't tarry.

From Lillooet they rafted across Seton and Anderson Lakes and down the Lillooet Trail to Port Douglas. At Douglas they found that disease had taken a terrible toll of whites as well as Indians. "The air reeked with that sickening stench peculiar to the pox," Stevenson said later.

At Douglas, they caught the steamer *Henrietta* for Westminster, then transferred to the steamer *Enterprise*, reaching Victoria March 7. The weather was mild in sunny Victoria in March so Cameron immediately contacted the local undertaker, Richard Lewis (later to become mayor), to fill the coffin with alcohol. According to Stevenson, it took twenty-five gallons of ninety-five proof alcohol, and Lewis had both men insert their fingers into the hole to make sure it was filled up to the brim. The thoroughness of Lewis was later to cause Cameron a great deal of expense and heartache.

A tinsmith was called to solder the coffin closed and on March 8, 1863, exactly one year after the funeral of little Mary, Sophia Cameron had her second interment. By this time, word of the dramatic trek of the dour Scot had spread and about 800 people attended the funeral.

CAMERON didn't waste any time during his few days in Victoria. He scouted around and bought up from wintering miners choice bits surrounding his claim. He arrived back at his diggings on April 4.

The one-time Ontario ribbon clerk, now with the gleam of gold in his eyes and with a grim determination to take his beloved wife and return to Canada to make her last wish come true, worked like a man possessed. No one really knows how much gold he mined. There was no income tax, and colonial officials didn't check the mining industry too closely. One item in the *Evening Express* published in Victoria October 20, 1863 stated,

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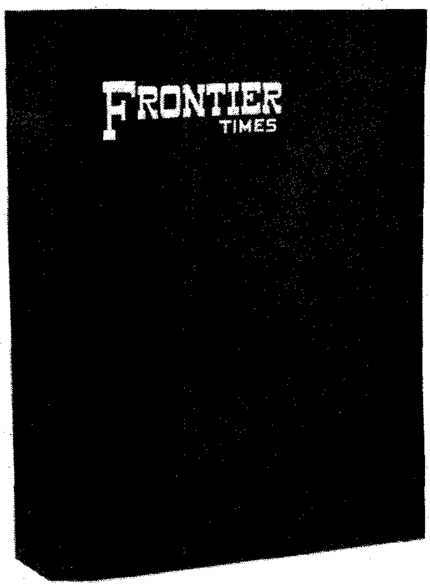

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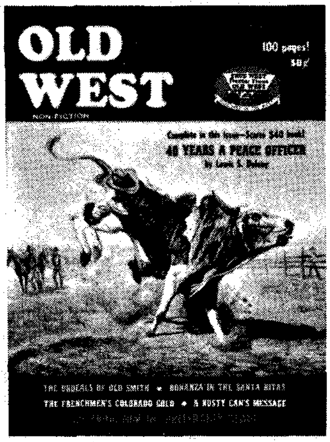
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"Mr. Cameron is on his way down . . . with 700 pounds of gold." At $16 per ounce, this would amount to $179,200. But it is reasonable to assume that the canny widower gleaned considerably more than that from his diggings. If Cameron got fifty pounds out of one hole in a little over a month during bitter winter weather, his take would have been considerably enhanced by the new equipment he was using plus the extra claims he bought. Cameron never told anyone how much gold he had, not even his friend Stevenson, but it has been estimated at $800,000.

By October Cameron had it made. He bade farewell to his friends after dividing his claims with them, and left Camerontown (as the settlement was now called) with eight pack horses loaded with gold. The standard pack in those days was 200 pounds per animal so its value alone was over $400,000.

On November 9, Stevenson, Cameron and the coffin left Victoria on the steamer *Pacific*. The coffin weighed 450 pounds. There is no record of the weight of the gold. Perhaps the gold had been converted to letters of credit. At Panama, a delay in trans-shipping arrangements necessitated the burial of Mrs. Cameron to protect her from the broiling tropical heat, but this couldn't be counted as a full-fledged funeral.

The trip was going very well until the party arrived at New York, where customs officials could not believe that the heavy coffin contained a corpse and scoffed at Cameron's pleadings that it was filled with alcohol to preserve the remains. There was no gurgle, exclaimed one official. Mr. Lewis had done his work too well.

Finally, after numerous visits to port officials and several affadavits, the coffin was cleared. "I had to swear," says Stevenson, "that I saw her die, put her in the coffin, and watched it being filled with alcohol. . . . It was terrible. And each official had his hand out."

In addition to this, the situation had been discussed among the roustabouts at the docks and when Cameron called for help to haul the coffin out of the hold of the ship, each man on the rope got $2 for a few minutes' work. The thrifty Scot was not impressed with the land of the free and the home of the brave.

EVERYONE in Cornwall by this time knew the story of John Angus "Cariboo" Cameron. He was coming back with bags of Cariboo gold and the coffin which John stoutly claimed contained the remains of Sophie. But nobody had actually seen the corpse, and John absolutely refused to open the coffin. His determination resulted in a heated argument in front of all the friends and relatives at the graveside. "It was the first and only harsh words we ever had," Stevenson recalled later.

Before long, tongues started to wag. Early in 1864 a newspaper in Malone, New York published a lurid story about Cameron which not only satisfied the gossipers but caused doubts in the minds of Cameron's friends who had previously scoffed at the malicious rumors. And John had many friends.

He had bought back the old family homestead at Summerton and spent $52,000 on it. When you figure what $1 would buy 100 years ago (butter 5c per pound) this would represent a rather palatial spread. John set up his four brothers, as well as two sisters, on fine Ontario farms. It was strange that he gave nothing to his third sister but this may have been because she had married a papist from Quebec and John's stern Presbyterian upbringing just couldn't abide it. He paid his workmen well, however, and contributed to foreign missions.

The newspaper story hit Cornwall like a thunderbolt. Other papers copied it, giving a different twist to the already twisted yarn each time it was reprinted. The Malone newspaper story projected the idea that Cameron actually didn't strike it rich in British Columbia. Anyone who knows gold mining, it implied, knows that you just can't mass such wealth in such a short time. No—actually what happened was that Cameron had enticed his beautiful wife into the Cariboo and sold her to a rich Indian chief for a fabulous amount of gold! Some of the precious metal was loaded into the coffin and that was why it was so heavy and why Cameron had to "buy off" the customs officials in New York!

Cameron was stunned. He wrote Stevenson explaining his dilemma. His friend James T. Steele, whose brothers were doing nicely with their new company, Steele Briggs of Toronto, and who was present at Sophia's first funeral, gave Cameron an affidavit to the effect that Sophia was actually in the coffin—all to no avail.

Nine years had gone by since the Cornwall funeral. After several years of hopeless grieving, Cameron had married a daughter of Col. John R. Woods of Dickinson's Landing, and it was a happy marriage. But the Camerons were avoided in the marketplace, and bonnets would nod in whispered comment as they drove off in their spanking rig. Stevenson in Victoria replied to Cameron's pleading letter by saying, "I refuse to make any such statement, John. It would be useless to do so. The only way to kill that story is to open the coffin as I advised you to do that day in the cemetery nine years ago."

At last, that is what Cameron decided to do. He inserted an ad in the Cornwall paper to the effect that on a certain date and time, he would exhume the coffin and open it in the presence of anyone interested.

There was no lack of a large turnout! People came from far and wide. The Groves were there in force and so were many others who had known Sophia Groves intimately at the time of her marriage. Cameron had made it a point to invite every prominent citizen he could think of, this to stamp out the ugly story once and for all.

It was a bitter winter's day as the throng pressed around the grave, with no sound except the muffled instructions to the gravediggers. The vapor from a thousand breaths added to the eerie scene. Eager hands soon had the grave open and the heavy coffin was hauled to the surface. A tinsmith engaged by Cameron punctured the bottom of the coffin to let the alcohol gurgle out onto the frozen ground. It took several minutes to drain. The tinsmith then skillfully made an opening at the head of the casket and as he bent back the tin, the Groves family surged in around the grisly scene.

"It's my Sophie!" the mother said with uncontrollable grief. And sure enough, there lay Sophia Cameron, dead these ten years. Mrs. Groves turned to the undertaker and motioning with her hand, whispered to him. He reached into the coffin and pulled out the shawl which had pillowed Sophia's head. Yes, it was the same shawl the mother had given her daughter on her wedding day. It was bleached from the alcohol but still showed the vivid pattern it once possessed. The spectators queued up to view the remains. Many looked away in shame as they passed John Cameron who stood with his head bowed and his hat in his hands.

There was not a murmur of protest when Cameron had the coffin moved to Summerton where Sophia had her fourth funeral. There she sleeps today near the old Cameron homestead once made beautiful with gold from British Columbia.

And what happened to the maligned John Angus Cameron? Well, Fortune turned a blind eye on her one-time favorite. He lost all of his money in various enterprises which included contracting, lumbering and finally a gold mine in Nova Scotia.

At sixty-eight, financially ruined, Cameron had a hankering to go back to the Cariboo and try again. Surely there was more gold in Williams Creek. He recalled how, when he worked his claims, the gravel was so laden with gold it fairly sparkled yellow. So in September 1888, John Cameron and his wife arrived in Victoria and immediately contacted Cameron's old friend, Robert Stevenson. Stevenson reluctantly warned him that the diggings had been washed and washed until there was no gold left, but stubborn old Cameron would not believe. The couple left for the Cariboo.

By October Cameron was prowling around his old diggings and could see for himself that they were washed clean to bedrock. His quest for new riches was hopeless.

The Scot took to his bed in Mason's Hotel in Barkerville, as the town was then called, and on November 7, 1888 turned his head to the wall and died. The doctor said it was brain fever. In those days "brain fever" covered a multitude of terminal diseases which puzzled the medical profession—but a broken heart wasn't listed then as one of them.

Lost Golden Lake

(Continued from page 25)

ing a haunch of venison in hot coals and ashes when the golden hue of the lake returned to mind. It had been an unusual color, and now that he considered the matter, seemed vastly different from

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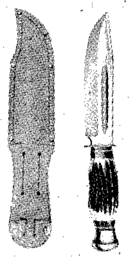

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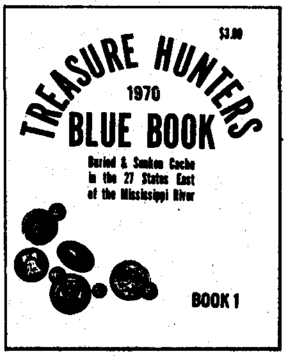
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others he had viewed. Like all prospectors Teeples was a bit superstitious. Any unusual circumstance might mean something—perhaps an omen of good luck. Abruptly he jumped to his feet and, taking a California-type gold pan, went to the edge of the lake. From the bottom gravel, he scooped it half-full of the sand and mud.

Returning to camp, Teeples examined the contents of the pan in the firelight. Several small pebbles excited his curiosity, and the fire was built up high to produce more light. When he could see better, he discovered that his first suspicions were true. In the pan reposed half a dozen nuggets of gold. For a few moments Teeples was astounded.

Even though darkness had fallen he returned to the lake and obtained a full pan of the general bottom material. This time he recovered what he estimated to be three or four hundred dollars in gold.

Long before the sun came up Teeples cooked breakfast, and with the first ray of light returned to the lake and started panning. The number of nuggets picked out of each pan amazed him. Indeed, for several succeeding hours he feared that he might only be dreaming. Surely the next pan would see the end of the gold. Around ten o'clock he took a sack of at least thirty pounds to camp and tested the coarse gold with acid. The reaction quickly convinced him that the yellow nodules were indeed the coveted metal.

For the following three days, existing on practically nothing, he worked along the shallow lake shore. Every pan produced the same unbelievable amount of nuggets. He had arrived there with only a little coffee and the venison he had shot while in the mountains. No salt or flour had remained when he found the lake. So as much as he hated to go out, Teeples knew that he must or starve to death.

Most of the burros' load was gold (which he later sold for $225,000).

Teeples had no trouble reaching Whiskey Creek Pass. Passing down the small stream he entered the foothills and the village of Chama. He arrived there without having eaten for two days. A few hot meals strengthened him and he went on east toward Trinidad.

In Chama he said nothing whatever about his fabulous windfall. Teeples was a stringy man, thin, bearded of face, tobacco-chewing, and like all wanderers of the mountains and wastelands, wore blue jeans and hickory shirts which could have used a few patches. Judging from his appearance he possessed nothing whatever that anyone would have coveted. Yet he did not get five miles east of Chama before eight hardcases confronted him.

THEY appeared from both sides of the trail and came in shooting wildly. Teeples, walking behind the second burro, drew his holstered six-gun and opened fire to protect himself.

His fast shooting emptied the gun but also halted the riders. One of them pitched out of the saddle, flopping dead on the ground. While they sheered off a mite he was afforded time to get a Winchester rifle from a pannier.

They came in a second charge, their guns blasting, trying to run him down. Before they could be turned aside Teeples killed a second man. The rest then pulled off, well out of range. But they had forced Teeples to fort up.

After a brief delay they started closing in afoot, sneaking from one protected position to another. To Teeples it seemed like the end. One of the gang hailed him, warning that unless he gave up they would kill him in an all-out charge.

"Surrender what you have on them burros," a man called to him. "We'll take them and leave you alone. How do you want it?"

Teeples replied staunchly, "I have no gold and am only going to Trinidad to see if I can get something to do for a grubstake so I can go back into the mountains prospecting."

To his surprise the same man replied, "Don't give us that pack of lies. We know you got them burros loaded with gold. We'll take that and go, or we'll kill you to get it!"

Teeples' reply to this demand and threat was the same—he had no gold. A loud laugh came from the hardcases. Hardly had Teeples' words echoed away before a hail of rifle bullets slammed into the pile of boulders where he had sought refuge; and behind this fusillade they charged.

Having reloaded his forty-five, Teeples waited until they gained within twenty-five feet and then triggered his six-gun as fast as the single-action hammer could be pulled back. One of the robbers toppled over dead.

The survivors turned and sprinted crookedly in several directions. Teeples merely stood up and watched them go. He was sickened by the fact that their attack had forced him to kill three men, bushwhackers or not.

Teeples was cautious and did not move out immediately. The survivors might be waiting for him. Collecting the burros, he moved back down the trail into a more secure hideout on the side of a creek. After sundown he set forth in a circle southward and then turned back to the regular Trinidad route.

Traveling all night as fast as he could walk, he pushed the overloaded burros ahead. After daybreak and as the sun grew bright, Teeples became groggy from lack of sleep. Under the circumstances he could not remain as alert as the situation warranted.

A few miles west of the village of Boncarbo several rifle bullets whined at him. Teeples went down into the short grass, pierced through the left shoulder and wounded twice in the thigh. Though in shock, he retained enough presence of mind to crawl a few feet to get behind a large round boulder. The jubilant yells of the ambushers, almost like the battle cries of Indians of an earlier day, echoed on the air.

Moving his six-gun out from one side of the boulder, Teeples held it steady with both hands while the bushwhackers rushed in for the gold-burdened burros. The thunder of their horses' hoofs shook the ground.

Teeples surmised that they were survivors of the first gang of hardcases to hit him. What he didn't know and investigation by officers of Las Animas County later showed, was that an entirely different bunch had hit him.

Teeples was always puzzled about how anyone could possibly have been cognizant of the fact that he had a great deal of gold packed on the burros. In any event, wracked with pain and hearing the bushwhackers charging, he waited until able to distinguish them through bleary eyes before opening fire. They were almost over him when he opened up with his six-gun. By thumbing he expended the five loader cylinders before being hit three times and losing consciousness. For a long spell thereafter he knew nothing of succeeding events.

WHEN TEEPLES regained his senses a strange silence was hanging over his immediate world. The vast blue skies for which Colorado is noted appeared to have vanished. For upwards of half an hour he did not comprehend the situation. Then a gnarled, brown-faced sheepherder placed a tin cup of coffee to his mouth.

The herder tried talking to Teeples in Spanish until he realized that the wounded man did not understand the language, after which he said clearly, "Here, *amigo*. The *bandidos* are gone. Except for these and two horses lying out there in the flat that you killed. Drink this. It will help. We do not have the spirits [alcohol]."

Teeples took a deep swallow of the coffee before saying, "My burros?"

"You refer to the *oro, amigo*? It is safe. We unpacked the burros. They are grazing, being very hungry and tired. Your wounds have been bandaged. We heard the shooting and found you. Do you not notice? But you must be taken to a *medico* as soon as possible. You are in a grave condition."

"Thank you, my friend," Teeples replied. "The way I feel right now, I am about to die."

"*Nada!* We will get you to the *caporal* who will see you on to Trinidad. The villages before you are poor, and there is no *medico* in them to attend your wounds."

With herb remedies and what little they knew of doctoring range wounds, the Mexican sheepherders had accomplished miracles, though Teeple did not realize this. But it was of great comfort that honest men had found him and that his fortune in gold remained intact. He might have been killed while unconscious for a lot less.

Teeples had some pocket money, which he gave the herders when a second one appeared beside him.

The Mexicans repacked his big burros, all the while talking in liquid Spanish. Their band of sheep grazed a little to the north of where they found him and were tended by trained dogs. One of the herders started off with the wounded man mounted on one side of their jacks.

Teeples did not believe they went far eastward before reaching the main sheep camp from which several flocks were handled. He was taken to an adobe cabin,

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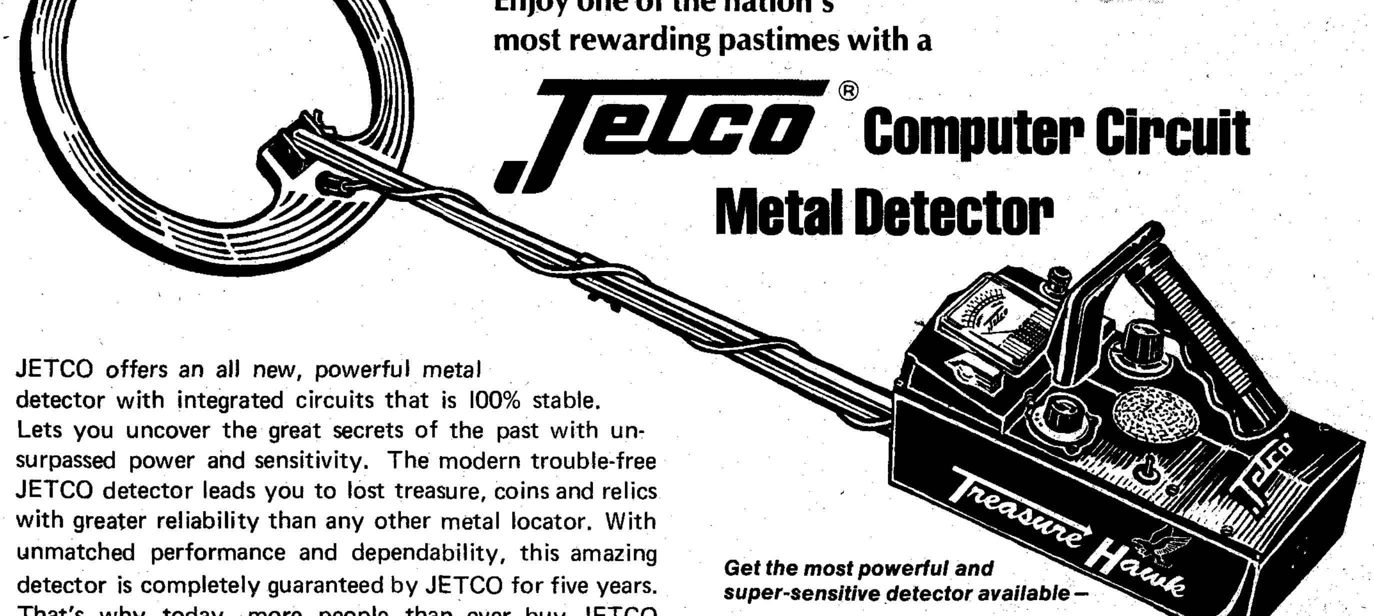

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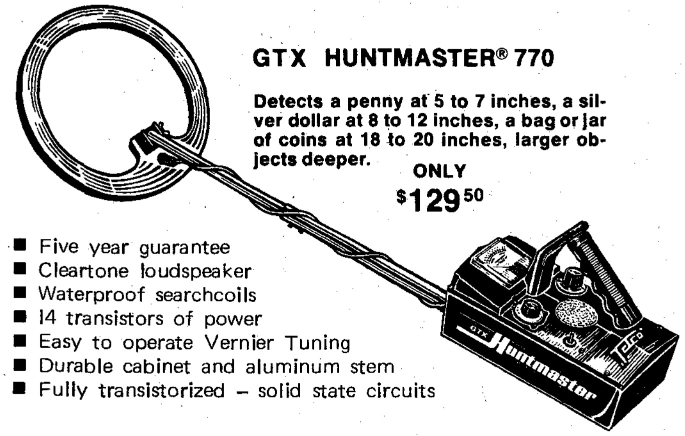

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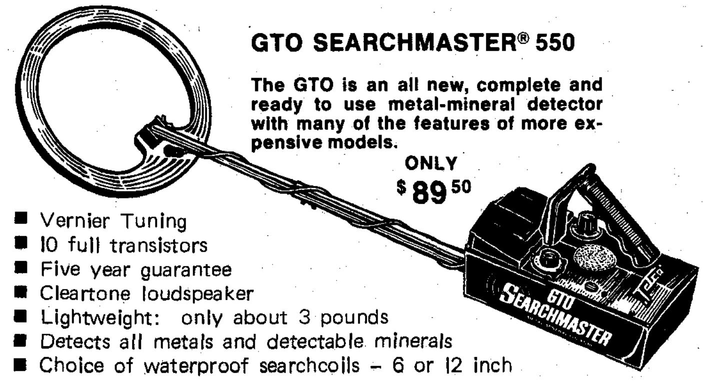

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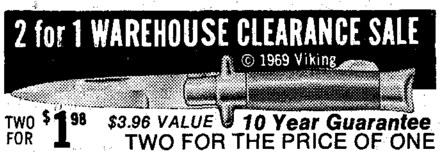

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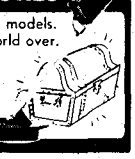

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so it must have been a permanent place. Put to bed in a bunk, more dead than alive, he knew nothing until the next morning. Then he was hauled out in a wagon, lying on a mattress.

The amazing thing about Teeples' adventure is that he passed through several hands before reaching Trinidad on the railroad. Any one of these people could have taken his fortune in gold and got away with it. Several years afterwards he tried to find all of those who helped him to reward them for their Good Samaritan roles, but not even the sheepherders who saved his life could be identified and found.

In Trinidad where a doctor had a four-room hospital of sorts in his residence, Teeples created a storm by babbling in his delirium of a golden lake. His mumbled words told of a lake, the bottom of which was paved with gold nuggets. People knew this must be true because he had packed in all that his burros could carry.

Not only did the men rush west into the Culebra Mountains seeking the golden lake but the county sheriff wanted to know where the bushwhackers had been killed. The sheriff suspected they were members of a gang long plaguing his domain with robberies and livestock thefts.

It was this honest sheriff who took possession of Teeples' gold, and in a week or ten days dispatched it to Denver. By degrees the sheriff also obtained information from the fevered prospector as to where the two fights had occurred.

Taking a small posse he rode west. The scene of the last ambush was found. The bodies of the dead had been removed, and riding gear stripped from the horses. The brands on the carcasses revealed that they had been stolen. The two Ute Indians with the sheriff picked up the faint sign of Teeples' trail and followed it on west to the first ambush.

From there, also, the bodies of the dead had been taken away. The sheriff concluded that all had been buried in secret places to guard against identification. He believed that the bushwhackers jumping Teeples were remnants of the Eskridge gang from near Durango. But like the prospector he could not figure out how they knew Teeples was packing a large amount of gold. His investigation came to nothing.

THE TRINIDAD DOCTOR told Teeples, after he began improving somewhat, that he should go to St. Vincent's Hospital in Santa Fe for special treatment. Meanwhile Teeples' check for the gold had arrived and was deposited half in a bank and half with an express company for forwarding to Teeples' parents in Topeka, Kansas.

He told the sheriff and the doctor that he would never return to the golden lake in the Culebras. With the gold that he had recovered, Teeples could buy investment property and one or more wheat farms in Kansas. Because of the favors they had done him, Teeples gave them the best instructions he could remember of how to get into the mountain pocket. But he warned them that he had no idea where the lake existed in relation to Whiskey Creek Pass. He had reached it in the furious storm and might be in error as to crucial points. Nevertheless, he drew a map on the basis of what he remembered.

Both men outfitted and with several friends entered the Culebras with the firm belief that they would become wealthy.

It was after their failure to find the pocket and their return to Trinidad that Teeples' find became widely known as the golden lake, the bottom of which was paved with yellow nuggets. Meanwhile Teeples had taken the train south and checked into the hospital in Santa Fe. For three weeks it remained uncertain whether or not he would lose his left leg at the hip because of blood poisoning. On arrival the doctors had wanted to amputate but Teeples had refused. "I would rather die than have that much of me gone."

Dolefully the doctors proceeded to do the best they could. When he began to mend, the prospector was told that the crude first aid given him by the sheepherders had saved the leg as well as his life.

Teeples had written home from Trinidad and on receipt of the express company money order his aged father traveled to Santa Fe. He remained with his son for six months before Teeples could hobble around on crutches. Then both went home to Topeka.

Teeples was anxious to invest his money in a great farm but aggravating delays ensued. It became necessary to go to a hospital in Kansas City for further surgery. For the next two years Teeples slowly recovered despite one complication after another. In the meantime he bought the coveted property in Kansas, and married a widow with five children. The couple also had two children of their own.

Five years after Teeples' return to Kansas, former deputy sheriff Tomas Santos visited him. In poor financial circumstances, he importuned Teeples to furnish him further information, whatever he could recall, about the location of the golden lake. Santos had already been into the Culebras three times trying to find the lake bed of gold. His need impressed the aging Teeples.

The outcome was that Teeples and his oldest step-son, Harold, decided to return to Colorado with Santos. They would make the trip on a share-and-share basis, with Teeples furnishing the necessary expense money.

Santos told him that an aged prospector had been found in a dehydrated, dying condition two years before on a road between Loren City and Segundo. In his packs had been about twenty pounds of coarse gold. The dying man claimed to have recovered this from the legendary golden lake.

Santos, a remarkably large and dignified man, said that he seriously doubted this story. At least three discoveries of the golden lake had been reported since the day Teeples was brought to Trinidad on what was believed at the time to be his deathbed.

The three men went by Santa Fe train

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to Trinidad, outfitted, and with two camp rustlers crossed through the foothills into the Culebras. For six long weeks Teeples tried to trace his way to the elusive mountain pocket. They found several locations resembling it, all filled with water from melting snow, but none contained a lake with gold on the bottom.

Teeples knew that there was no use coming down from the north over the route he had passed during the blinding and sudden storm, and finally was forced to give up the quest. Teeples stated in later years that he believed the lake had vanished. It could have happened because of an earthquake or some other natural phenomenon.

To this day the golden lake in the Culebra Range of southern Colorado, a land of mystic lost mines and fortunes, has never been found.

Close Quarters with the Supernatural

(Continued from page 21)

or parts of people anyway, who are grounded by emotional stimuli.

WE were visited almost nightly by an array of strange sounds, the greatest concentration occurring about midnight or in the early morning hours. Occasionally however, he came very early in the evening about dusk. Our ghost walked with slow measured footsteps, THUD, —THUD—THUD—THUD, not with the sharp tread of shoes but the muffled, soft shuffling sound of moccasins or soft slippers and he seemed to be a big heavy man. In the thirty years that we lived on this place, the sound of his footsteps never deviated.

The paranormal activity concentrated itself in a bedroom and the adjoining kitchen. His boundary was the door leading into the new addition to the house; at this door his footsteps always stopped. We never heard return footsteps but suddenly he would be across the room or walking in the kitchen as though he had floated there.

In this bedroom were two double beds. I shared one with my younger sister, Dora. There was only a narrow space, or walk-way, between the two beds and our unseen guest would follow along this passage until he came to the door which opened into one of the new rooms. If he had been a real person I could have reached out and touched him.

When these noises awakened us at night, we immediately ducked our heads under the covers, frightened, lying there listening. We were too terrified and too cowardly to try to see anything. Dad made many investigations, though, for he was as rational as any man could be, not excitable, not afraid of anything human or supernatural, yet he was never able to see anything.

Our family always referred to our ghost as "he" because the footsteps were heavy like those of a man. He was a friendly, lively, noisy ghost and at times seemed almost prankish. When he came on these nightly visits he stayed for hours, walking. Walking into our bedroom, into the kitchen—then doing it all over again in a manner which suggested he was looking for something. Or could he have been trying to communicate with us?

QUITE frequently our visitor made so much noise we were unable to sleep. There were occasions when he apparently wanted to awaken us and he would shake our bed. It would not be a big sudden jerk, but several gentle shakes of a few minutes' duration. This latter was one of his repeated pranks.

A rocking chair in our room apparently fascinated him, for he would rock indefinitely. There were no lights in this room and we had no way of determining whether or not the chair actually did move, but we could hear the rocking just as if someone were sitting in it. To clarify a point here, when I mentioned there were no lights in this bedroom, this was years before electricity was used in that part of the country; we used kerosene lamps.

When he went into the kitchen he seemed to enjoy banging on buckets which Mother had hanging on a rack. His banging wasn't a soft, muffled sound as though he hit them with his hand but a sharp, loud clank as if he'd used a stick or hard object. He would go down the line of buckets, hitting each of them separately.

Then there would be a sudden tremendous crash over on the other side of the kitchen and we could hear every dish in the cupboard fall to the floor. We could actually hear them break into hundreds of pieces. It seemed impossible that there could be a dish left after all that noise but the next morning there wouldn't be a single thing out of place. No broken dishes—this happened hundreds of times.

Dad had a blacksmith shop where he sharpened plow points and he was quite clever at making things from pieces of scrap iron. Our kitchen door on the north did not have a secure lock, so Dad fashioned one from scrap iron. This was really a latch, not a lock, which swung down against the door when it was unfastened. Since our ghost loved and enjoyed noise, he would tamper with this latch.

That door had a distinctive squeak when it was opened and there was no mistaking the very characteristic sound of the opening of this latch. We could hear the squeak of the hinges as the door opened, and could hear the latch drop down against the door, but we never heard the door being closed again. Next morning the door would be closed and the latch securely fastened. This was almost a nightly occurrence.

ONE such instance, it was Sunday night and all of us had walked to church. We thought nothing of walking a mile or two to attend church or other entertainments. On our way home that night, a neighbor and her two children joined Mother, my sister Dora and me, and my older sisters and their friends were walking behind us. We were almost home when Mother remarked that the older children must have been ahead of us after all, because there were lights in the house. A short time later the house was in complete darkness and we learned the older children were behind us. When we reached home Dad was in bed asleep and had not been up for hours.

The next day my father told us of his experience on the evening before. He was quite deaf and did not go to church with us because he could hear so little of the sermon. As was his custom he lit his pipe and sat in the west door to enjoy an after-dinner smoke. Dad soon heard walking in our bedroom, but decided that all of us hadn't gone to church. He really didn't pay much attention until there was so much noise he felt compelled to investigate. Dad was quite sure one of us was in that room and had gone to bed because he definitely had heard the springs squeak and someone getting into bed. A thorough investigation proved no more productive than previous ones. He was alone in the house; of this fact he felt sure. Dad further stated that, in spite of his hearing loss, there was so much noise in that room he could hardly sleep even though his bed was in an adjoining room.

Dora and I were the youngest in the family. By the time we were teenagers all the older children were married and away from home. One evening Dad, Dora and I were at home; Mother was visiting her father. Dora and I were in a detached room which had been added to the old house much later. We used it as our bedroom.

It was early evening but quite dark. We had a guitar and mandolin which we were strumming carelessly while we talked. Dora and I were sitting facing each other when suddenly the room was as light as day. It was as if someone had turned a huge spotlight on us. The glare lasted only a few seconds, then was gone. My sister and I looked at each other, wild-eyed and terrified, before dropping our musical instruments and running to Dad as fast as we could go. He said he had seen nothing.

We lived three miles from the nearest small town and there might have been one or two gas street lights there, but they scarcely lit the street. No one in that part of the country had an automobile, so it could not have been lights from a car. A falling star? Hardly. Stars do not fall so near the earth they light up an entire room. Dad was sitting outdoors smoking his pipe and if it had been a falling star he would have seen it.

We had never experienced anything like this before nor did we afterward. Such things are inexplicable but stimulating.

IN a grassy flat west of the house were numerous sunken holes which seemed to be too uniform, too straight in line, to have happened just by chance. We believed this area to be an old Indian burial ground. We did some excavating but when we found human arm bones Dad stopped us. He did not feel that it was right to disturb the dead. There were no fragments of pottery, no woven baskets, but we often picked up beautiful and perfect arrowheads. No one placed any value on them; they were played with for a while then tossed aside.

We were told by several people who had lived there for a number of years before we moved there that quite some time before, a Mr. Hubbard grazed a large herd of cattle on this property. Existing evidence of his old abandoned corrals were pointed out to us in the form of rotten posts broken off just above the surface of the ground. These corrals were possibly where his horses were kept because cattle grazed and roamed the range.

During this period cattle were not shipped to packing houses via rail; cowboys drove them in large herds across the country and they were delivered to the packers on the hoof. Whether or not this part of the story is true, we have no way of verifying, but it was stated that Mr. Hubbard and a group of cowboys had just returned from Kansas City where they had delivered a large herd of steers. Payment for stock was always in currency, never by check. There were few banks and this made it necessary for people in business to devise their own methods of protecting their money.

On these long overland trips funds were normally carried in saddle packets and it was believed that Mr. Hubbard had a sizable amount of money in his possession. Fear of Indian attacks was always present. One night when they were sitting around the campfire Mr. Hubbard remarked that he had a feeling they were going to have a skirmish with the Indians. He walked a short distance from the group and buried his money. That night true to his premonition all were massacred except one, who escaped and told the story.

The legend of this buried treasure caused Dad much annoyance by treasure seekers. Few of them asked permission to dig or explore; most sneaked in at night and left big open pits which Dad had to refill to prevent stock from falling in and getting killed or injured. We are quite positive that nothing was ever found.

Scholars in the field of occult and the supernatural agree that when a person has died violently by murder, suicide, or similar tragedy, his ghost, being incapable of escaping from a net of emotional entanglements attendant to memories, often returns to his place of abode when he was living. Could our ghost have been Mr. Hubbard or an Indian who had been murdered? It would be interesting to know.

Fun While It Lasted!

(Continued from page 29)

unsuspecting any better than Helen.

One night Tony Henderson got roaring drunk and hid in the sagebrush along the main street. As people passed on their way to attend to business Tony would shoot at their feet. When Tony's mother heard what was going on she and Tony's sister Hazel went out and got him. They brought him home and wrapped him up tightly in a sheet. He was very drunk and didn't put up much of a fight. After he was bound securely they proceeded to beat the daylights out of him. When they were finished he was cold sober. The sheriff lost most of his business this way. Each punished his own.

Ann Jaggers, who ran the boarding house was a big, raw-boned woman with snapping black eyes. She could whip any man, if she thought he needed it. Ann kept a pen of pigs she fattened on the scraps from the table at the boardinghouse, so she would be assured of bacon for her boarders. One night the boys stole one of her pigs, took it to the saloon, and killed it. All of them were afraid of Ann and decided they had better not let her know what had happened. The only way to get rid of the pig was to eat it.

There was no way to scald and scrape it in secret so a barber consented to shave it. Micky Shields did a good job of it, but it took him all night. Ann never found out what happened to her pig.

THERE were so many happy times! Often ten people would pile on a sled and fly down the old ore road so fast one would feel dizzy. One day Earl Clegg tried to sit on the back of a sled loaded with girls. (He was the town flirt.) The girls warned him there wasn't enough room but he insisted on going. About a third of the way down he fell off and the seat of his pants was dragging on the path. The girls clung to him. He yelled for them to let go of his legs but they wouldn't release their grip. Everyone wondered how long it took him to heal up.

After these sleigh rides the gang would gather at Bess and Ethel Whiddoson's and eat chili, or go to the station where the trains stopped (when they could get through) and dance until morning. There was a home-town orchestra that was plenty peppy.

One night Lafe Weighall hitched four head of horses to his wagon, and a load of young folks went to Leadore to a dance. It was eighteen miles in freezing weather. The wagon was loaded with hot rocks to help keep out the cold. The party left early in the afternoon.

They had a fine time at the dance but on the way home they tipped the wagon over. There was a tangle of legs and hot rocks, quilts and horses. Luckily no one was hurt. They got the mess straightened out and reached Gilmore at sunup just in time to go to work. This bunch could dance all night and work all day.

It was considered a misdemeanor to not get drunk on Halloween. No one wanted to break the rules so they got drunk. One Halloween someone caught Al Andrews' team of mules and painted them green and orange. Now, the Irish miners worked at the Latest Mine and allowed no one on the premises unless he was Irish. When the Irish workers saw the green mules they considered it an insult to the Old Country. They came swinging down the mountain and there was a riot such as you seldom see.

Most of the kids had to carry water in buckets from the hydrant for family use. Web Pope owned a grey mare and a stone boat. He would haul water for 50c a barrel. The small kids would stand back while Web filled his barrel. That is, they would if they knew what was good for them. One day Danny Smith took his dog with him after water. The dog grabbed Web's cap and ran. Before Web caught the dog and retrieved his cap the small fry had filled their buckets and left for home. After that, Danny's dog was always invited to go after water with the boys.

Meadow Lake! Now there was a place to go fishing! There was only a trail leading to the choice spots but no one hesitated to walk those three miles. Such picnics! Anyone who attended one never forgot it. Today it is a favorite spot for campers, with a good road leading to the rest area. But it hasn't the charm of long ago.

In 1888 Hattie Grooms came to Gilmore. She was the first postmaster and credited with naming the place Gilmore. She opened the office in 1902 and kept it in her own home for fourteen months. When the owners of the mines came from Pittsburgh she turned it over to them.

Hattie and her husband worked their own claim. She wheeled the ore out in wheelbarrows while he dug and filled them. While living in Gilmore she walked four miles and back twice a week for her mail and to buy groceries. The townspeople thought there was something amiss if she failed to get to the store,

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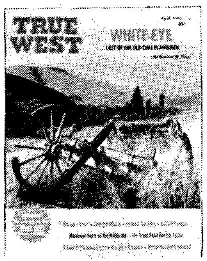

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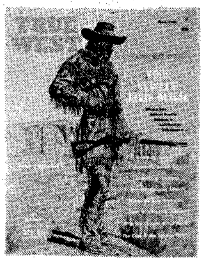
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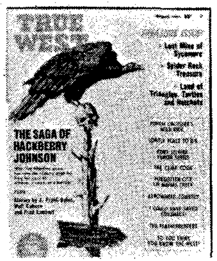

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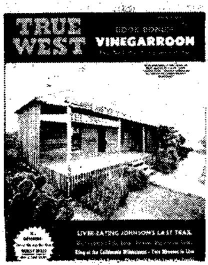

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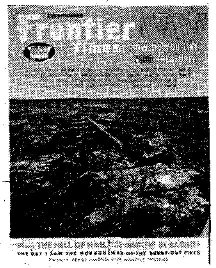

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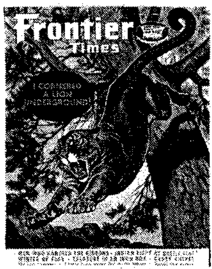

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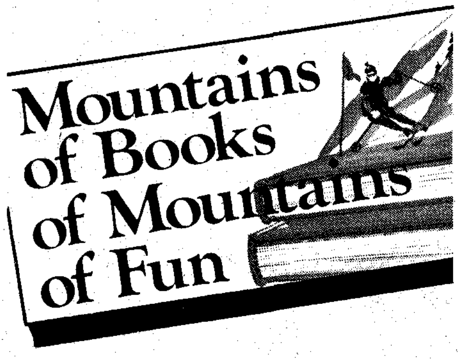

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rain or shine. After her husband died Hattie moved to Leadore where she kept the same schedule, walking one mile to town for her mail every day. She walked like a girl of sixteen, when she was past ninety.

Of course, there were sad times also at Gilmore. The boys decided one night to have a party at Shorty McLane's house. Only bachelors were invited. They played poker and drank until they ran out of liquor, then everyone decided to go to town for more to drink. Shorty stayed behind to clean up the place and wait for the party to return.

While they were away Shorty lay down in a back shed, put a stick of dynamite on his chest, and lit it. No one ever knew why.

From Bad to Worse

(Continued from page 35)

murderous fire from the pines. He covered only a few hundred yards when the next volley caught him and his horse. The first bullet struck him in the back of the head, and he didn't feel the last two which entered his back. Tumbling from the saddle the man lay where he fell, a riding whip still grasped tightly in his hand. The pipe he was smoking fell from his mouth and slowly grew cold. His wounded horse had staggered down the hill and out of sight.

Fred rose from his hiding place as his numbed brain began to realize what had happened in those last few moments. Without looking at the men lying in their own pools of blood, he ran to his horses and lit out toward home. The wind wasn't blowing now; it also had died.

At Duckworth's Ranch, about a half-mile south of where the ambush took place, shots were heard but the people there thought someone was out hunting and paid little attention to it. Early the next morning, however, the riderless horse, identified as belonging to E. A. Allen, a prominent stockraiser of the area, appeared at the ranch shot through the body several times. It was soon learned that Allen and Louis Rivers had ridden out together in search of some missing horses. A search party was organized at once.

It wasn't long before the searchers found Rivers and his horse. Allen was found a short distance away. For a while it was thought that Indians were to blame, but as the news was carried to Baker and the story of Busby's loss came to light, Fred Winkleman was suspected as the most likely killer.

There was much excitement at Baker. Sheriff J. T. Dealy quickly formed a posse of twenty armed men, and took to the trail. Although it hadn't been long since the murders, the posse had a long hard ride ahead, as Fred had wasted no time clearing out. He was sleeping days and riding hell for leather at night—but not in such a hurry as to leave the horses behind.

Three days later the posse had trailed him deep into Grant County where they surprised him as he was sleeping. Surrounded, he offered no resistance.

The ride back to Baker wasn't a pleasant one for Fred and he had little to say, although he did admit the shooting. As they reached the outskirts of town the news of their coming swept before them. Accompanied by the shrill bark of dogs and the yelling of kids the posse and the prisoner rode toward the jail. Fred rode with his head down, eyes staring at his saddle horn. But he heard the talk as he passed. There were shouts of, "Let's hang him now and save the county money," and people roared their approval of this suggestion. The sheriff and his posse were hard put to keep them from becoming unmanageable.

At the jail Fred was pushed through the door which was barred immediately. The crowd stood around for a while, shouting threats and insults at the killer inside. When he was led to a cell and the door was locked behind him, Fred breathed a sigh of relief. He lay face down on his bunk and covered his head with a blanket to try to shut out the noise of the crowd and of rocks hitting the building.

OREGON newspapers snapped up the story and soon Fred was called a "notorious" outlaw. The *East Oregonian*, of Pendleton, said, "He is half-witted, almost an idiot, but the best horseman and pistol shot in Eastern Oregon. He was raised in the saddle on the bunch grass hills of Baker county, and knows every stream, valley and mountain in the country." In a later edition of the same paper was the statement, "If he's half as mean as he looks he ought to be burned at the stake."

All this publicity seemed likely to cause a lynching, so the sheriff deemed it prudent to move his prisoner. Fred, with the sheriff and two deputies, made their way to Union under cover of darkness. They arrived about five o'clock in the morning.

Back in Baker, at two o'clock of the same morning, a mob carrying ropes had descended on the jail. Even a buckboard was brought along, nothing was missing. Nothing but Fred, that is.

The prisoner, while in the Union jail, wrote a confession admitting killing Rivers and Allen. He did deny shooting them in the back. Also he wrote to his mother and brother. These letters were published in most of the newspapers in Oregon. Fred was still afraid he was going to be hanged by a mob as was evidenced in the closing sentence of the letter to his brother. "Come and see me as soon as possible," he wrote, "if you want to see me alive come soon, for my time is short."

After a stay of a little over a month he was moved back to Baker to await trial. Time passed slowly for Fred. Every so often a rock would hit the building as if to let him know that the mob hadn't forgotten him. And each time this happened the terror in him was born anew. Finally he'd had enough and could take no more.

It was two a.m. July 28, 1885 when the citizens of Baker were aroused by the harsh clang of the fire bell. People poked their heads out of the windows and some stumbled into the street rubbing the sleep from their eyes to see the county jail a veritable inferno.

At the jail two deputies who were asleep in the office were alerted by the shouting of the prisoners. They rushed inside the corridor to find flames coming from Fred's cell. The jailer, a man named Boynton, had gone to town for some medicine for one of the prisoners and had the keys with him—the only set. On hearing the fire bell Boynton rushed to the jail and made an effort to unlock the cells. Unfortunately, he was only able to unlock the closest one before he and the deputies were forced outside by the searing heat. Boynton then ran around to the side of the building with an axe, hoping to chop a hole in the cell walls from the outside. Again he was driven away by the terrible heat.

The large crowd which had gathered did manage to save the courthouse. There was nothing they could do about the jail or the prisoners but listen to the heart-rending cries of the men as they burned to death. All except one. Fred managed to get out. His was the only cell that the jailer had reached and managed to unlock. Badly burned, but alive, Fred was moved to the city jail where it was thought he would die at any time.

Besides Fred Winkleman, five other men were imprisoned at the time of the fire—one for murder and four for larceny. People were quick to accuse Fred of setting the fire in an escape attempt but he denied the charge. The coroner's jury, however, disagreed and it was so stated when he was charged with an additional five counts of homicide.

Again the newspapers responded to this latest tragedy. The Portland *Sunday Mercury* ran an editorial comparing Fred Winkleman with Billy the Kid. It said in part, "In three months this young man has taken the lives of seven people and as long as we have our youngsters raised around the worship of guns, this sort of thing will be repeated. And there will always be the Billy the Kids . . . and the Fred Winklemans of Oregon."

Fred's life hung in the balance for several months as he was burned over seventy-five per cent of his body. After he had recovered sufficiently to be moved, he was transferred to the Umatilla County jail on a change of venue granted by Judge Olmstead of Baker County. The case was held over to the next term of court because of the physical condition of the prisoner.

When the trial finally took place, Fred pleaded guilty and, surprisingly, was sentenced to life imprisonment. He was then transported to the penitentiary in Salem, Oregon.

It might have been the constant pain or perhaps the thought of a life behind bars which caused him to try to commit suicide shortly after being imprisoned in Salem. Whatever the reason, he was unsuccessful, and a second attempt failed also.

This did lead, however, to his being sent to the insane asylum at Salem. He was there only a short time. Frederick Winkleman died of gangrene, at the age of eighteen.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 66)

Shelburne

I am trying to contact anyone who knows anything about Robert Bert Allen and his sister Nancy who married Samuel Shelburne in Lauderdale County, Alabama. With their four children, they came to Austin County, Texas around 1850. Their oldest son, Henry Davis was my grandfather. He married Martha Hannah Houchin in 1856. I know of his descendants, but not about his sister Mary Shelburne, and his brother John who had a son also named John, born around 1870.

Last year the Allen family reunion had 500 in attendance. I'll appreciate any information on these ancestors.—Mabel Shelburne Finch, 321 Aven Ave., Box 35, Caldwell, Idaho 83605

Travis-King

My great-grandfather, Benjamin Hogan Travis married Caroline Stubbs, August 22, 1869. He was born March 18, 1844 and died March 31, 1924. He was the second son of Jonathan and Melissa Travis, and was a Civil War veteran. He had three brothers: Joe, killed in the Civil War; John, married Ida Byers; Jacob, who, I believe, also served in the Civil War but did not come on home to Ohio. He got as far as Kettles Mills, Tennessee and was married there. Members of the family here received letters from that family, but finally lost track of them. There were two sisters: Maxie or Maxine married Bob Moore; Sadie married Albert Grooms. Benjamin has one living son who was 83 years old in April. His name is Carl Travis or Uncle Tom or Uncle Carl, as we call him. Uncle Carl's sister was my grandmother, Bertha Nancy Travis King. She passed away January, 1964.

We'd appreciate hearing from anyone with information of the family, or of Jacob Travis or Kettles Mills, Tennessee which is no longer listed by the post office.

I am also interested in locating descendants of Alfred King and son Alfred J. King who left Ohio in the late 1850s. —Mrs. Irene Cochran, Box 12, Belmont, Ohio 43718

Yancy Goodall

William Henry Yancy was born April 7, 1855. His mother remarried when he was small. He ran away from home when he was nine years old. I don't know when he came to Illinois, or if he was born in Illinois. He married Annie Elizabeth Goodall. She was born Jan. 4, 1853, died 1924. She may have come from England. They lived in Philadelphia, Illinois and raised their family there. There is a Parrot name in Annie Elizabeth Goodall's family somewhere.

I would like to hear from anyone who may know where my great-great- grandfather and grandmother were born and who their parents were.—Carole Wallace, 2405 Starlite Lane, Medford, Oregon 97501

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TEXANS ALL!

Three well illustrated booklets introduce a new series "The Texians and the Texans:" *The Indian Texans, The German Texans* and *The Norwegian Texans*, (Institute of Texan Cultures, P. O. Box 1226, San Antonio 78206, $1.37 each postpaid—Texas residents add 5 cents sales tax). The series, prepared by the Institute staff under the direction of R. Henderson Shuffler, will feature the contributions made by many ethnic groups to the history and culture of Texas. The booklets were designed by William D. Wittliff and produced by his Encino Press. Worthwhile and a bargain.

KANSAS SWEDES

A centennial story for the children of Smoky Valley, 1969, *Marmeluke Rambo Ericksson* (privately printed by Elizabeth Jaderborg, Box 55, Lindsborg, Kansas 67456, $2.50) by Selma Lind is a history of the Swedish community of Lindsborg. Based on factual incidents with some fictional characters to carry the story, this centennial edition is about pioneering Swedes of the horse and buggy era. An endeared real life pastor, Olaf Olsson of Varmland, Sweden, came to Kansas to become the pioneer Lutheran minister in Lindsborg and the Smoky Valley (from 1869 to 1876). Organist, translator, writer and teacher, Olsson was McPherson County's first school superintendent and served in the Kansas legislature in 1871. Among the entertaining features of this edition are the numerous and graphic black and white drawings by Norman Malm.

GREEDY BUT ABLE!

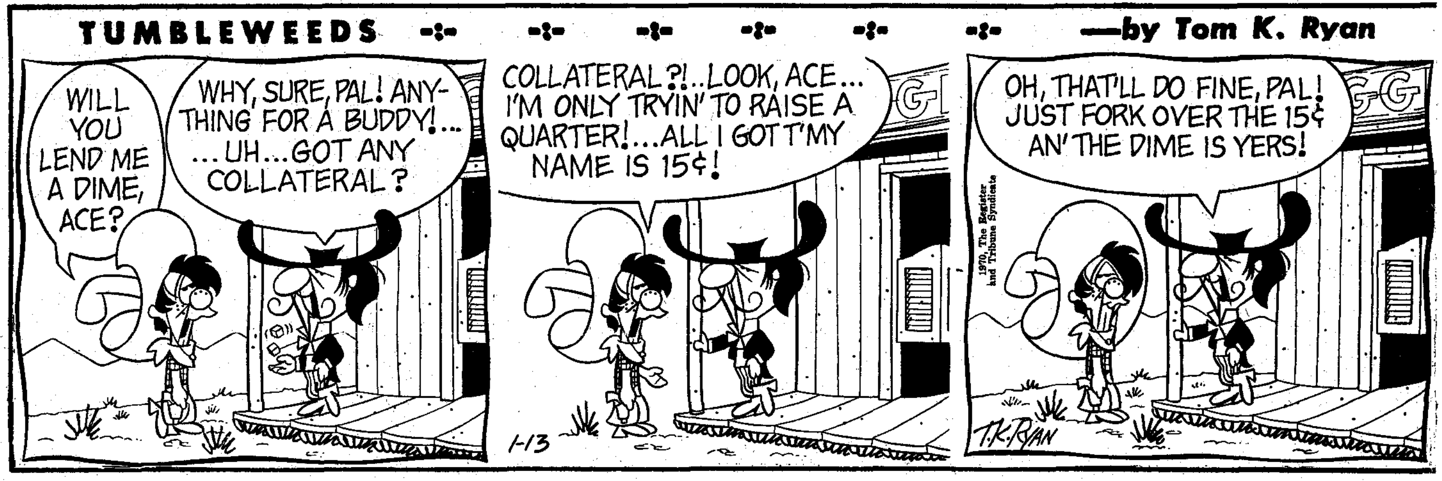
The Great Persuader (Doubleday, $7.95) is a major biography of the greatest of all the railroad moguls, Collis P. Huntington. The author is the knowledgeable western historian David Lavender who as a boy punched cows near Lone Cave Mountain in western Colorado. Over 400 pages of narrative, notes and illustrations are devoted to exposing the little known life experiences of one of America's wealthy curmudgeons. Born into grinding poverty on a Connecticut farm, Huntington at fourteen was bound out to a local merchant where he aptly learned the elements of commerce. Though Huntington went with the gold seekers to California, he made his fortune in transportation. With a small nest-egg and a stock of goods he operated a successful mercantile business. Later with Leland Stanford and Mark Hopkins, he pyramided $1500 into America's first continental railroad. *The Great Persuader* describes Huntington's cunning and alacrity for turning money his way. It shows how he bested such competitive moguls as Jay Gould, Thomas A. Scott, Oliver Ames and John C. Durant—he left a vast fortune to his family and a legacy of railroads to the nation. With access to the Huntington family files, Lavender unearthed a wealth of new information about the controversial tycoon. The book is loaded with information for collectors who specialize in overland travel, railroads, the gold rush or just western history. Highly recommended.

HARVEY HOUSES

How an English-born Kansan revolutionized the quality of food and service in the early days of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is the subject of a classy brochure—*Meals by Fred Harvey, A Phenomenon of the American West* (Texas Christian University Press, $3.50) by James David Henderson. Before teaming up with the Santa Fe to shore up railway eating facilities Harvey had held several positions with railroads and helped promote cattle traffic from Kansas trail herd depots to eastern markets. He also was a successful cattle rancher for a time. A perfectionist with epicurean tastes, Fred Harvey detested the revolting beaneries whose food was more poisonous than nourishing. After negotiating a contract in 1876 with the Santa Fe, Harvey soon had a string of hotels, restaurants and railway dining cars providing tasty food to trainmen and passengers. His famous Harvey girls who served the public were proclaimed the best of Harvey's "dishes." Attractive and well mannered, they often were chosen as wives by ranchers, bankers and other good catches. The turnover kept Harvey's recruiters jumping. The brochure is well written and the good photos and documentary information help make it a valuable Western Collector's item.

TREASURE FINDERS

The Electronic Metal Detector Handbook—for Serious Beginners and Inquisitive Professionals (Western Heritage Press, 1530 Bonnie Brae, Houston, Texas 77006, $8.00 postpaid) by E. S. Le Gaye is a textbook and field guide for the increasingly popular adventure of treasure seeking. Electronic metal detectors have done for treasure hunting what the jet air plane has done for aviation, and finds, both valuable and numerous, have resulted. Le Gaye's book tells how electronic detectors work, how to select one for your own kind of activity, and how to make proper use of it. The book is illustrated with photographs, charts, and drawings covering the works and workings of detectors, where to use them, and recent results in terms of metal artifacts, coins, and other treasures. So whether you're away to the beach, ghost towns, old mines, or have an ancient map showing where to dig, you need a detector. Besides, it beats a shovel by a wide margin. The author includes a glossary of terms and a list of manufacturers.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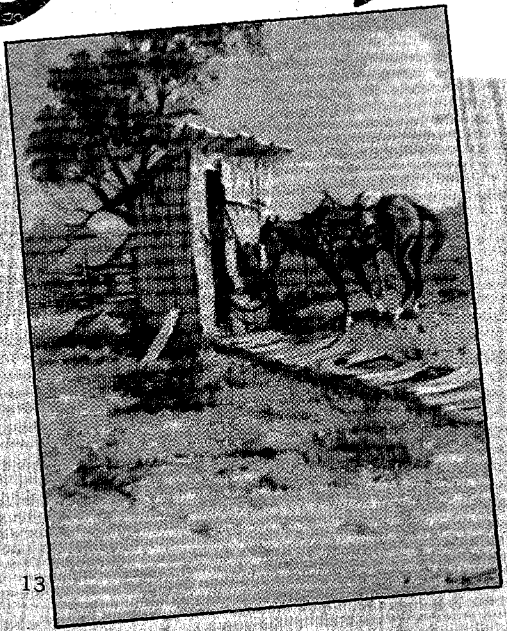
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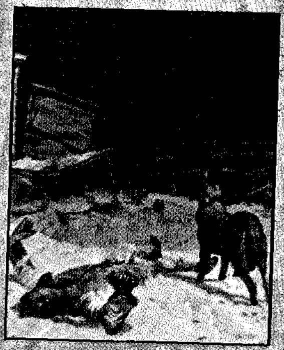
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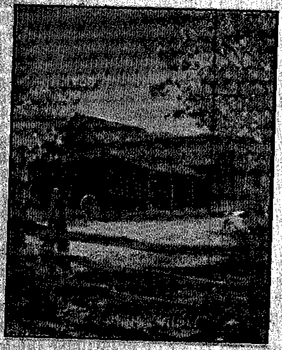
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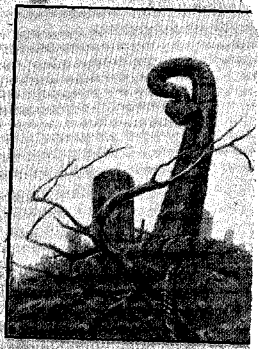

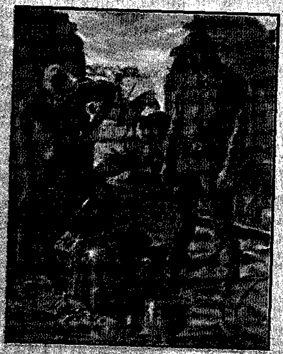
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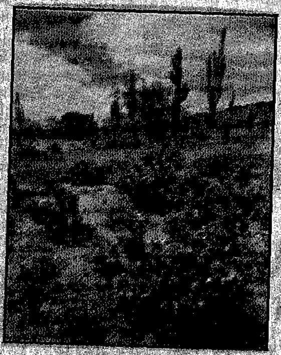
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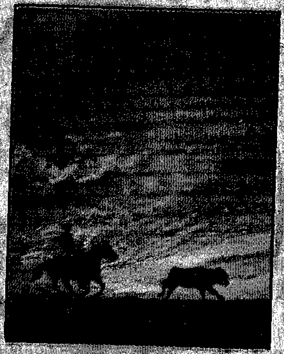
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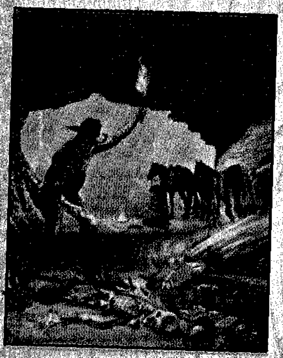
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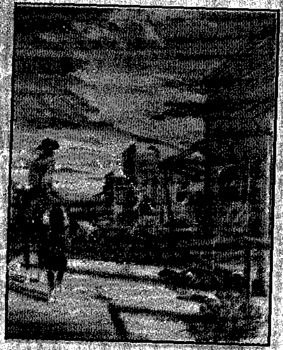
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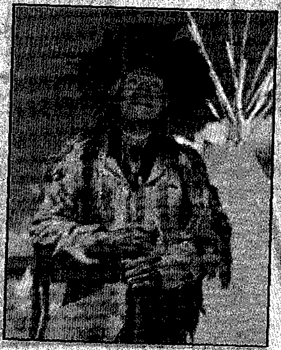
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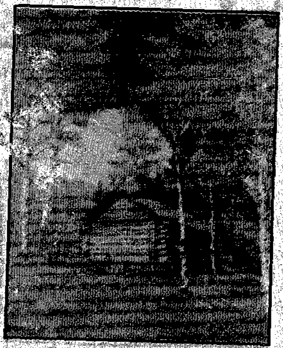
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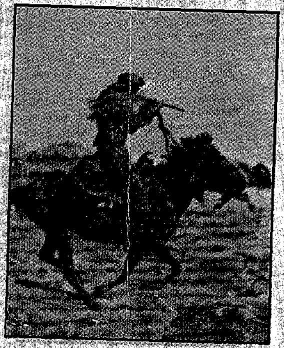
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